

**The Passion  
of  
Our Lord Jesus Christ**

**The Hours of the Passion  
From St. Catherine de Ricci**

It begin with the touching scene of separation between Jesus and His Mother, which lasted four hours, during which Catherine heard the Son and Mother discourse on the great mystery about to be wrought.

At four o'clock, she followed Jesus as He set out from Bethany for Jerusalem; and, on the way, she listened to the wonderful words in which He described to His disciples, the He might strengthen them, all the details of the forthcoming events. On entering the city, she went towards Mount Sion, where the Cenacle was.

She entered this sacred room at five o'clock, and was present at the Last Supper, at the washing of feet, at the institution of the Holy Eucharist, and at that beautiful discourse which followed up to the words: "Arise! Let us go." These different actions took up two hours.

At seven o'clock she left the Cenacle and wended her way to the Mount of Olives, preceding our Lord and His disciples

Jesus waited a few minutes in the hours close by the Garden of Gethsemane; and it was eight o'clock when Catherine followed Him as He entered the Garden. For three hours she watched, as all phases of the Great Mystery of the Agony were gone through – Our Savior's prayer, prostrate on the ground; His repugnance and His resignation, before the chalice of His Passion; the angel's apparition and the bloody sweat.

At eleven o'clock she beheld Jesus, feeling that His enemies were near, rise and go to seek His Disciples; and for half-an-hour she heard Him exhorting them to watch and pray. Then Judas arrived with his band of soldiers; she saw them felled to the earth by our Lord's word, and was then present at the flight of His disciples, at His arrest, and at all the insults heaped upon Him up to the hour of midnight.

At that hour they started for Jerusalem, and reached the house of Annas at one o'clock in the morning. There she was witness of the questions put to Jesus – which lasted half-an-hour and of the blow given to Him by the High Priest's servant.

Another half-hour was taken up on going to the tribunal of Caiphas, and waiting there for his hour of giving audience.

It was not until two in the morning that Jesus appeared before Caiphas. His interrogations and appeals, the testimony of the false witnesses, and the hypocritical indignation which caused the chief priest to tear his garments, lasted a little over an hour.

A little after three o'clock Catherine followed Jesus to Pilate's judgment seat, before which (having taken some little time in going and in waiting) they actually appeared only at about a quarter to four. This corresponded to St. John's statement, when he says that it was "morning" – erat autem mane.

Pilate questioned our Blessed Lord for half-an-hour, and then sent Him back to Herod. The latter contemptuously sent Him back after another half-hour's examination, which – including the time of the walk – caused Him to reappear before Pilate at half-past five. This magistrate, knowing the wickedness and treachery of the Jews, interrogated Jesus yet once more for half-an-hour, trying to find some means of getting Him out of their hands without compromising himself. But he yielded at last like a coward to their threatening clamour, and condemned Him to be tied to the column, there to undergo the torture of scourging. This cruel punishment, begun at six o'clock, only came to an end at a quarter past seven.

The instant it was over the saint beheld the soldiers press round Jesus to crown Him with thorns. She said that out of respect for this sacred crown, our Redeemer placed Himself reverently on His knees to receive it. The soldiers, however, soon compelled Him to sit down, that they might insult Him the more easily; when they put a reed in His hand, spit on Him, and did all those insulting things described in Holy Scripture.

At eight o'clock, she saw Pilate take Jesus from the soldier's hands, and present Him to the people, saying, "Ecce homo." Then she witnessed all the fluctuations of that feeble soul, wavering between the innocence of the divine Prisoner and the furious demands of the mob which called for His blood.

She heard the sentence of death pronounced up our Lord at half-past nine, preparing the instrument of His execution. It was ten o'clock on Friday morning when they presented Him with His Cross; and she saw Him humbly bend His sacred shoulders to receive it, and carrying it painfully up the steep ascent of Calvary not without falling several times under the weight. He reached the summit of the mountain at eleven, and an hour was spent in first making the needful preparations and in then stripping Him of His garments and nailing Him to His gibbet of shame. At the second noon of her ecstasy, Catherine beheld the Cross raised up-right, and gazed on Jesus hanging there alive, for three

whole hours, between the anger of heaven and the outrages and blasphemies sent up to Him from earth. He died at three o'clock; and at four His body was taken down from the Cross and placed in the arms of His forlorn Mother.

# **The Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ**

## **By Rev. Alphonse Hochard, C.Ss.R.**

### **Introduction**

It is certain that when the soul considers piously the Passion of Our Lord, God considers her as having assisted Him at the time of His Passion, and given Him solace in her arms and upon her heart – bodily sufferings, insults, interior pains – not even the Blessed Mother has fully understood these sufferings of her Son. Further, Our Lord was pained by the sufferings of His Church, Saints, the loss of graces by negligent people, their purgatory. Jesus suffered all His life, falling from one abyss of suffering into another... a death at every instant.

### **Horarium of the Passion**

#### **A Painful Scene**

The Pilgrim Soul was born April 23, 1865. At the age of thirteen, she heard one day in her room, loud voices, screams – as if a band of revolutionaries passed through the street. She went to the balcony and saw a horrible spectacle. A band of soldiers, with lances wildly attacked a Man, stooping, who could scarcely walk, dripping with blood. Who is He? The crowd passed under the balcony – there the bleeding Man raised His head and looked at her with a loving gaze, calling with a deep, complaining

voice: "Soul, help Me." The Pilgrim Soul can scarcely read and write, and yet what she writes grips the soul because she has seen and felt. Her affections are of divine origin. To satisfy for the sufferings of Jesus has always been the end of writings on the Passion. Example: St. Margaret Mary Alacoque (devotion to the Sacred Heart). Sr. Mary of St. Peter Carmelites (devotion to the Holy Face). Their satisfactions consisted of the Passion are the same as the satisfactions of Christ. The sufferings of Christ are the souls.

Benefits derived from the meditation on the Passion. We know of the advantages from the writings addressed by the Pilgrim soul to her confessor, Canon Francia:

1. Conversion, if a sinner.
2. Imperfection becomes perfect.
3. Saints become more holy.

Our Lord wishes to see a copy of the horarium in each town and village. Everywhere would Jesus hear His own prayers He addressed to His Father. One person in each town and village making meditation on the Passion, would satisfy the justice of God to a great extent. He would stop the punishments He is now inflicting. (This was written during the climax of the world war). The principal end of the horarium is satisfaction. While connecting the various mysteries of the Passion with sins for which they were offered, man offers with Jesus a worthy satisfaction. Example:

- Agony in Gethsemane – Offered for inner sins.
- Scourging – offered for sins of impurity.
- Crowning – offered for sins of pride.
- Carrying of the cross – offered for impatience in sufferings.
- Crucifixion – offered for sins of disobedience.

In this meditation the various acts of satisfaction are made – praising the Lord, expressing compassion, giving consolation to our Lord. Thus the soul offers satisfaction, intercedes, and begs. This devotion is extremely pleasing to our Lord. “If a soul meditates habitually on My Passion, I feel as though relieved in the dolors of My sufferings from the Incarnation to My death. Every time a soul meditates on My Passion, she prepares Me consolations and glory – receives an increase of interior life. The soul attracts Me to her. I attract her to Me. When a person keeps the horarium of the Passion, I reward her as if I had suffered precisely at the moment of her meditation. I can reproduce at any moment the effects of My passion. These effects will be renewed in the souls when meditating, according to their degree of receptivity. A greater reward cannot be gained in this life. In order to delight in gazing at them in heaven, I shall place them before Me – shooting darts of love and happiness at them as often as they have practiced the horarium of My Passion. Inebriated with

divine love, they also shall with all the power of the beatified soul throw their dart at My heart. This will be ravishing spectacle for the inhabitants of heaven. The hours of My Passion were spent with prayers, acts of satisfaction of love. The pious custom to atone at meditation proceeded from My heart. How often have I tanks to the meditation of many souls dear to Me, bestowed grace instead of punishing. Meditations on the Passion are of an inestimable value. If other souls make the meditation as you have written it, I shall receive consolation written it; I shall receive consolation and comfort. And please notice that giving consolation and refreshment to a God, is not a little work for the creature.”

“The world is busy with renewing My Passion. I am obliged to submit to scourging, crowning with thorns. I must suffer all the pains of My passion and still more. When a soul keeps the horarium of My Passion, I feel as if she pulled out the nails from My hands, broke the crown, put ointment on My wounds. It seems to Me that the evil done by others, as been changed into good. I come always nearer to that soul. She makes My thoughts and feelings her own – as if staying between heaven and earth. She cries out: ‘I also want to atone with Jesus, suffer and die for all.’”

The Pilgrim Soul asked Our Lord how much the horarium of the Passion which she had written, pleased Our Lord.

“At each word, I shall come nearer to you and give you the treasures of My graces.”

“Will you give the same reward to the souls that keep the horarium?”

“Certainly! If the horarium is kept in the Divine Will. All depends upon the greater or smaller union with My Will.”

“The composition of the horarium cost me much pain. Will anybody accept it?”

“I would have died for one soul; never omit a good, because too few make use of it. I deserved merits in My Passion to save everybody. You, united with My Will, will be rewarded the same way. The unwilling souls are the losers.”

This practice is more important than any other, because the consideration of the Passion is a constant renewal and extension of what Christ did and suffered, of all His activities in the Blessed Sacrament.

“When a person recited the prayers of the horarium, I hear My own voice, My own prayers, I see My own Will in that person to help and atone

for all men. I feel compelled to establish My abode in that soul. While she meditates and prays, I pray, finding pleasure in doing what the soul does. A soul in each city and village meditating on the Passion would cause a partial change in the immorality of the world.

### **Methods of Meditating on the Passion**

First Method – Read the book on the Passion and Meditate each time on a section. After the knowledge on the Passion has been acquired, the soul should consider the title and content of each hour in particular. If her occupations do not allow her to do more, then she should little by little, gain knowledge of the Passion, recollect herself in the presence of God and perform inner acts. If the soul perseveres God will help her. As it is impossible to meditate day and night, the soul may in the evening, before retiring, gather in her mind the hours during which the body takes its rest.

Second Method – Working persons may act the following way – read each morning and evening a half hour in the book, go thus through the book several times. When the hours are known, half an hours meditation may be made in the morning and the evening – with the intention of thinking during the day, at each hour, on the mystery of the hour, and remember all the mysteries of the night. The devotion may also be held by eight or twenty-four persons.

## Prayer for Each Hour of the Passion

My Lord Jesus Christ! I believe that You are present here. Prostrate at Your feet, I ask You through Your loving heart, to let me meditate on Your Passion in which You willed to suffer so much in Your adorable body and most holy soul, unto death. Give me Your assistance, grace, love, deep commiseration and understanding of Your sufferings during this hour of meditation.

I wish I could make all hours of Your Passion – but this being impossibility I offer You my good intention. Render these intentional hours profitable to me and many other souls, as if in fact I had meditated during them all.

I thank you, O Jesus, for calling me to the union with You at prayer. In order to unite myself with Your thoughts, words, acts of Your heart and make one with Your Will and love, I beg for the assistance of Your holy Mother and my Guardian Angel.

- \* Ave and Gloria in honor of Guardian Angel.
- \* Requiem aeternam, etc., for souls in purgatory.
- \* Do not forget intention to gain all the indulgences of the Passion Hour.

## First Hour: 5 – 6 PM

**JESUS LEAVES HIS MOTHER** – O heavenly Mother, the hour of separation nears; let me stay with you. Give me your love and acts of atonement, give me your sorrow and allow me to follow step by step your adorable Son. Jesus comes – You meet Him with your immense love. As you see Him so pale, so sad, your heart feels crushed by pain, strength leaves you. It seems as if you were about to faint at His feet.

Kind Mother! Do you know why your Son came to see you? He wished to bid you good-bye, address to you His last word and receive the last embrace from you. O Mother! I hold on to you with all the tenderness that this poor heart of mine is capable of, in order that embraced by you; I may also receive the embrace of your Son. Do you not notice me? Should it not rather be a consolation for you to realize that near you is a soul that partakes of your sufferings, sentiments and atonements?

Jesus, what beautiful knowledge you impart by Your childlike and loving obedience to Your Mother at this hour which for Your tenderness, is heart-rending. What blessed harmony there exists between You and Your Mother! What a ravishing love that like incense rises to the throne of the Almighty and effects the salvation of men.

Heavenly Mother! Do you know what your Jesus wishes of you? Nothing but your last blessing. Truly, out of your personality nothing comes but blessings, love and praise for your Creator. Hence Jesus also wishes to hear from you at the moment of separation these sweet words: "I bless You, my Son." This blessing renders all insults inaudible and descends with its sweet and agreeable tone into His heart. In order to build a dam against any offence from creatures, Jesus wishes to receive your blessing. I also unite with you, my good Mother. I wish I could upon the wings of the wind cross the celestial spaces in order to ask the Father, Holy Ghost and Angels for a blessing for Jesus, in order to bring Him their blessing. On earth I shall visit all the children of men, and ask for praise from each lip, heartbeat, breath, gaze, thought, and should I be refused, I shall myself offer these praises in their stead.

Sweet Mother, when I shall have traveled through the heavens in order to receive a word of blessing from Holy Trinity, from the Angels, from all creatures on earth, from the light of the sun, the perfume of flowers, the waves of the sea, the breath of the wind, the twinkling stars, from each leaf of the trees, each spark of fire, each being that moves on earth, I shall come to you and unite all theses blessings with yours. I know that they will be a consolation and a comfort, and that you will offer to Jesus my blessings as a compensation for all the

insults and curses with which He will be heaped by men. And while, dearest Mother, I offer you these gifts, I hear and trembling voice that speaks; “Thou, my Son, give me Your blessing also.” Jesus, my love, bless me with Your Mother. Bless my thoughts, my heart, my hands, my feet, and my work and with me bless all men.

Mother, when you gaze at the face of Jesus so sad and pale, the thought of all the sufferings He has to undergo, rises all covered with spittle – and you bless Him, His head pierced with thorns, His eyes covered, His body torn by scourges, His hands and feet pierced with nails. Wherever He may go, you follow Him with your blessings. United with you I accompany you. When Jesus shall be scourged, pierced with nails, crowned with thorns, and slapped in the face – everywhere will you hear with your blessing my own. Jesus and Mary, I pity you. Your pain is immeasurable in these last moments. It seems as if the heart of one wished to take along the heart of the other. Mother! Pull my heart from the earth; attach it to Jesus, in order to enable it to take part in your sufferings. While you embrace each other the last time, exchange mutually your affection the time, I wish to be with you, in order to receive the favor of your tenderness and embraces. Do you not see that in consequence of my miseries and heartlessness I can live no more? Jesus and Mary, hold me closely to you. Give me Your Will and Your love, shoot the arrows of Your love upon

My heart and enclose me in Your arms. With You, dear Mother, I shall follow my dear Jesus, step by step with the intention of giving Him consolation and comfort, love and compensation for all.

Jesus, with your Mother, I kiss Your left foot begging You to forgive me and all men their sins, as often as we have lost the way to God. Gloria Patri.

I kiss Your right foot and ask You to forgive me and all men, as often as we have not lived according to the perfection which you have taught us. Gloria Patri.

I kiss Your left hand and pray You to grant us Your purity. Gloria Patri.

I kiss Your right hand and ask You to bless each pulsation of our heart, each thought, each inclination, in order to sanctify them by Your strength. With me bless all men and with this blessing seal the salvation of their souls. Gloria Patri.

Jesus and Mary, I embrace, I love and beg You, between Your hearts make room for mine that it may receive food from Your love, sufferings, sentiments and wishes, even from Your life. Gloria Patri.

## **Practical Conclusions**

Before suffering, Jesus asked for the blessing of His Mother – He teaches us to practice not only exterior but inner obedience, which consists in following the inspiration of grace.

If we reject the inner inspiration to practice a virtue God retires from us, deprives us of light.

We should practice the horarium in the Will of Jesus, i.e., with the same intention He had; offer ourselves as He did for the glorification of His Father and the salvation of souls.

We must resolve to be ready to offer our loving Jesus all sacrifices. This we do when we unite with His intention, act with the same purpose, and offer body and soul to Him. This will give us courage at the moment of trial. Before starting a work, let us ask the Lord to bless us, to give to our actions the seal of divinity – this brings about the blessing of God for us and all men.

My Jesus, bless me before, during and after my actions – that all may be impressed with the stamp of heavenly blessing.

## Offering and Thanksgiving After Each Hour

Most amiable Jesus, You have called me in order to keep You company in this hour of suffering. It seems to me as if I saw You pray with a deep expression of sadness, suffer, expiate and beg of Your Father with tender and pathetic supplications the salvation of soul. I endeavored to follow You in each instance. As I must leave You, I feel the urge to thank You and say "Be praised for it!"

Yes, Jesus, thousands and thousands of times thanks. I praise You; I praise You for each of Your deeds and sufferings for me and men. Thanks and praise for each drop of blood, for each tear, breath, pulsation, word and gaze, for each sadness and offense which You have endured. Obtain that my entire personality be a wave of thanks and praises, in order to receive a flood of graces and blessings for me and all men. Jesus, press me to Your heart with Your most holy hands and bless my entire being that from my lips no other word may fall but hymns of love. Henceforth my thoughts shall remain in You, in order to defend each pulsation of my heart to tell You time and again: I love You. Thus compensating for the love which others denies You. I give You each drop of my blood in order to atone and restore the honor of which Your enemies deprive You through their insults, beatings and ill-treatments. I give You my entire being as a defense against Your enemies. My sweet love, though I must perform my daily work, nevertheless shall I

remain in Your heart. I am afraid to leave – please keep me there. Our hearts beat in unison, thus I receive life and love from our inseparable union, My Jesus, when You see that my heart is about to escape, then let Your heart beat stronger in me, press me with Your hands closer to You, observe me with sharper eyes, pierce me with fiery arrows until I feel myself attracted to you entirely.

O Jesus! Give to my soul the kiss of divine love, embrace and bless me. With love I bow before Your sweetest heart and I remain in You. The blessing of God the Father Almighty, of the Son and the Holy Ghost descend upon us and remain always with us. Amen.

## **Second Hour: 6 – 7 PM**

**Jesus leaves His Mother and goes to the cenacle.**

*Preparatory prayer as for first hour.*

Adorable Jesus, while take part in Your suffering at the moment of Your departure from Your afflicted Mother, I realize that You resolved to go where the Will of Your Father called. And yet the love of Son and Mother unites You with unbreakable bonds. Thus, You remain in the heart of Your Mother and she remains in Your heart. While You bless each other You embrace Your Mother the last time, give her courage for the bitter sufferings that are waiting for her, then a last kiss and You leave. But Your pale face, Your quivering lips, Your voice overpowered by mighty anguish as if You were about to break into tears, indicate the greatness of Your love for Your Mother, as well as the bitterness of Your pain in separating for her. In order to fulfill the Will of the Father, each submits in Your union of love to the highest Will. You expiate the sins of those that stay indifferent to the Will of God on account of their excessive attachment to parents or friends. They do not correspond to the degree of holiness to which they are called. What pain do they not cause You, who repel from their heart Your love and give preference to the love for creatures. My Love, while I atone with You, permits me to remain with Your Mother – to

console and support her when You leave.

Afterwards I shall hasten my steps in order to join You. To the innermost pains of my heart must I see that my Mother trembles with fear. So great is her suffering at the moment of separation that her voice dies on her lips she remains speechless, almost fainting - she says in the excess of her love; "My Son, I bless You." What bitter separation, bitterer than death. Inconsolable Queen of Dolours, let me hold you, dry your tears and take a part in your bitter suffering. My Mother, I do not leave you alone. Take me with you. Teach me how in this painful hour, I may defend Jesus console, satisfy Him, and whether I should risk my life in His defense. I shall remain quiet under the mantle of your protection. But at one sign given by you, I shall fly to Jesus in order to deposit in each of His wounds, in each drop of His blood, in each pain and insult, your love, your attraction, your tenderness. The tender love of his Mother and His daughter which He feels in each of His pains will soothe His sufferings. Then I shall return under your protection and bring to you the tenderness of His love in order to comfort your heart overcome by sufferings. My Mother, my heart beats strong; I wish to go to Jesus. While I kiss your motherly hands, bless me as you blessed Jesus and allow me to go to Him.

My sweet Jesus, love shows me the path You follow. I reach You, while with Your beloved

disciples You walk through the streets of Jerusalem. I look at You and see You still pale. I hear Your soft voice. But it sounds so sad that Your disciples are deeply affected, bewildered; “This is the last time,” You say, “I shall walk in this street with you; tomorrow they will drag Me through it chained and insulted.” Pointing at the very places where You will be mostly ill-treated and tortured, You continue; “The sun of My life goes down, tomorrow at this hour I shall be no more, but as the sun rises so also I shall rise on the third day.” This remark rendered the Apostles more despondent still. They become silent, not knowing what to answer. But You, my Jesus, add: “Courage, be not cast down, I do not give you up; I shall be with you again – but it must be that I die for the salvation of your souls.” While speaking thus, You are deeply moved, my Jesus; with trembling voice You continue the instruction of Your disciples. Before entering the cenacle, You contemplate the setting sun again – Your life is declining also. You offer all Your steps for those that live in the evening of their day, and give them the grace to go home in You. You also atone for those that in spite of the cares and deceptions of this life refuse stubbornly to give themselves up to You. Again You take a look at Jerusalem, the theatre of Your miracles – Your preferred city. But Jerusalem contrasting with Your goodness, builds a cross for You and sharpens Your heart might give way – You weep over the ruin of the city. Thus

You atone for so many souls consecrated to you, elected with such great care for the purpose of making out of them wonders of Your love but who are unthankful and cause Your heart the greatest bitterness.

With You I wish to atone that I may soothe the tortures of Your heart. But I see that You shudder at the sight of Jerusalem, You turn away Your head and enter the cenacle.

O Jesus, press me against Your Heart, make Your sorrows also my own, that I may offer them with Yours to the Father – throw a gaze of compassion upon me, Your love pour into my heart and bless me.

### **Practical Consideration**

Jesus separates with full readiness from His Mother – the bleeding of His Heart matters little, so let us be ready to fulfill our duty.

Jesus started His last trip with a set purpose – glorification of His Father and salvation of souls. This purpose should be ours. His holy steps were the atonement of our sinful steps.

Jesus speaks with His Apostles while walking with them. The subject of His converse is always elevating. How do we converse with others? Jesus

tries to console the Apostles when seeing them sad.  
Are we charitable, supernatural with others?

Jesus enters the Cenacle – let us always remain in the Heart of Jesus. Constant communion with God is impossible for us but we can supplement by good intentions. The soul becomes so pleasing to God that Jesus stands like a watch at each action of the soul and contemplates her with love on account of her good will.

### **Third Hour: 7 – 8 PM**

**THE LEGAL SUPPER:** Jesus, now You sit down at table with Your beloved disciples. What amiability, prevalence about Your whole Person while making ready to take material food for the last time. All in You is love. Thus You atone not only for the sins of gluttony, but also pray to Your Father to give food. Jesus, my life, Your mild gaze seems to penetrate into the hearts of the Apostles. Also while take food there is sadness in Your Heart on account of Your Apostles, weak and unsteady. You think especially of Judas who already with one foot stands in he all, and in the bottom of Your Heart You say with sorrow: “What use in shedding my blood! See this soul which I have enriched with so many graces go nevertheless to hell.” You look at him with eyes that shine with the light of love, so as to warn him about the evil he is about to do, but Your endless love makes You support the pain. You tell nothing to Your disciples. While saddened on account of Judas, Your Heart rejoices on account of John sitting at Your left. Unable to control Your love any longer, You pull him softly to You and let his head rest upon Your Heart, giving him a foretaste of the joys of heaven. In both disciples we have the example of the elect and the reprobate. The reprobates are symbolized by Judas, who already feels hell in his heart; the elect by John, who rests happily upon Your bosom.

My sweetest Good, I also come close to You and like Your blessed disciple I wish to rivet my tired head to Your adorable Heart and pray. Let me also taste upon this earth the joys of heaven, which the earth may be no more the earth, but heaven, and I may be ravished by the sweet harmonies that sound in Your Heart. But in the harmonies of this Heart I hear many pulsations accompanied by sorrow, a warning for sinful souls. O Jesus, do not allow any more souls to be lost, grant that your pulsations of a divine life as John, himself, felt this life. Attracted by the sweetness and perfume of Your love, may they all give themselves up to You.

O Jesus, while I rest upon Your Heart, give me also the food which You gave the Apostles, the food of love, the food of Your divine word and Your divine Will. Do not refuse this food, the very food which You long to give, that Your life (in the Holy Will) be formed in me.

My greatest Good! I am so near You, that I notice the food that You take with Your disciples is a Lamb. This lamb is a symbol. As through the power of fire there is no life-juice in it, so also must You be consumed by the fire of love. Not a drop of blood will remain in You, as You shed it through love.

You do nothing that is not in harmony with the purpose of Your dolorous life, and is not constantly

in Your mind and Heart. Hence I draw the conclusion that You will never refuse me the food of Your love, when I keep in mind and heart the souvenir of Your sufferings. How thankful I am, O my Jesus. You perform no act which does not tend towards granting me a favor. Hence I beg of You that Your suffering be constantly in my mind, heart, activities and sufferings. Give me the grace never to forget what You have done and suffered for me. This grace shall serve as a magnet that attracts my entire being; let it penetrate into You and never allow it to depart.

### **Practical Consideration**

Before meals, let unite our intentions with the intentions of Jesus. Let us eat spiritually with Him; thus shall we absorb not only the life of Jesus in us, but we unite with Him, offering to the Father the satisfaction which Jesus offered when eating the legal lamb. Let us represent Jesus sitting at the meal with us, sad on account of the ingratitude of men.

Jesus speaks of His Passion at table. Let us not forget that the Angels hang on the words from our lips in order to carry our acts of satisfaction, prayers and love. Thus the Angels acted while Christ lived on earth. But Your prayers should not put the Angels to shame.

Jesus pulled John to Him to be consoled on account of Judas. Let us act like John – console the Master by recommending to Him sinners, so painful to His Heart.

## **Fourth Hour - 8 – 9 PM**

**THE EUCHARISTIC MEAL:** Jesus, my sweet Love, as Your love for us is not sufficient in Your eyes, I see you rising at the end of supper and singing with Your dear Apostles the hymns of thanks to the Father, in order to expiate the ungratefulness of creatures. Thus I see, O Jesus, that in all Your actions and relations with things, You have upon Your lips; “Thanks to You, My Father.” I take these words from Your lips. Always and everywhere shall I say: Thanks to You for me and all in order to compensate for unthankfulness. My Jesus, Your love has no rest. I hear You tell Your disciples to sit down again. You take a basin, put on an apron, throw Yourself down at the feet of Your Apostles in such a humble attitude as to attract the eyes of heaven and make the Angels wonder.

The Apostles look with breath-taking attention. Tell me, Love, what are You doing? “O child of man,” answers Jesus prostrate at the feet of the Apostles, “I but wish your souls. With this symbolic water now mixed with My tears, I wish to purify your soul of any imperfection and prepare them to receive Me in the great Sacrament. This act of purification is so dear to My Heart, that I would not entrust it to the Angels or My Mother. I, Myself, wish to clean the souls of My Apostles, in order to render them worthy to receive the fruit of

the most Holy Sacrament. Hence, I satisfy for all good works, especially for distributing the Sacraments, which is done rather in a spirit of carelessness than in the Spirit of God. How many good actions are performed with rather dishonor Me. Offer your acts of atonement.”

O Jesus, I want Your life to be mine in order to expiate so many crimes (sacrilegious communions). With Your heart do I wish to atone for the sins of those who are dearest to You. O Jesus, let us wash the souls that should receive You – cleanse their heart, shake off the dust that renders them unsightly; inflame their heart.

The Apostles represent all the faithful of the Church, and their faults represent all the evils that shall happen in Your Church, hence the sequel of Your sufferings: weakness, treachery, hypocrisy, passion for money. The inconstancy of Peter is the crime of many Popes; Your most faithful John slept in the garden after having rested upon Your Heart – he deserted You. Judas is the type of all apostates with their scandals. Your Heart is overwhelmed with pain and love. As You can scarcely overpower Your pain and love, You stop at the feet of each Apostle, shedding tears, expiate each fault and beg for strength and fortitude. At the feet of Judas, You weep and sob them to Your Heart. With tearful eyes You gaze at the traitor and speak to His heart; “My son, I beg you with the

voice of My tears, do not take the road to hell. Give Me your soul which I want, here prostrate at your feet. Tell Me, what do you wish Me to do? I will give you anything, but please, do not ruin yourself – spare Me this pain, I, your God.” And again He kissed his feet.

Bread and wine are on the table. The Divinity radiates through the humanity of Christ. Never have the Apostles seen Him so majestic – they are astounded, dare scarcely to breathe. The Blessed Mother is spiritually present. Angels descend from heaven. What is this? Is it not the excess of love? God creates no new heaven on earth, but gives to Himself a new existence through consecration. Jesus prays to the Father that He may not leave His children alone – that He wants to stay with them and obtain for them light and strength. God the Father and the Holy Spirit descend from heaven and Jesus Christ pronounce the sacramental words. Heaven bows in adoration. Christ’s love is satisfied. All consecrated hosts are wound with the crown of the Passion, because men are unthankful. O Jesus! I wish I could be in each host and chalice in order to offer to You acts of satisfaction for the sins against the Blessed Sacrament.

### **Practical Consideration**

Our life should be in all things similar to the life of Christ. The soul should express the intention to be

in all tabernacles of the world in order to keep company with Jesus, console Him and atone. With this intention should her daily work be done.

The first tabernacle is in us. Hence, let us watch what Jesus wants us to do. Suggestion to pray – this means that Jesus wants to pray and we should pray with Him – offer ourselves to Him and He will present us and our prayers to the Father.

Jesus puts us in different circumstances in order to be able to renew in us His own life. Example – Jesus gives us occasion to practice patience. He is insulted so often, that His justice compels Him to punish, but when He sees that we practice patience, suffer with resignation – those that were to be punished will be forgiven: thus in us, through us, Jesus shall practice His divine patience. In the Blessed Sacrament Jesus practices all virtues.

Jesus gives us His flesh – we must give Him ourselves.

O Jesus, let a substantial change take place in me and all men.

O Jesus, let me be host in which You live.

## **Fifth Hour: 9 – 10 PM**

### **FIRST HOUR OF MORTAL AGONY IN**

**GETHSEMANE:** My afflicted Jesus, attracted by Your love I come to keep you company in the Garden of Olives. Jesus is alone – has to drink a bitter chalice – and the soul that thinks of this moral pain of the Savior accepts her cross, helps Him drink the bitter potion by her love.

Jesus is alone (Mary, His Mother is present supernaturally). He has before His eyes all the sins of mankind, one after the other. He knows exactly each particular torment of His Passion, but His love for men is a greater fire than the torments He endures. Love governs the greatest of Beings. Love is scourging, crowning of thorns, nailing to cross. This love is pure; pure love causes all His sufferings. As if nails scourges, thorns were of fire, they burn His Heart and in this love are we cleansed and made children of love. To consider in Jesus but physical sufferings and not His burning love for me individually, would be a mistake. Only a God is capable of such heroism. In presence of this infinity, our heart ought to be of fiery love in order to understand and compassionate. O Jesus, give me understanding, give me heart burning love. I do not want to be cold; I want to have no extraordinary favor, but I want to be impressed with the idea that You, O Jesus, are first in my mind and my heart.

## Practical Consideration

Jesus is apparently abandoned by His Father and His love for men, His expiation (He is loaded with the sins of men) is as great as to consume the sins even of demons, were they not fixed in evil. As Jesus bears each man in His Heart, the extending of His reign is His greatest desire. Jesus may be compared to a man burning with violent flames. This fire is a torment that finds so alleviation but in the heart of man, living in His Will. Everything happening in our heart, excepts sin, is God's activity and must be accepted as much (conformable to rule of prudence). Refusing to follow God's inspiration is to draw away from God, Who wished to sanctify us. O Jesus, may Your love consume in me what is not consecrated to You.

## **Six Hour: 10 -11 PM**

### **Second Hour of Death Fear in the Garden**

#### **Prayer of Preparation**

Jesus, You suffered simultaneously all the torments of Your Passion. With uncertain steps you go about to Your Apostles. I accompany You, O Jesus, and give you support. With compassion You wake the Apostles – “Watch and pray!” They, like many souls called to holiness, go back to a habitual negligence which they have not the courage to shake off. These souls cause You the greatest pain. Jesus falls to the ground, expiates and endeavors to glorify His Father.

I also fall to the ground, at least in spirit, and unite my sorrow to Yours! All the crimes of a cruel world weigh upon the Heart of Jesus. Blood trickles on account of the immense pressure of the heart. For the second time He begs His Father to remove the chalice – yet not His (Jesus) Will be done. This fiat should be the life of each man – and man rejects it. At the third prayer, fear of death overwhelms Him – He is naturally liable to die from anguish.

O Jesus, through Your deadly pain, give me the grace to do Your Will, let it be my life unto death. It is not the pains caused by the Jews that pain Him so terribly, but sins. O Jesus, give me the grace to offer You frequent acts of reparation.

## **Practical Consideration**

All sins are in presence of Jesus: past, present, future. Jesus made satisfaction. He knew our disposition and blesses us if we, like Him, glorify the Father, satisfy and pray for His kingdom. Let this be our intention in all our actions.

## **Seventh Hour: 11- 12 PM**

**THIRD HOUR IN THE GARDEN:** The ground is covered with blood; a God so meek, exhausted! Face and hands are bloody. But covered with blood, Jesus rises and walks: “My sons, do not sleep, see the condition I am in; assist Me and do not abandon Me.” The Apostles had not recognized Jesus, except for His voice.

The Apostles remain – example of spiritual sleep of unfaithful soul. When a soul had been privileged, like the Apostles, great energy is necessary to come back to the Lord after a fault.

“Father, if it be possible” – decidedly Jesus has no friend in this cruel hour.

Jesus wants consolation – this consolation is souls. He calls for souls – they are the only ones that may keep Him up – give Him strength. I travel through the world – hunt up all the souls You have created and I offer them to God the Father, with the blood Jesus has shed in the garden.

Come with me, Blessed Mother – let us hunt for souls and put in them the love of His Heart that they may become converts to His love.

We enter a house. People are suffering, sick, etc. They do not realize that God sends them a cross in

order to make them similar to Him. Console them, Blessed Mother and give them patience.

The Pilgrim Soul goes from soul to soul and offers to God the blood of Christ, the merits of Mary for their conversion.

The hour of suffering is over. Jesus tells the Pilgrim Soul: “I have enclosed in Me each man, all his sufferings, even his death. To each I gave life; up Me I too their fears and the bitterness of My sufferings will be changed in the sweetness of life. How dear are souls to Me. You have seen Me at the moment of death – this condition has been caused by the death of men whose terror I felt (when they die).”

Assist me also at the moment of my death which You have enclosed in You. I gave You my heart during life, be my companion in eternity. Clothe my soul with Your humanity – in me You will recognize none other but Yourself; give my soul a last kiss and let it fly into heaven. This favor I am asking also for any other soul. I offer You this hour of agony for the triumph of the Church and the conversion of Your enemies. Now You have to meet Your enemies. I offer You the tender love of Your Mother as a compensation for the kiss of Judas.

## **Thanksgiving**

I thank you, my sweet Jesus, for allowing me to stay with You in Your excessive fear of death. What consolation can I afford You? Your endless love makes You experience joy in my presence. Never will I lose sight of Your horrible state in the garden!

After this how foolish it is to pay attention to earthly pleasures! I shall follow You from Gethsemane to Calvary – from one place to the other. Let me take a part in the insults they give You. Attach me with You to the column of flagellation, give me a thorn of Your crown, and let me be condemned to death – You a sacrifice for my love, I a sacrifice for my sins. Let me carry Your cross, suffer the agony of death and die!

O Mother of Dolors, you were my model in the participation in the fear of death of Jesus. Help me that I might be nailed to the cross of Jesus. Teach me to offer Him due satisfaction with the merits of His own sufferings and death on the cross.

## **Practical Consideration**

In the garden Jesus asked His Father for assistance. His sufferings were such as to want the consolation of His Apostles.

If in crosses we do not experience consolation, let us be resigned. God uses the unthankfulness of creatures in order to put us in the arms of Jesus. If like the Angel we wish to console Jesus, we must consider our cross as of divine origin. Pains considered merely from a natural point of view, do not affect the Heart of God.

### **Eighth Hour: 12 – 1 PM**

**CAPTIVITY OF JESUS:** Jesus is fortified; with His Apostles He meets the mob and receives a satanic kiss from Judas – Jesus wishes to give him, with a last sign of love, a chance to escape damnation. Who can doubt the goodness of such a heart! With this kiss Jesus expiates the perfidy of many souls; He forgives those that with a sincere heart wish to love Him.

He addresses Judas: “Friend, why hast thou come?” Our Lord asks us all this question, but instead of “friend” He calls us “child”. Do we not answer Him: “I come to offend You?”

Jesus works two miracles before being apprehended. Jesus reprehends Peter slightly and cures the ear of Malchus, to satisfy for faults committed through want of prudence and impetuosity.

Jesus is tied with chain a rope – so let the faculties of the soul be tied to Jesus.

## **Practical Consideration**

Jesus give Himself up because His Father so wished. Are we always ready to forgive when betrayed, deceived by others?

## **Ninth Hour: 1- 2 AM**

**Jesus goes to High Priest Annas.** Jesus is now alone – all His friends have left Him. How many soul forget Him when God sends them no cross; others are timid, cowardly, and leave God because they lack confidence; others leave God alone because in holy things they experience no personal advantage – not only do the Lord’s eyes shed tears, but His Heart bleeds.

O God, give me Your grace and my will will be Yours. While left alone by Your friends, Your enemies spare no moment in insulting You. They kick You pull the hair out of Your head. They want to throw You into the Cedron. They throw You there against a rock so that blood comes out of Your mouth. They pull You through the muddy water so that it enters Your ears and mouth. (They had thrown Him into the water from the height of a man). Jesus is wet and covered with mud round to comfort Him – the Apostles have fled and the Father’s Will did not want the Blessed Mother to be there. The soldiers make fun about His friends.

### **Practical Consideration**

Jesus did not protest – His love for men made Him accept their injuries, because He came to expiate. The fall into the muddy water of the Cedron, made Jesus experience disgust. Do we have a horror for the least sin?

## **Tenth Hour: 2- 3 AM**

Jesus is derided, insulted, and slapped. Jesus is in the house of Annas. Jesus asked about His doctrine. The jury is astonished at the dignified answer. With iron fist a servant hits Jesus in the face, so hard that Jesus totters and His face swells up. The Jews laugh satanically, clap and shout.

I support You, O Jesus, and I am ready for love of You, to support any pain. (As the Pilgrim Soul assists at the Passion, such reflections as these are very frequent. She acts as the Blessed Mother would have acted, had she been free. This remark counts for all other similar events in the Passion of Christ.)

Annas sends Jesus to Caiphas and Jesus is thrown down the staircase. All these incidents of the Passion are offered to God for the sins men commit at night.

### **Practical Consideration**

Jesus answers Annas about the doctrine of His Father. No human respect – let us defend God and His interests. Jesus does not mention His Apostles – so let us charitable. Never fail to expiate the least fault. Ask the Lord to watch over our hearts. Each act performed in God, is a fountain of life divine flowing in our hearts. One ejaculation is

insufficient to receive God entirely, hence repetition of acts.

Jesus speaks to us by inspirations, books, sentiment or catastrophes. O Jesus let Your voice sound always in my heart. May all things that are around me be like voices of heaven with which I praise You.

## **Eleventh Hour: 3 – 4 AM**

**Falsely accused at the Court of Caiphas, Jesus is condemned. Jesus is ill-treated everywhere – Jesus abandoned. O Jesus, I offer my life to be as a support for You, when they push You from one soldier to another. The shouts are defending.**

**My Love, what do they have against You? What have You done that like ravening wolves they wish to tear You to pieces. The blood stiffens in my veins when I see the intention of Your enemies. I shudder. I am as because I do not know how to defend You. It seems as if You wished to tell me: “Child, I have not accomplished all yet. Heroic love brings every sacrifice. Love is of inestimable value – we are only at the beginning. You are in my heart. Watch everything, love blood now stiffening, in order to soothe My blood that burns like fire. One with Me, you will grow in strength and ire of love in order to take part in My sufferings. This will be the best defense you may assume in My behalf. Be faithful and careful in everything.”**

**I hear the noise of chains with which Jesus was bound. Fresh blood runs from His wrists along the road.**

**In presence of Caiphas, the modesty and patience of Jesus command respect, even among the enemies of**

the Savior. Caiphas is so furious – as if about to tear himself to pieces. What a contrast between innocence and sin! Caiphas asked witnesses about crimes – why did he not ask about Your love! While witnesses speak in contradiction with each other, soldiers pull Jesus by the hair, slap Him in the face so cruelly as to make the suffers silently. When You look at Your enemies, the light of Your eyes impresses their heart. They cannot bear such glances and leave You alone.

Other witnesses come; Your Heart beats as if about to break. You are waiting for ill-treatment and offer the insults for our salvation. The insults that come from the Jewish authorities are offered as expiation for sins committed by consecrated souls. A new insult adds a new sorrow to the heart of Jesus. O tell me, Jesus. “My child, do you want to know? It is the voice of Peter who says: ‘I do not know Him’ – he swears, takes a false oath and gives Me up entirely. O Peter, do you know Me not? Do you not know the good I have done to you? If others kill Me with physical pains, you kill Me by wounding my heart. You have done wrong by keeping at a distance when following Me and now you expose yourself to fall.”

Peter cries – in sorrow and grief! Jesus is more satisfied – and atones for consecrated souls that expose themselves willfully to sin and fall.

The accusations continue. Caiphas sees that nobody has anything to say about the incriminations. He cries out: “Are You the Christ, the Son of the living God?”

With a clear and soft voice – all are stricken, even the demons that fall into hell – Jesus says: “Thou hast said it. I shall judge all people of the world.” Silence, terror – after a minute Caiphas regains composure – furious like a wild animal – “Death to Him.”

Soldiers give Jesus blows with their fists – kick, spit.

O Jesus, allow me to get out of Your Heart and take these insults in Your stead! If I only could tear You out of their hands. But You do not want it. Caiphas retires and abandons Jesus to the soldiers.

O Jesus, bless me; give me the kiss of mystic love. I remain in the furnace of Your Heart, to rest a little, my head leaning against Your Heart.

### **Practical Counsel**

Jesus tells the truth – no matter the consequences. Let us never be afraid to tell the truth.

## **Twelfth Hour 4 – 5 AM**

**Jesus given in derision to soldier:** O Jesus, only love can make You endure such torments.

The spit in Your face, while from Your eyes fall tears for our salvation. But they cannot with their spittle veil the divine majesty of their Victim. At times the soldiers are terrified and covered with shame. Hence they cover His eyes with a dirty cloth; beat, pull kick, strike – pull out the hair of His head and beard – throw Him here and there.

O Jesus, my heart may stop beating - I would like to cover my eyes in order not to see such horrors. But You want me to notice everything - love urges me gaze at You. What will become of You? You do not say one word in order to defend Your self. You are delivered into the hands of these soldiers like a ball. They throw You on the ground and step upon You with devilish rage – I am afraid You will die under their feet. Oh! I wish to cry out loud, cry to heaven, to God the Father, the Holy Ghost, to call all Angels to hurry to Your help and console You. I also wish to call Your loving Mother and all loving souls.

With You, O Jesus, I wish to satisfy for all sins that are committed during the night. Especially do I wish to satisfy for the sects (free masons) that commit horrors with consecrated hosts.

My Jesus, the soldiers who are now tired and partly drunk, wants to sleep.

O Jesus, I caress You together with Your Mother. I shall sleep the sleep of love in Your adorable Heart.

### **Practical Counsel**

Jesus stands among the soldiers with unshakable courage and iron steadfastness. He considers insults with such courage as to be willing to suffer more. Are we steadfast when crosses return? Do we lose peace of heart, so necessary if we wish to have Jesus to live in us? God can do very little with a soul of little courage.

Jesus considered His torturers with a sentiment of love.

## **Thirteenth Hour 5 – 6 AM**

After a few minutes sleep, I wake up and do not see my Jesus. My heart almost faints. O Angels, bring me to the house of Caiphas. I look everywhere but do not find Jesus. O love, quick – throw me in the arms of Jesus! Lo! They have put Him in jail. My heart rejoices because I have found Him, but what a horrible state He is in!

Your hands tied on Your back, are also tied to a column; Your feet are tied Your face is beaten, swollen, bleeding from blows; Your eyes have lost their brightness – they are tired, sad – Your hair is in disorder – You are helpless. O Jesus, what a pitiful state!

“Come to Me, child – pay close attention to what I do – in order to do it yourself and be able to continue My life in your heart.”

I see with astonishment that instead of being busy with Yourself, You think about the glory of Your Father – offering Him compensation for what we owe Him. You call all souls to You in order to take their evils upon Yourself and give them all treasures.

He thanks the Father for the past and future sufferings. Let the dawn of grace light in the hearts of men; I offer You satisfaction for all sins that are

committed with awakening – let good intentions sanctify the day (grace obtained by the merits of Christ).

The Pilgrim soul is now alone with Jesus in prison – she arranges His hair – Jesus had suffered for so many souls given to vanity. I adore all Your thoughts, to satisfy for all the bad thoughts and rejected inspirations. I kiss Your eyes and Your face covered with spittle which You cannot wipe off, because they tied You in a half bent position – terribly painful – making a little rest impossible.

How I wish I could hold You in my arms and give You rest! I shall wipe Your tears and atone for our faults, consisting in not forming the intention to please You in our actions; when acting without having You in mind as our Model and End. I wish I could gather all the looks of men and satisfy for their sins through eyesight. I think of all the insults and coarse language You had to hear during the night. Forgive us for not having listened to Your voice.

Your mouth is horribly wounded by blows. Pardon for all impure conversations. Your hands are black and blue from the pulling of the ropes; the column is sprinkled with blood. Let me deliver You – but You want to be bound! Well, I bind You with chains of love – and expiate sinful attachments, and chain all men with the chains of love. I hear now

the sound of keys. Your enemies want to lead You away. O Jesus my blood becomes cold as ice. What will they do with You? It seems as if I heard thee sound of keys for tabernacles! How often are You insulted in the Blessed Sacrament! I wish I could be in all prisons where You stay a prisoner of love (tabernacles); look at Your servants (priests) giving You liberty (distributing Holy Communion or processions). I wish to keep You company and expiate the sins...

Your enemies untie You. They realize that You are all majesty – nevertheless they strike You in the face until it becomes red.

O Jesus, bless me and give me strength to follow You on the road of Your Passion.

### **Practical Conclusion**

In His prison, Jesus looks for our company – do we look for the company of men?

## **Fourteenth Hour 6 – 7 AM**

**From Caiphias to Pilate:** My Jesus, You are now out of prison – but You can scarcely walk. Allow me to stand at Your side and hold You up lest You fall. The soldiers take You again to Caiphias. Though disfigured, You stand in their midst as the sun, sending rays in all directions. Caiphias is extremely happy at Your pitiful condition. In his fury he asked You again: “Are You indeed the Son of God?” In His usual soft, gripping tone of voice, Jesus answers: “You have said it, I am truly the Son of God.” Though the judges were impressed, they checked any emotion. “Death,” they cried out.

Caiphias has sanctioned the death sentence and sends Jesus to Pilate. Jesus accepts His condemnation with loving submission. Thus expiating all sins committed through malice, on purpose, rejoicing in the evil they do – which leads to hardness of heart.

As the soldiers heard Jesus was condemned to death, they tied Him with other chains and ropes – making a move almost impossible. They pull and drag him over to Pilate.

Large crowds wait for Jesus. Nobody is willing to take His defense. Jesus takes the first steps – prays and expiates for those that lead their steps to sin.

I see that when taking the first step of the stairway leading to the palace of Caiphias, there You meet Your Mother. Their looks cause mutual wounds. Mary is pale and heartbroken. They cannot utter a word. Jesus does not walk to the palace of Pilate – they rather drag Him there.

O Jesus, I follow You with my beloved Mother – give me a glance of love and bless me.

### **Practical Counsel**

Jesus declares His Divinity with courage. When we leave our house in the morning, let Jesus always guide us. The day should be spent doing good – never let us give way to discouragement.

## **Fifteenth Hour: 7 – 8 AM**

**Court of Pilate and Herod:** The Jewish priests, true hypocrites, fear legal contamination and remain outside the court of Pilate. Jesus expiates all sins of hypocrisy committed by priests. The Jewish priest spit out all the venom they have in their hearts against Jesus. Pilate is not convinced; he speaks to Jesus privately – “Are You really the King of the Jews?”

“No earthly kingdom, otherwise My army would have delivered Me.”

Pilate is struck by the modesty of Jesus.

“You, therefore, admit that You are a King?”

“I do, I must tell the truth...”

“What is truth?” Pilate bothers no more. No cause in this Man.

Other accusations are formulated. Jesus does not answer and expiates the cowardice of judges. In order to extricate himself, Pilate sends Jesus to Herod.

Jesus was dragged to Herod in a pitiless manner. Herod declares Jesus to be an idiot, a fool – and the soldiers are given liberty with their prisoner. They beat Him with sticks – anyone else would have died. During this time Jesus prays and expiates. Jesus returns to the palace of Pilate – the Jews are more furious than before.

## Practical Counsel

Jesus exposed to derision, is always meek, despises none and endeavors to let shine the light of truth. Do we endeavor to suppress natural inclination then some one is antipathetic?

O Jesus, let me always speak with Your tongue.

Dressed as a fool, Jesus is silent. When we are derided, do we think that Jesus wants us to be like Him, whether in humiliation or in sufferings. Jesus in the carver of our soul – we should not reject the chisel.

Have we gained such mastery over ourselves as to know how to be silent and not resort to revenge?

Herod was proud, curious. His curiosity was not satisfied, because Jesus does not satisfy the passions of men.

## Sixteenth Hour: 8 – 9 AM

**Barabbas and Scourging:** My tormented Jesus – I see You clad as a fool – You, Eternal Wisdom. You stand before Pilate – You look pitiful, though not condemned to die by Herod. Pilate is more bitter against the Jews. Barrabas was the alternative, a way out of anxiety. The Jews want a criminal rather than Jesus! What a sight for heaven!

Jesus a fool expiating sins committed by fools.  
Does not the soul prefer a pleasure by mortal sin,  
instead of God?

Scourging! Soldiers undo chain and rope. Jesus trembles from head to foot in His total nakedness. He is about to drop to the ground. The soldiers hold You up in order to tie You to the column. They tie ropes so tightly around His arms that blood comes out the extremities of His fingers. Jesus was tied to the column in such a way as not to be able to make a single movement.

The entire body becomes black and blue; blood flows all over the body; the flesh is torn. Other soldiers come, holding chains that had hooks at the ends. His flesh hangs in strips, His bones are bare, and a pool of blood is at the base of the column.

Heroism of true love! In this blood is the cure of lust and all other passions. Each stroke may

expiate a species of sin – and strike the heart of man.

This love was unknown to the Jews. A devilish fury reigned in them. The tormentors are exhausted and stop. They cut the ropes and You fall, as dead, in the pool of blood. Jesus sees the souls that are lost; Your sufferings are so great that You try to get a breath of air. O Jesus, I kiss all Your wounds and enclose in them all souls.

### **Practical Counsel**

Are we not also attached to earthly goods, persons or things?

If we wish to unfetter others, we must first unfetter ourselves.

If we complain when we have to make sacrifices, Jesus is saddened and retires from our soul.

## **Seventeenth Hour: 9 – 10 AM.**

### **Crowning With Thorns: Condemned to Death**

The soldiers are furious because in spite of Your tortures, You are all amiable. Your eyes in which resides a bewitching light, seem to demand more suffering. They raise You, and as You are not capable of standing, You fall again in Your blood. Furious, they stand You up again, kick You and drag You away.

O Jesus, if You did not comfort me with Your love, I could no longer see You suffering. I feel as one on the point of death. You tell me to watch, consider every detail of Your Passion and learn Your doctrine. “I must renew man; sin has disfigured him, he can no longer appear before My majesty – sin has made of him an object of pity. Hence I will be crowned to give back to man his crown.”

The crown was driven with sticks, thorns stick in the forehead, even partly in the eyes, ears, brains, neck. What torture! Almost nothing but blood may be seen – yet in Your eyes nothing but meekness and love. After a reed had been placed into His hands, mockeries began beatings on the head and cheeks. Jesus expiates the pride of men looking for honors, dignities, for all works done with bad intention.

Return to Pilate. Were it not for the love that supports me, I could not look at Jesus without dying – I sob and cry. You still are mocked, covered with blood; flesh hangs from Your body, bones are bare – impossible to recognize You. I see but a human body dripping with blood. Now I wish I could enclose You in my heart and heal Your wounds.

“It is scarcely possible to look at me through the thorns and speak to Me. The exterior part you see is but the shadow of My inner pains. I suffer for the politicians that use their power to crush the poor (Pilate). Only virtue makes of man a king. Dignities without virtue are dangerous, pitiful gifts.”

Pilate shuddered. “Is it possible,” he said, “that men are so cruel? My intention was not to have this Man tortured to such an extent.” He could no longer look at Jesus and turned his face away. Trying to find a way to dismiss Jesus, he asked Him: “Tell me, what have You done? Your compatriots have delivered You into my hands; are You really King? Which is Your Kingdom?”

Jesus answers not – such questions being of minor importance.

“Do you not know that I can free You?”

Pilate resorts to the argument of pity. He raises both corners of the cloak that cover Jesus.

“Ecce Homo! What a pitiful man! I regret having Him scourged – let Him be set free!” Terrible silence – in heaven and hell – our lot is about to be decided. If Jesus does not die, we all perish – horrible spectacle should only one soul be lost! So much blood shed in vain!

“O child, help Me! Let your life be a continuous sacrifice to save sinners and diminish the tortures of My Heart.”

Pilate cries out: “Do you wish me to kill your King?”

Like thunder voices roar: “We have no king but Caesar!”

After Pilate has washed his hands, the Jews scream furiously and clap in a state of frenzy. During this time Jesus expiates the crimes of men in authority; but Your Heart bleeds as You know the chosen people to be cursed by heaven. They called upon themselves, willfully, the curse.

### **Practical Conclusion**

Jesus atones especially for the sin of pride. Do we attribute to God the good we do?

In many instances, grace is not given the right to live in our heart because the heart is filled with so many things. Temptations become our own fault. The devil has no hold on a soul filled with God, because there is passion at his disposal. A heart filled with holy thoughts, repels the devil naturally.

The devil watches carefully the movements of our heart, and as soon as he sees naturalism, he uses this door to enter.

Instead of throwing temptation like a bundle of hay and bringing them to Jesus to be burned in the furnace of His love, we worry, think them over – the consequence is all for the worst.

## **Eighteenth Hour: 10 – 11 AM**

**Carrying the Cross:** Jesus is eager to die “O blessed cross, you alone will save My children.”

The soldiers take away the mantle of purple and put on Jesus - His own clothing. What suffering! Death would be easier. The mantle is caught in the crown; pulling they tear away the crown. Many thorns remain in the head. The blood trickles, the pain is so great as to make You sob. The soldiers put on Your clothes, replace the crown of thorns and press them again so that they come through head, ears, and eyes. Not a spot that does not feel the pricking. Jesus walks unsteadily, trembles from head to foot. Jesus looks at me and begs for compassion – not to be delivered, as He is willing to die, even for His torturers. Jesus wears His own clothing in order to be known better as a malefactor.

“The second crowning was far more painful. It seemed to Me as if My head was buried in thorns. Terrible pains by each move and push. In this way I atoned for those that, obliged to live in the state of holiness, refuse graces. I am helpless – I am reduced to suffering.”

The soldiers push Jesus down the staircase, where the people wait with fury and curiosity. They bring the cross. With determine steps You walk to it, kiss

and embrace it. You look at it, measure its length and width. The thought of redemption fills Your Heart; You kiss it again: “Expected, longed-for cross! Now I may embrace You!”

Jesus stands up again. His Heart beats excessively; breathing is loud, new pains assail Him. He moves His head to shake off the blood from His eyes – and frightened, looks around - oh, now I understand. Your Mother is there to speak a last word – to receive from You a glance of love. You feel her torn heart in Yours. She pushes her way through the crowd to see You at any cost, to give You a last parting embrace. She has the pallor of death – and lives by miracle only. You go towards her – but only a glance at her is allowed. The soldiers see Your purpose. With kicks and pushing they prevent it. Mutual sadness is so great that her heart feels petrified; pain is about to kill her. St. John and the holy women assist her – during that time You fall again under the cross. Mary cannot take part bodily in the pains of her Son – but inwardly consoles You by her love. So do I, my Jesus, make Your sufferings my own, taking the place of Your Mother at every pain You endure.

The thorns penetrate deeper, the cross cuts the shoulder – the bones are bare. Jesus is about to die. (Jesus by His wound expiates hidden sins for which no satisfaction is offered and which are the more

painful to God). Simon obeys growling. How many souls consecrated to God refuse the cross?

Suddenly Jesus stops and looks – Veronica.

Jesus falls. Though soldiers fear He may die, nevertheless with kicks they bring Him up upon His feet again. The soldiers are angry at Veronica and force You to go along.

The soldiers are infuriated at Jesus speaking to the women: “Weep not over Me...” The pull on the ropes so violently that You fall again and wound Your knee. The weight of the cross becomes a torture. Your face touches the ground and Your blood reddens it. The soldiers pull You by the hair and kick you - but to no avail. You cannot rise. Then they drag You up the hill – leaving traces of Your blood. They pull off Your cloak and crown. You sob at the terrific pains. You are more dead than alive. With bestial fury they drive the crown again into Your head. Only angels can tell of such sufferings. Your body is covered with cold sweat. O terrible price for a soul.

### **Practical Conclusion**

When we suffer, let us offer these sufferings to Jesus in order to soothe His sufferings – to be His companion.

## **Nineteenth Hour: 11 – 12 AM**

**Crucifixion:** On Calvary, Mary, John and the holy women are stunned with sadness and horror.

The men prepare holes in the cross for the nails. Jesus is commanded to stretch out on the cross – Jesus obeys readily. The nails are driven through the wood – the face of Jesus is of a deathly pallor – the eyes are closed. The arms are dislocated; the legs become cramped and pull together: The same torture with the legs.

These arms pulled out of their sockets will always be chains that chain men and prevent them from fleeing except those that want to tear themselves away with force.

## **Twentieth Hour: 12 – 1 PM**

**“Father Forgive Them”**

All is quiet...in expectation and grief. Even hell is expecting the result – so are the soldiers and the thieves. When they intend to curse, the words die on their lips. Consciences are uneasy – Jesus breaks this silence: “Father forgives them...” Hell trembles, as by these words they realize You are God.”

## **Twenty-First Hours: 1 – 2 PM**

**Today In Paradise:** One of the thieves is enlightened and repents: “Remember me” – First triumph of Your love, not only for the thief, but for innumerable dying.

## **Twenty-Second Hours: 2 -3 PM**

**“I Thirst”** The torments were so great that the body of Christ becomes distorted to the point of not being recognized. The body was dried – mostly thirst for souls – and torture for those that lose their soul.

Cramps set in all the members and distort the body more and more – wounds become greater – also pains – “Consummated.”

The body becomes stiff – heart seems gaze at Your dying Mother, Mary Magdalene, St. John – and gathering Your remaining strength: “Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit.”

Nature shudders, a number of Jews strike their breasts – the Blessed Mother, like a person petrified, suffers more than pains of death.

## **Twenty-Third Hours: 3 – 4 PM**

**Pierced with the Lance** - A soldier, through higher impulse wants to be sure of the death of Christ.

**Twenty-Fourth Hours: 4 – 5 PM**

**Burial**