

Twenty-first Hour

From 1 to 2 PM

Second Hour of Agony on the Cross. Second, third and fourth word of Jesus

Second word on the Cross.

My pierced Love, while I pray with You, the enrapturing power of your love and of your pains 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 as to be in the act of reducing You to ashes. Your constrained love is stronger than death itself; and wanting to pour it out, looking at the thief on your right, You steal him from Hell. With your grace You touch his heart, and that thief is completely changed; he recognizes You; he professes You God, and all contrite, says: “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 stealing the heart of that thief alone, but also that of many who are dying! Ah, You place your Blood, your love, your merits at their disposal, and You use all divine devices and stratagems 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 such that, again, it reduces You to silence!

O my Jesus, I intend to repair for those who despair of the Divine Mercy at the point of death. My sweet Love, inspire trust and unlimited confidence in You for all, especially for those who find themselves in the grips of agony; and by virtue of your word, concede to them light, strength and help, to be able to die in a saintly way, and fly from this earth up to Heaven. O Jesus, enclose all souls – all of them, in your Most Holy Body, in your Blood, in your wounds. And by the merits of this most precious Blood of Yours, do not allow even one soul to be lost! Together with your voice, may your Blood cry out for all, again: “Today you will be with Me in Paradise.”

Third word on the Cross.

My Jesus, tortured Crucified, your pains increase more and more. Ah, on this Cross You are the true King of Sorrows. In the midst of so many pains, not one soul escapes You; even more, You give your own life to each one of them. But your love sees itself hindered, despised, neglected by creatures, and unable to pour itself out, it becomes more intense – it gives You unspeakable tortures. In these tortures, it keeps investigating for what else it can give to man; and to conquer him, it makes You say: “Look, O 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 else to give him, because You have given him everything, You turn your languid gaze to your Mama. She too is more than dying because of your pains; and the love that tortures Her is so great as to render Her crucified like You. Mother and Son - You understand each other, and You sigh with satisfaction and feel comforted in seeing that You can give your Mama to the creature; and considering the whole Mankind in John, with a voice so sweet 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 united to the voices of your Blood, it keeps saying: “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 cares and tendernesses be for my children. You will save them all for Me.” Your Mama accepts. In the meantime, the pains are so intense that, again, they reduce You to silence.

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

How can we thank You for such a great benefit? O Jesus, we turn to your own source and we offer You your Blood, your wounds, the infinite love of your Heart! O Most Holy Virgin, how moved You are, in hearing the voice of good Jesus, leaving You to us as Mother!

We thank You, O blessed Virgin, and in order to thank You as You deserve, we offer You the very thanksgivings of your Jesus. O sweet Mama, be our Mother, take care of us, and do not allow us to offend You even slightly. Keep us always clasped to Jesus; with your hands bind us – all of us, to Him, that we may not escape Him, ever again. With your own intentions, I intend to repair for all, for the offenses given to your Jesus and to You, my sweet Mama!

O my Jesus, while You are immersed in so many pains, You plead even more the salvation of souls. But I will not remain indifferent; like a dove, I want to take flight onto your wounds, kissing them, soothing them, and diving into your Blood, to be able to say, with You: “Souls, souls!” I want to sustain your pierced and sorrowful head, to repair and ask for mercy, love and forgiveness for all.

Reign in my mind, O Jesus, and heal it by virtue of the thorns that pierce your head; and do not allow any disturbance to enter into me. Majestic forehead of my Jesus, I kiss you; draw all of my thoughts to contemplate You and to comprehend You. Most sweet eyes of my Good, though covered with Blood, look at me – look at my misery, look at my weakness, look at my poor heart, and let it experience the admirable effects of your divine gaze. Ears of my Jesus, though deafened by the insults and the blasphemies of the wicked, and yet intent on listening to us – O please, listen to my prayers and do not disdain my reparations. Yes, O Jesus, listen to the cry of my heart; only when You have filled it with your love, then will it be calmed. Most beautiful Face of my Jesus, show Yourself – let me see You, that I may detach my poor heart from everyone and from everything. May your beauty enamor me continuously, and keep me always enraptured within You. Most sweet mouth of my Jesus, speak to me; may your voice always resound in me, and may the power of your word destroy all that is not Will of God - all that is not love.

O Jesus, I extend my arms around your neck in order to embrace You; and You, extend Yours to embrace me. Please, O my Good, let this embrace of love be so tight, that no human strength may be able to unbind us. And while we are embraced like this, I will place my face upon your Heart, and then, with trust, I will kiss your lips, and You will give me your kiss of love. So You will make me breathe your most sweet breath, your love, your Will, your pains, and all of your Divine Life. Most holy shoulders of my Jesus, always strong and constant in suffering for love of me, give me the strength, the constancy and the heroism to suffer for love of Him.

O Jesus, please, do not allow that I be inconstant in love; on the contrary, let me share in your immutability! Enflamed breast of my Jesus, give me your flames; You can no longer contain them, and my heart anxiously searches for them through that Blood and those pains. It is the flames of your love, O Jesus, that torment You the most. O my Good, let me take part in them; does a soul so cold and poor in your love not move You to compassion? Most holy hands of my Jesus, you who have created Heaven and earth, are now reduced to being unable to move! O my Jesus, continue your creation – the creation of love. Create new life – Divine Life, in all my being; pronounce your words over my poor heart, and transform it completely into Yours. Most holy feet of my Jesus, never leave me alone; allow me always to run with you, and to take not one step away from you. Jesus, with my love and with my reparations, I intend to relieve You from the pains You suffer in your most holy feet.

O my Jesus Crucified, I adore your most precious Blood; I kiss your wounds one by one, intending to profuse in them all my love, my adorations, my most heartfelt reparations. May your Blood be for all souls, light in darkness, comfort in sufferings, strength in weakness, forgiveness in guilt, help in temptations, defense in dangers, support in death, and wings to carry them all from this earth up to Heaven.

O Jesus, I come to You, and in your Heart I form my nest and my home. O my sweet Love, I will call everyone to You from within your Heart; and if anyone wants to draw near to offend You, I will expose my breast, and I will not permit him to wound You; even more, I will enclose him in your Heart; I will speak about your love, and I will make the offenses turn into love.

O Jesus, do not allow me ever to leave your Heart; feed me with your flames, and give me life with your Life, that I may love You as You Yourself yearn to be loved.

Fourth word on the Cross.

Suffering Jesus, while I remain abandoned, clinging to your Heart and counting your pains, I see that a convulsive trembling 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 thicker; your Mama, petrified, turns pale and faints!

My Life! My All! My Jesus, what do I see? Ah, You are about to die; your very pains, 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. Rather, You see that many will be lost, and You feel the painful separation of them, as they detach themselves from your limbs. And You, having to satisfy Divine Justice also for them, feel the death of each one of them, and the very pains they will suffer in hell. And You cry out loudly, to all hearts: “Do not abandon Me. If you want more pains, I am ready – but do not separate yourselves from my Humanity. This is the sorrow of sorrows – it is the death of deaths; everything else would be nothing, if I did not have to suffer your separation from Me! O please, have pity on my Blood, on my wounds, on my death! This cry will be continuous to your hearts. O please, do not abandon Me!”

My Love, how I grieve together with You! You are panting; your most holy head drops on your breast – life is abandoning You.

My Love, I feel I am dying; I too want to cry out with You: “Souls, souls!” I will not detach myself from this Cross, from these wounds, so that I may ask for souls. And if You want, I will descend into the hearts of creatures, I will surround them with your pains, 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 the souls who are destined to go there, draw back, and to conduct them to your Heart. But You agonize and remain silent, and I cry over your nearing death. O my Jesus, I compassionate You, I press your Heart tightly to mine, I kiss It, and I look at It with all the tenderness I am capable of; and to give You a greater relief, I make the divine tenderness my own, and with it I intend to compassionate You, change my heart into rivers of sweetness and pour it into Yours, to soothe the bitterness You feel because of the loss of souls. This cry of yours, O my Jesus is, alas, painful; more than the abandonment of the Father, it is the loss of the souls who move far away from You that makes this painful lament escape from your Heart! O my Jesus, increase grace in everyone, that no one may be lost; and may my reparation be for the good of those souls who should be lost, that they may not be lost.

I also pray You, O my Jesus, for the sake of this extreme abandonment, to give help to so many loving souls, whom You seem to deprive of Yourself, leaving them in the dark, to have them as companions in your abandonment. O Jesus, may their pains be like prayers that call souls near to You, and relieve You in your pain.

Reflections and Practices

Jesus forgives the good thief, and with so much love as to bring him immediately to Paradise with Himself. And we - do we pray always for the souls of the so many dying who need a prayer, so that hell may be closed to them, and the gates of Heaven be opened?

The pains of Jesus on the Cross increase but, forgetful of Himself, He always prays for us. He leaves nothing for Himself, giving everything to us, even His Most Holy Mother, offering Her as the dearest gift from His Heart. And we - do we give everything to Jesus?

In all that we do - prayers, actions and other things - do we always have the intention of absorbing new love within ourselves, so as to give everything back to Him? We must absorb it in order to give it, so that everything we do may carry the seal of the works of Jesus.

When the Lord gives us fervor, light and love, do we use them for the good of others? Do we try to enclose souls in this light and in this fervor, so as to move the Heart of Jesus to convert them; or do we selfishly keep His graces for ourselves alone?

O my Jesus, may every little spark of love that I feel in my heart become a fire which may consume all the hearts of creatures, and enclose them in your Heart.

What use do we make of the great gift of His Mama, whom He gave to us? Do we make the love of Jesus, the tenderesses of Jesus and all that Jesus did our own, so as to make His Mama content? Can we say that our divine Mother finds in us the contentment that She found in Jesus? Are we always close to Her, as faithful children; do we obey Her and imitate Her virtues? Do we try every way in order not to escape from Her maternal gaze, so that She may keep us always clinging to Jesus? In everything we do, do we always call the gazes of the celestial Mother to guide us, so as to be able to act in a saintly way, as true children of Hers, under Her compassionate gaze? In order to give Her the same contentment as Her Son gave to Her, let us ask from Jesus all the love that He had for His Most Holy Mother, the glory that He continuously gave to Her, His tenderness and all His finesses of love. Let us make all this our own, and let us say to the Celestial Mama: 'We have Jesus in ourselves; and in order to make You content, so that You may find in us all that You found in Jesus, we give everything to You. Moreover, beautiful Mama, we also want to give to Jesus all the contentments that He found in You. Therefore, we want to enter into your Heart and take all your love, all your contentments, all your tenderesses and maternal cares, and give them all to Jesus. Our Mama, may your maternal hands be the sweet chains which keep us bound to You and to Jesus.'

Jesus does not spare Himself in anything. Loving us with highest love, He would want to save us all and, if it were possible, snatch all souls from hell, even at the cost of suffering all of their pains. In spite of this, He sees that, through continual strain, the souls want to free themselves from His arms and, unable to contain His pain, He cries out: "My God, my God, why have You abandoned Me?" And we - can we say that our love for souls is similar to that of Jesus? Are our prayers, our pains and all of our most tiny acts united to the acts and to the prayers of Jesus in order to snatch souls from hell? How do we compassionate Jesus in His immense sorrow? If our life could be consumed in a continuous holocaust, it would not be enough to compassionate this sorrow. Every little act, suffering and thought that we do united to Jesus can be used to grab souls, so that they may not fall into hell. United with Jesus, we will have His own power in our hands. But if we do not do our acts united with Jesus, they will not serve to prevent even one soul from going to hell.

My Love and my All, hold me tightly to your Heart, so that I may feel immediately how much the sinner saddens You in detaching himself from You, and therefore be able to do my part immediately. O my Jesus, may your love bind my heart, so that, burned by your fire, I may feel the love that You Yourself had for souls. When I suffer sorrows, pains and bitternesses, then pour out your Justice upon me, O Jesus, and take the satisfaction You want. But may the sinner be saved, O Jesus; may my pains be the bond which binds You and the sinner; and may my soul receive the consolation of seeing your Justice satisfied.