

The Nineteenth Hour
From 11 AM to 12 PM
Jesus is Crucified

First Part: The Crucifixion.

My Love, Jesus, You have already been stripped of your garments; your Most Holy Body is so lacerated that You look like a skinned lamb. I see You all shivering, and my heart breaks with pain in seeing You dripping Blood from all parts of your Most Holy Body! Your enemies, tired, but not satiated with tormenting You, in stripping You, tear the crown of thorns off of your head, to your unspeakable pain, and then again they drive it onto You, making You feel unheard-of spasms, as they add new more painful wounds to the first.

Ah, my Jesus, in this third crowning, You repair for the perfidy of man, and for his obstinacy in sin! My Jesus, if love had not wanted You to suffer greater pains than these, You would certainly have died from the sharpness of the pain You suffered in this third crowning with thorns. But now I see that You can no longer bear that pain, and with your eyes covered with Blood, You look to see whether one, at least, would come close to You to sustain You in so much suffering and in such great confusion. My sweet Good, my dear Life, here You are not alone as You were last night. There is your sorrowful Mama, who, heart-pierced by intense sorrow, suffers as many deaths for as many pains as You suffer! There also, are loving Magdalene and faithful John, who are mute with sorrow at the sight of your pains. Tell me my Love, who do You want, to sustain You in so much pain? Oh, please, let me come to You – I, who more than anyone else, feel the need to be near You in these moments. Dear Mama and the others give me their place, and here I am, O Jesus, I come to You. I hug You, and I pray You to lean your head upon my shoulder, to let me feel the piercings of your thorns, in order to repair for all the offenses of thought that creatures commit. My Love, please, hold me to Yourself; I want to kiss, one by one, the drops of Blood which flow down your most holy Face, and I pray You that each one of these drops may be light for every mind of creature, so that no one may offend You with evil thoughts. Meanwhile, my Jesus, You look at the Cross that your enemies are preparing for You. You hear the blows of the hammer with which your executioners are forming the holes into which they will drive the nails that will hold You crucified. And your Heart beats, more and more strongly, jumping with divine inebriation, yearning to lay Yourself upon that bed of pain, to seal with your death the salvation of our souls. And I hear You say: “Please, O Cross, receive Me soon into your arms, I am impatient of waiting! Holy Cross, upon You I shall come to give completion to all. Hurry, O Cross, fulfill the burning desire that consumes Me, to give life to souls. Delay no more; I anxiously yearn to lay Myself upon You in order to open the Heavens to all my children. Oh Cross, it is true that You are my martyrdom, but in a little while You will also be my victory and my most complete triumph; and through You I will give abundant inheritances, victories, triumphs and crowns to my children.” As Jesus is saying this, His enemies command Him to lay Himself upon It; and promptly He obeys, to repair for our disobedience. My Love, before You lay Yourself on the Cross, allow me to hold You more tightly to my heart, and to kiss your loving and bleeding wounds. Hear me, O Jesus, I do not want to leave You; I want to come with You, to lay myself on the Cross and remain nailed to It with You. True love does not tolerate separation, and You will forgive the daring of my love. Concede that I be crucified with You. See, my tender Love, I am not the only one to ask this of You, but also your sorrowful Mama, inseparable Magdalene, faithful John: we all say to You that it would be more bearable to be nailed with You to Your Cross, than to see You crucified alone! Therefore, together with You I offer myself to the Eternal Father - identified with your Will, with your Heart, with your reparations and with all your pains.

Ah, it seems that my adored 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, come and lay yourself on the Cross with Me; I will give you life with my Life, I will hold you as the beloved of my Heart." And now, my sweet Good, You lay Yourself on the Cross, looking with so much love and with so much sweetness at your executioners - who already hold nails and hammers in their hands ready to pierce You - as to make a sweet invitation to hasten the crucifixion. Indeed, with inhuman fury, they grab your right hand, hold the nail on your palm, and with blows of the hammer, make it come out the opposite side of the Cross. The pain You suffer is so great that You shiver, O my Jesus; the light of your beautiful eyes is eclipsed, and your most holy Face turns pale and looks like death. Blessed right hand of my Jesus, I kiss you, I compassionate you, I adore you and I thank you for myself and for all. For as many blows as you receive, so many souls do I ask you to free, at this moment, from eternal damnation. As many drops of Blood as You shed, so many souls do I pray You to wash in this most precious Blood of Yours. O my Jesus, for the bitter pain You suffer, I ask You to open the Heavens to all, and to bless all creatures. May your blessing call all sinners to conversion, and all heretics and unbelievers to the light of the Faith. Oh Jesus, my sweet Life, your torment has only 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 much that the joints of your arms and shoulders are dislocated, and by the force of the pain, your legs too, are contracted and convulsed. Then, with untiring fury, they nail it to the Cross as they did with the right one. Left hand of my Jesus, I kiss you, I compassionate you, I adore you, I thank you, and, for the blows you receive and for the bitter pains you suffer while they drive the nail through, I ask you to concede, at this moment, liberation from Purgatory to the purging souls. Yes, O Jesus, for the Blood You shed from this hand, I pray You to extinguish the flames that burn these souls. May this Blood be refreshment and a healthy bath for all, such as to purge them from any stain and dispose them to the beatific vision. My Love and my All, for this sharp pain You suffer, I ask You to close hell to all souls, and to hold back the lightnings of Divine Justice irritated, alas, by our own sins! O Jesus, let Divine Justice be appeased, so that the divine chastisements may not pour down upon the earth, and treasures of Divine Mercy may be opened for the benefit of all. My Jesus, I place the world and all generations into your arms, and I pray You, O my sweet Love, with the voices of your own Blood, to deny no one your forgiveness, and by the merits of your most precious Blood, to concede to all the salvation of their souls! Do not exclude anyone, O Jesus! My Love, Jesus, your enemies are not yet content. With diabolical fury, they grab your most holy feet, contracted by the great pain suffered in the tearing of your arms, and they pull them so much that your knees, your ribs and all the bones of your chest, are dislocated. My heart cannot sustain this, my dear Good; I see your beautiful eyes eclipsed and veiled with Blood, for the intensity of the pain. Your livid lips contort, your cheeks hollow, your teeth chatter, while your chest pounds rapidly. Ah, my Love, how willingly would I take your place to spare You so much pain! I want to place on every part of You a relief, a kiss, a comfort, a reparation for all.

My Jesus, they put your feet one on top of the other, and drive a nail without a point through them. Blessed feet of my Jesus, I kiss you, I adore you, I thank you; and for the most bitter pains you suffer, for the tearing and for the Blood you shed, I pray you to enclose all souls in your most sacred wounds. O Jesus, do not disdain anyone! May your nails nail our powers, so that they may not move away from You; may they nail our hearts, so that they may always be fixed in You alone; may they nail all our feelings, so that they may have no taste which does not come from You. Oh my crucified Jesus, I see You all bleeding, as though swimming in a bath of Blood, which asks continuously for souls. By the power of this Blood, I ask You, O Jesus, that not one of them may escape You ever again! Oh Jesus, I come close to your tortured Heart; I see that You cannot take any more, but Love cries out more loudly: "Pains, pains, more pains". My Jesus, I hug You, I kiss You, I compassionate You, I adore You and I

thank You for myself and for all. Jesus, I want to place my head upon your Heart, to feel what You feel in this painful Crucifixion. Ah, I hear every blow of the hammer echoing in It; everything is centered in It – from It do your pains begin, and in It do they end. Ah, if it were not already decreed that a lance would rip your Heart, the flames of your love would open their way, and would make It explode! These flames call loving souls to find a happy dwelling in your Heart, and I, O Jesus, for the sake of your most precious Blood, ask You for sanctity for these souls. O please, do not allow them ever to go out from your Heart, and with your grace, multiply the vocations of victim souls, who may continue your life upon earth. You wanted to give a distinct place in your Heart to the loving souls; let them never lose this place. Oh 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 It through suffering and 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 intend to kiss all souls and bind them to your love, placing a seal on their salvation. O Jesus, let me take your place, and while your executioners pound on the nails, let these blows wound me as well, and nail me completely to your love.

My Jesus, as the thorns are driven more and more into your head, I want to offer You, O my sweet Good, all my thoughts which, like loving kisses, may console You and soothe 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 gazes with my gazes of love.

Your tongue is almost attached to your palate because of the bitterness of the bile and the ardent thirst. In order to quench your thirst, O my Jesus, You would want all the hearts of creatures overflowing with love, but not having them, You burn more and more for them. My sweet Love, I intend 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. O Jesus, how much You suffer in your most holy feet! It seems that all the movements of your Most Sacred Body pound in them, and nobody is near You to sustain You, and somehow soothe the bitterness of your sufferings! My most sweet Life, I would want to reunite the steps of creatures of all generations, past, present and future, and direct them all to You, to come to console You in your hard pains.

O my Jesus, alas, how tortured is your poor Heart! How to comfort 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 loves destroyed. Your Most Sacred Heart will 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 – Crucified You; crucified I 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 repair for all, and to soothe the pain which creatures give You with their sins.

Second Part: Jesus Crucified. With Him we disarm Divine Justice.

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 pour 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 of my wounds. O Father, do You not see how I have reduced Myself? By this Cross, by virtue of these pains, concede true conversion, peace, forgiveness and sanctity to all. Arrest your fury against poor humanity, against my children. They are blind, and know not what they are doing. Look well at Me, how I have reduced Myself 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 object of all; and so, at any cost, I want to save the poor creature!"

My Jesus, how is it possible that You love us so much? Your love crushes my poor heart. Oh, I would want to go into the midst of all creatures to show this Face of Yours, so disfigured because of them, to move them to compassion for their own souls and for your love; and with the light which 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, so that they may prostrate themselves before You, to adore You and glorify You.

My Jesus, adorable Crucified, the creature continues to irritate Divine Justice, and with her tongue, she makes resound the echo of horrible blasphemies, voices of curses and maledictions, and evil discourses. Ah, all these voices deafen the earth, and penetrating even into the Heavens, while deafening the divine hearing, they curse and ask for revenge and justice against her! Oh, how Divine Justice feels pressed to hurl Its scourges! Oh, how the many horrendous blasphemies ignite Its fury against the creature! But You, O my Jesus, loving us with highest love, face these deadly voices with your omnipotent and creative voice, and cry out for mercy, graces and love for the creature. In order to appease the indignation of the Father, all love, You 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 satisfies for all. Therefore I pray You to look at the creature, and to look at her in Me; if You look at her outside of Me, what will happen to her? She is weak, ignorant, capable only of doing evil, and full of miseries. Have pity – pity on the poor creature. I answer for her with my tongue embittered by bile, parched by thirst, dried and burned by love."

My embittered Jesus, my voice in Yours wants to face all these offenses, all the blasphemies, in order to change all human voices into voices of blessings and praises.

My Crucified Jesus, at so much love and pain of yours, the creature does not yet surrender; on the contrary, she despises You and adds sins to sins, committing enormous sacrileges, murders, suicides, duels, frauds, deceits, cruelties and betrayals. Ah, all these evil works weigh on the arms of your Celestial Father; so much so, that unable to sustain their weight, He is about to lower them and pour fury and destruction upon the earth. And You, O my Jesus, to snatch the creature from the divine fury, fearing to see her destroyed - You stretch out your arms to the Father, You disarm Him, and prevent Divine Justice from taking Its course. And to move Him to compassion for miserable Humanity and to

soften Him, You say to Him with the most persuasive voice: "My Father, look at these hands, ripped open, and the nails that pierce them, which nail them together with all these evil works. Ah, in these hands I feel all the spasms that these evil works give to Me. Are You not content, O my Father, with my pains? Am I perhaps not capable of satisfying You? Yes, these dislocated arms of mine will always be chains to hold the poor creatures tightly, so that they may not escape from Me, except for those who wanted to struggle free by sheer force. These arms of mine will be loving chains that will bind You, my Father, to prevent You from destroying the poor creature. Even more, I will draw You closer and closer to her, that You may pour your graces and mercies upon her!"

My Jesus, your love is a sweet enchantment for me, and pushes me to do what You do. So, together with You, at the cost of any pain, I want to prevent Divine Justice from taking Its course against poor Humanity. With the Blood that pours out of your hands I want to extinguish the fire of sin that ignites It, and to calm Its fury. Allow me to place in your arms, the sufferings and the torments of all men, and the many hearts, grieving and oppressed. Allow me to go among all creatures and press them all into your arms, so that all of them may return to your Heart. By the power of your creative hands, allow me to stop the current of so many evil works, and to hold everyone back from doing evil.

My lovable crucified Jesus, the creature is not yet content in offending You. She wants to drink, to the bottom, all the filth of sin, and she runs almost wildly along the path of evil. She falls from sin to sin, disobeys all of your Laws, and denying You, rebels against You, and almost out of spite, she wants to go to hell. Oh, how indignant becomes the Supreme Majesty! And You, O my Jesus, triumphing of everything, even over the obstinacy of creatures, in order to appease the Divine Father, show Him all of your Most Holy Humanity, lacerated, dislocated, tortured in a horrible way. You show your most holy feet, pierced, twisted by the atrocity of the spasms, and I hear your voice, more moving than ever, as though in act of breathing its last, wanting to conquer the creature by force of love and pain, and to triumph over the Paternal Heart: "My Father, look at Me, from head to foot; there is not one part of Me which is left whole. I do not know where else to let them open more wounds and to procure more sufferings. If You do not placate Yourself at this sight of love and suffering, who will ever be able to appease You? O creatures, if you do not surrender to so much love, what hope remains for you to convert? These wounds and Blood of Mine will be voices that constantly call from Heaven to earth, graces of repentance, forgiveness and compassion for you!"

My Jesus, Crucified Lover, I see that You can take no more. The terrible tension that You suffer on the Cross, the continual creaking of your bones that dislocate more and more at every tiny movement, your flesh that rips more and more, the ardent thirst that consumes You, the interior pains that suffocate You with bitterness, pain and love - and, in the face of so many martyrdoms, the human ingratitude that insults You and penetrates, like a mighty wave, into your pierced Heart, oppress You so much that your Most Holy Humanity, unable to bear the weight of so many martyrdoms, is about to end, and raving with love and suffering, cries out for help and pity! Crucified Jesus, is it possible that You, who rule everything and give life to all, ask for help? Ah, how I wish to penetrate into each drop of your most precious Blood, and to pour my own in order to soothe each one of your wounds, to lessen and render less painful the pricks of each thorn, and into every interior pain of your Heart to relieve the intensity of your bitteresses. I wish I could give You life for life. If it were possible, I would want to un nail 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. In this way You will satisfy my yearnings. Tortured Jesus, I see that your Most Holy Humanity is ending, not because of You, but to fulfill our Redemption in everything. You need divine aid, and so You throw Yourself into the Paternal arms and ask for help and assistance. Oh, how moved

is the Divine Father in looking at the horrible torture of your Most Holy Humanity, the terrible crafting that sin has made upon your most holy members! And to satisfy your yearnings of love, He holds You to His Paternal Heart, and gives You the necessary helps 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 of the wounds, the pricking of the thorns. Oh, how the Father is struck! How indignant He becomes in seeing that all these pains are given to You, up into your inmost Heart, even by souls consecrated to You! And in His sorrow, He says to You: "Is it possible, my Son, that not even the part chosen by You is wholly 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 even more, 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, triumphing of everything, defend also these souls, and with the immense love of your Heart, form a shield to the waves of bitternesses and piercings that these souls give 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 powerful may they be over your Heart of Father, to plead graces, light and forgiveness for them. My Father, do not reject them; they will be my defenders who will continue my life upon earth."

My Life, Crucified Jesus, I see You still agonizing on the Cross, because your love is not yet satisfied in order to give completion to all. I too, yes, agonize together with You. And all of you, Angels and Saints – come to Mount Calvary, to admire the excesses, and the follies of the love of a God! Let us kiss His bleeding wounds; let us adore them; let us sustain those lacerated limbs; let us thank Jesus for the accomplished Redemption. Let us turn our gaze to the pierced Mother, who feels pains and deaths in Her Immaculate Heart, for as many pains as She sees in Her Son God. Her own clothes are soaked with His Blood; Mount Calvary is all covered with It. So, all together, let us take this Blood, let us ask the sorrowful Mother to unite Herself to us; let us divide ourselves throughout the whole world, and let us go to the help of all. Let us help those who are in danger, that they may not perish; those who have fallen, that they may stand up again; those who are about to fall, that they may not fall. Let us give this Blood to the many poor blind, that the light of truth may shine in them. 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 lead 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 the pain 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 - let us snatch them from Satan! And while I hold Jesus tightly to my heart in order to defend Him and shelter Him from everything, I will hold everyone to this Heart, so that all may obtain effective grace of conversion, strength and salvation.

Meanwhile, O Jesus, I see that your Blood flows in torrents from your hands and from your feet. The Angels, weeping, surrounding You like a crown, admire the portents of your immense love. I see your sweet Mama, pierced by pain, at the foot of the Cross; your dear Magdalene, beloved John all taken by ecstasy of awe, love and pain! O Jesus, I unite myself to You and I cling to your Cross; I take all the drops of your Blood and I pour them into my heart.

When I see your Justice irritated against sinners, I will show You this Blood in order to appease You. When I want the conversion of souls obstinate in sin, I will show You this Blood, and by virtue of It You

will not reject my prayer, because I hold its pledge in my hands. And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: "We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world."

Reflections and Practices

Crucified Jesus obeys His executioners. He accepts with love all the insults and pains which they give Him. Jesus found in the Cross His bed of rest for the great love which He felt for our poor soul. And we - do we rest in Him in all our pains? Can we say that we prepare a bed for Jesus in our heart with our patience and with our love?

While Jesus is being crucified, there is not one interior or external part of Him which does not feel a special suffering. Do we remain completely crucified to Him, at least with our main senses? When we find our enjoyment in a futile conversation or in some other similar amusement, then it is Jesus that remains nailed to the cross. But if we sacrifice that same taste for love of Him, then we remove the nails from Jesus, and pierce ourselves.

Do we always keep our mind, our heart and all of our being as nailed with the nails of His Most Holy Will? While being crucified, Jesus looks at His executioners with love. Do we look with love at those who offend us, for love of Him?

All: My crucified Jesus, may your nails be driven into my heart, so that there may be no heartbeat, affection or desire which does not feel their pricking; and may the blood which this heart of mine will shed, be the balm that soothes all of your wounds.