

Praying the Hours of
the Passion at
Holy Mass

by Geraldine Ryan

A WAY OF PARTICIPATING IN THE PAINS, SUFFERINGS AND SORROWS OF JESUS WHEN ONE IS AT HOLY MASS

By Geraldine Ryan

<https://youtu.be/n2ePwz7FZUg>

A MEDITATION ON THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS

The recompense for those who do the Hours of the Passion

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This morning my always lovable Jesus came, and hugging me to His Heart, told me: *“My daughter, one who always thinks about My Passion forms a fount within her heart, and the more she thinks about It, the larger this fount becomes. And just as the waters that spring up are waters common to everyone, in the same way, this fount of My Passion which is formed in her heart serves for the good of the soul, for My glory, and for the good of all creatures.”*

And I: *‘Tell me, my Good, what will You give as recompense to those who will do the Hours of the Passion the way You taught them to me?’* And He: *“My daughter, I will look at these Hours, not as yours, but as done by Me. I will give you My same merits, as if I were in the Act of suffering My Passion; and the same effects, according to the dispositions of the souls. This, while they are on earth - and I could not give them a greater reward.*

Then, in Heaven, I will place these souls in front of Me, darting through them with darts of Love and of contentments for as many times as they did the Hours of My Passion; and they will dart through Me. What a sweet enchantment this will be for all the Blessed!’ ...

The thousands upon thousands of angels around the soul who does the Hours of the Passion.

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I was doing the *Hours of the Passion*, and blessed Jesus told me: “*My daughter, in the course of My mortal life, thousands and thousands of Angels were the cortege of My Humanity, gathering everything I did – my steps, my works, my words, and even my sighs, my pains, the drops of my Blood – in sum, everything.*

They were the Angels in charge of my custody, and of paying Me honor; obedient to my every wish, they would rise to and descend from Heaven, to bring to the Father what I was doing.

Now these Angels have a special office, and as the soul remembers my Life, my Passion, my Blood, my wounds, my prayers, they come around this soul and gather her words, her prayers, her acts of compassion for Me, her tears and her offerings; they unite them to mine, and they bring them before my Majesty to renew for Me the glory of my own Life.

The delight of the Angels is so great that, reverent, they listen to what the soul says, and pray together with her. So, with what attention and respect must the soul do these Hours, thinking that the Angels hang upon her lips to repeat after her what she says.” Then He added:

“After the so many bitternesses that creatures give Me, these Hours are sweet little sips that souls give Me; but for the many bitter sips I receive, the sweet ones are too few. Therefore, more diffusion, more diffusion!” And from V 11: October, 1914

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

Praying the Hours at Mass

As the priest enters and begins to pray at the foot of the steps of the altar I enter into that moment, you will find in the video where Jesus Himself is at the foot of the steps to atrium of the palace of Pontius Pilate being presented by the Sanhedrin for judgment:



In this Suffering of the Eternal Father and Mother at seeing their Son so despised by the heads of religion and heads of state - all trying to protect their places of authority over the people:

Oh, Beloved Father and Mother, I kneel before You and in the Divine Will I compassionate You seeing the Beloved of Your Heart suffer the rejection and ridicule of men and with every increasing anger cry out, 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him.'

Prior to this public judgment, Jesus was judged in the hearts of the Sanhedrin and Judas and every soul who rejected His proclamation that He was the Messiah sent by the Father. He was determined not to leave His children orphans and prayed the Father allow Him to incarnate Himself in every consecrated host. Then He set out for the Garden of Gethsemane to suffer His Agony which Divine Love administered to Him, in which He created a Divine Life for every soul and repaired for every single sin offering Divine Reparation to the Father. Jesus speaks to Luisa and us about His deep desire to invite souls to accept His Gift of Merciful Love.

"Ah, my child, I want all souls, and prostrate at their feet like a poor beggar, I ask for them, I importune them and, crying, I plot love traps around them in order to obtain them! Prostrate at their feet, with this

bucket of water mixed with my tears, I want to wash them of any imperfection and prepare them to receive Me in the Sacrament. I so much cherish this act of receiving Me in the Eucharist, that I do not want to entrust this office to the angels, and not even to my dear Mama, but I Myself want to purify them, down to the most intimate fibres, in order to dispose them to receive the fruit of the Sacrament; and in the Apostles I intended to prepare all souls.

I intend to repair for all the holy works and for the administration of Sacraments, especially those made by priests with a spirit of pride, empty of divine spirit and of disinterest. Ah, how many good works reach Me more to dishonour Me than to honour Me! More to embitter Me than to please Me! More to give Me death than to give Me life! These are the offenses which sadden Me the most. Ah, yes, my child, count all the most intimate offenses which they give Me, and repair with my own reparations. Console my embittered Heart.”

I enter Jesus as He kneeled before each one of His apostles at the Last Supper and wept into the bowl of water praying before Judas the following prayer, which I also pray for every priest about to say Mass whose faith in Jesus' Real Presence may have died or is being threatened, or if he is in a state of sin of any kind; so that I may pour these ardours of Love of Jesus for him over him and purify him before he says Mass.

“My son, I beg you, with the voices of My Tears, do not go to hell. Give Me your soul. Prostrate at your feet, I beg you for it. Tell me what do you want? What do you ask of Me/ I will give your everything – only do not condemn yourself. I am your God. Spare Me this pain.” 8 pm Hour

In this Sorrow, Jesus draws St John to His Heart to find some comfort and I pray Luisa's prayer,

"O my sweet Lord, I also draw near to You ... Oh, You, who are all tenderness toward the sinners who want to love You, make me worthy, though a most unworthy creature I may be, of resting my tired head on your adorable Heart. I beg you to let me feel the graces of Heaven, even here on earth, so I may be enraptured by the sweet harmony of your Heart and earthy may no longer be earth for me but Heaven ... Oh Jesus, I beg You, do not allow more souls to be lost. Let your Heartbeat flow into their heartbeats so that they may feel the palpitations of the Life of Heaven,

just as John, your beloved disciple felt them. Attracted by the gentleness and sweetness of Your Love, may they all surrender to You. Oh Jesus, while I still rest upon Your Heart, feed me the food You gave to the Apostles, the food of Love, the Food of your Divine Will. Oh Jesus, never deny me this food that You want so as to give me, so as to form Your own Life in me."

And also, in the 8 pm Hour I pray with Luisa to purify all souls everywhere in every time and place before they receive Him in Holy Communion:

"My tormented Lord, I make Your Life mine, to atone for so many offences. I want to enter into the most intimate hiding places of your Divine Heart and use it to make up for the most intimate and secret sins with which Your dearest ones offend You. O my Jesus, I want to follow You in all that You do and go to all the souls who should receive You in the Eucharist to enter into their hearts with You. I place my hands into Your hands to co-operate with You and do what You will with them. O Jesus, with Your Tears and with the water with which You washed the feet of the Apostles, let us wash the souls who should receive You. Let us purify their hearts. Let us inflame them. Let us shake them free of the dust that soils them, so that, when they receive You, You will find joy in them instead of sorrow."

"You weep and make reparation for each of these sins and You obtain all the graces that your Church's leaders will need. My Jesus, I too unite myself with You. I make mine your prayers and reparations. I want to be with you to share your sorrow and to mix my tears with Yours so that you may never be alone but may always have me with You to share Your Sorrow."

Then I pray with Luisa my adoration of the Divine Presence in every consecrated host in the 8 pm Hour saying,

"Heart of my heart, I want to be with You always in each tabernacle, in all the pyxes and in every consecrated Host that will be until the end of the world. I want to offer You my acts of reparation for all the offenses that You receive.

O Jesus, I contemplate You in the Sacred Host where You reside sacramentally and where You sit with the entire substance of Your Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity. And as I worship You in the Sacred Host, I see



in my mind Your Divine Person as it stood in the Cenacle when You instituted the Most Holy Eucharist and foresaw all the acts of human ingratitude that You would suffer in this infinite Mystery of Love. And, seeing You, in the Sacrament, as if in the form and shape of Your Sacred Humanity, I kiss Your majestic Forehead. But as I kiss You, I feel thorns, pricking my lips. In this Holy Host, my Jesus, You are not spared these thorns. I see how many creatures come before You and instead of offering You their homage of their good thoughts, send You evil thoughts. That is why You bow Your Head once again, as in the Passion to receive and suffer the thorns of their evil thoughts.

Oh, my Love, I draw near You to share in your pains; I place all my thoughts in your mind in order to expel these thorns which sadden You so much. May each one of my thoughts flow in each one of your thoughts, to make an act of reparation for each evil thought, and therefore console your saddened mind.

Jesus, my Good, I kiss your beautiful eyes; I see your loving gaze toward those who come before your presence, anxious to receive the requital of their gazes of love. But how many come before You, and instead of looking at You and searching for You, look at things which distract them, and so deprive You of the pleasure You feel in the exchange of gazes of love! You cry, and as I kiss You, I feel my lips wet with your tears.

My Jesus, do not cry; I want to place my eyes in yours to share in these pains with You, and to cry with You. And wanting to repair for all the distracted gazes of creatures, I offer You my gazes, always fixed in You.

Jesus, my Love, I kiss your most holy ears; I now see You intent on listening to what the creatures want from You, in order to console them. But, instead, they send to your ears prayers badly said, full of diffidence, prayers done out of habit; and in this Holy Host, your hearing is molested more than in your very Passion. O my Jesus, I want to take all the harmonies of Heaven and place them in your ears to repair You, and I want to place my ears in yours, not only to share these pains with You, but to offer You my continuous act of reparation, and to console You.



Jesus, my Life, I kiss your most holy Face; I see it bleeding, bruised and swollen. The creatures, oh Jesus, come before the Holy Host, and with their indecent postures and evil discourses, instead of giving You honour, seem to send You slaps and spittle. And You, just like in the Passion, receive them in all peace and patience, and You bear everything! O Jesus, I want to place my face close to yours, not only to kiss You and to receive the insults which come to You from your creatures, but to share with You all your pains. With my hands, I intend to caress You, wipe off the spit, and press You tightly to my heart; and of my being, to make many tiny little pieces, placing them before You, like many souls who adore You; and to turn my movements into continuous prostrations, to repair for the dishonours You receive from all creatures.

My Jesus, I kiss your most holy lips; I see that in descending sacramentally into the hearts of your creatures, You are forced to lean on

many cutting, impure, evil tongues. Oh, how embittered You remain! You feel as though poisoned by these tongues, and it is even worse when You descend into their hearts! O Jesus, if it were possible, I would want to be in the mouth of each creature, to turn into praises all the offenses You receive from them!

My weary Good, I kiss your most holy head. I see it tired, exhausted, and all occupied in your crafting of love. Tell me, what do You do? And You: "My child, in this Host I work from morning to evening, forming chains of love; and as souls come to Me, I bind them to my Heart. But do you know what they do to Me? Many wriggle free by force, shattering my loving chains; and since these chains are linked to my Heart, I am tortured and become delirious. Then, in breaking my chains, they render my crafting useless, looking for the chains of creatures. And they do this even in my presence, using Me in order to reach their own ends. This grieves Me so much as to make Me faint and rave." How much compassion I feel for You, O Jesus! Your love is cornered, and in order to relieve you from the offenses You receive from these souls, I ask You to chain my heart with those chains broken by them, in order to give You my requital of love in their place.

My Jesus, my Divine Archer, I kiss your breast. The fire You contain in it is such that, in order to give a little vent to your flames and to take a little break from your work, You begin to play with the souls who come to You, shooting arrows of love which come out from your breast toward them. Your game is to form arrows, darts, spears; and when they strike souls, You become festive. But many, O Jesus, reject them, sending You arrows of coldness, darts of lukewarmness, and spears of ingratitude in return. And You remain so afflicted as to cry bitterly!

Oh Jesus, here is my breast, ready to receive not only your arrows destined to me, but also those which the other souls reject; so You will no longer remain defeated in your love game. In this way, I will also repair for the coldness, the lukewarmness and the ingratitude which You receive from them.

Oh Jesus, I kiss your left hand, and I intend to repair for all the illicit or blameworthy touches, done in your presence; and I pray You always to hold me tightly to your Heart!

Oh Jesus, I kiss your right hand, and I intend to repair for all the sacrileges, especially the Masses badly celebrated! How many times, my Love, You are forced to descend from Heaven into unworthy hands and breasts; and even though You feel nausea for being in those hands, Love forces You to stay. Even more, in some of your ministers, You find the ones who renew your Passion, because, with their enormous crimes and sacrileges, they renew the Deicide!

Jesus, I am frightened at this thought! But, alas, just as in the Passion You were in the hands of the Jews, You are in those unworthy hands, like a meek lamb, waiting, again, for your death and also for their conversion. Oh Jesus, how much You suffer! You would like a loving hand to free You from those bloodthirsty hands. O Jesus, when You are in those hands, I pray You to call me near You, and in order to repair You, I will cover You with the purity of the Angels, I will perfume You with your virtues to reduce the nausea You feel in being in those hands, and I will offer You my heart as escape and refuge. While You are in me, I will pray for priests, that they may be your worthy Ministers. Amen.

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

O Jesus, I kiss your right foot, and I intend to repair for those who receive You to offend You. O please, when they dare to do this, I pray You to renew the miracle You made to Longinus. Just as You healed him and converted him at the touch of the Blood which gushed forth from your Heart, pierced by his lance, in the same way, at your sacramental touch, convert the offenses into love, and the offenders into lovers!

Oh Jesus, I kiss your most sweet Heart, into which all offenses pour, and I intend to repair for everything, to give You requital of love for all, and to share in your pains, always together with You! O Celestial Archer, if any offense escapes my reparation, I pray You to imprison me in your Heart and in your Will, so that I may repair for everything. I will pray the sweet Mama to keep me always with Her, in order to repair everything, and for everyone. We will kiss You together, and keeping You sheltered, we will drive away from You the waves of bitterness which You receive from creatures.

O please, O Jesus, remember that I too am a poor sinful soul. Enclose me in your Heart, and with the chains of your love, do not only imprison me, but bind, one by one, my thoughts, my affections, my desires. Chain my hands and my feet to your Heart, that I may have no other hands and feet but Yours!



And so, my Love, my prison will be your Heart, my chains will be made of love; your flames will be my food, your breath will be mine, the fences preventing me from going out will be your Most Holy Will. So, I will see nothing but flames, I will touch nothing but fire; and while they give me life, they will give me death, like that You suffer in the Holy Host. I will give You my life, and so, while I remain imprisoned in

You, You will be released in me. Is this not your intent in imprisoning Yourself in the Host, in order to be released by the souls who receive You, becoming alive in them? And now, as a sign of love, bless me, give the mystical kiss of love to my soul, while I remain clasped and clinging to You.”

“My Love in this Hour You transubstantiated Yourself in bread and wine. Oh Jesus, please grant that everything I say and do may be a continual consecration of Yourself in Me and in souls.

My sweet Life, when You enter into Me, grant that every heartbeat, desire, affection, though and word may endure Your Sacramental consecration, in such a way that with my entire being consecrated, it may become so many hosts to give You to souls. And by virtue of Your consecration, Oh Jesus, may I consecrate all of You into all souls. Oh Jesus, my sweet Love, may I be your tiny host in order to enclose within myself, as within a living Host, your entire Being.”

“Oh, Love without end, I feel like drawing back before such immensity of love, and I see that in order to enter into love and to comprehend it, I should be all love! O my Jesus, I am not! But since You want my company, and You want me to enter into You, I pray You to make me become all love. And so, I supplicate You to crown my head and each one of my thoughts with the crown of love. I implore You, O Jesus, to scourge my soul, my body, my powers, my feelings, my desires, my affections – in sum, everything, with the scourge of love; so that, in everything, I may be scourged and sealed by love. Oh, endless Love, let there be nothing in me which does not take life from love.

O Jesus, centre of all loves, I beg You to nail my hands and my feet, with the nails of love, so that, completely nailed by Love - love I may become, love I may comprehend, with Love I may be clothed, with Love I may be nourished, and Love may keep me completely nailed within You, so that nothing, inside and outside of me, may dare to divert me and take me away from Love, O Jesus!” End 9 pm Hour

My Father! I offer You this Blood of Mine! Oh, please let it cover the intelligences of all creatures rendering all their evil thoughts vain, dampening the fire of their passions and making holy intelligences rise again. May this Blood cover their eyes and be a veil to their sight, so that the taste for evil pleasures may not enter into them and they may not dirty themselves with the mud of the earth. May this Blood of Mine cover and fill their mouths and render their lips dead to blasphemies, to imprecations, to all their bad words. My Father, may this Blood of Mine cover their hands and strike in them terror for so many wicked actions. May this Blood circulate in Our Eternal Will to cover all, to defend and be a defending weapon before the rights of Our Justice.

V 17: July 1, 1924

I fuse myself into Luisa's own Love for Jesus saying, (Reflection 9 pm Hour)

"I enter into You, Jesus and penetrate the most intimate fibres of Your Interior, those enflamed heartbeat, Your Intelligence that was as though on fire and I take this Love, this Fire that consumed You and clothe myself both interiorly and exteriorly. Then, as I leave You and pour all of myself inside Your Holy Will, I discover all creatures. One by one, I give them Your Love, renewing each one's heart and mind and, with this Love, I transform everyone into Love. With Your desires, heartbeats and thoughts, I form You Jesus within the heart of each creature and bring You all creatures transformed in Your Heart.

I place all these creatures around You saying, 'O Jesus, I bring You all creatures with You in each one of their hearts, for your solace and comfort ... I succour You for being burned by so many flames which force You to say 'I am burning and there is no one who cares to receive My Love. I beg you to offer Me relief, take My Love and offer Me Love.'"

Then once I have received Jesus in Holy Communion, I spend time heart to heart with Him, kissing His Face, His Wounds, every molecule of His Immaculate Flesh, His Heart etcetera and placing my 'I love You' on His tortured Humanity I enter into His Resurrected Body and transfuse it into Him saying, 'My Beloved, rise again in me. Remove the sepulchral stone of my human will that I may live again in Your Will'; and then I pray the prayer of Luisa in the 10 pm Hour saying,

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

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

Therefore, my Love, I kiss your most holy head. But, what do I see? All the evil thoughts; and You feel disgust for them. For your most sacred head, each evil thought is a thorn which pricks You bitterly. Ah, the crown of thorns which the Jews will place upon You cannot be compared with these! How many crowns of thorns the evil thoughts of creatures place upon your adorable head, to the point that your Blood drips everywhere, from your forehead and from your hair! Jesus, I compassionate You, and would like to place upon You as many crowns of glory; and in order to soothe You, I offer You all the angelic intelligences and your own intelligence, to give You an act of compassion and of reparation for all.

O Jesus, I kiss your pitying eyes, and in them I see all the evil gazes of creatures, which make tears and blood flow over your face. I compassionate You, and I would like to soothe your sight by placing before You all the pleasures that can be found in Heaven and on earth through union of love with You.

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

Jesus, my Life, I want to impress a more fervent kiss on your face, whose beauty has no equal. Ah, this is the face on which the Angels, like cupids, desire to fix, for the great beauty that enraptures them. Yet, the creatures dirty it with spit, beat it with slaps, and trample it under foot. My Love, what daring! I would like to shout so loudly as to put them to flight! I compassionate You, and in order to repair for these insults, I go to the Most Holy Trinity, to ask for the kiss of the Father and of the Holy Spirit, and the divine caresses of Their creative hands. I also go to the Celestial Mama, that She may give me Her kisses, the caresses of Her

maternal hands, and Her profound adorations; and I offer You everything, to repair for the offenses given to your most holy Face.

My sweet Good, I kiss your most holy mouth, embittered by horrible blasphemies, by the nausea of drunkenness and gluttony, by obscene discourses, by prayers done badly, by evil teachings, and by all the evil that man does with his tongue. Jesus, I compassionate You, and I want to sweeten your mouth, by offering You all the angelic praises and the good use of the tongue made by many holy Christians.

My oppressed Love, I kiss your neck, and I see it loaded down with ropes and chains, because of the attachments and the sins of creatures. I compassionate You, and in order to relieve You, I offer You the indissoluble union of the Divine Persons; and fusing myself in this union, I extend my arms toward You, and forming a sweet chain of love around your neck, I want to remove the ropes of the attachments, which almost suffocate You; and to console You, I press You tightly to my heart.

Divine Fortress, I kiss your most holy shoulders. I see them lacerated, and your flesh almost torn to pieces by the scandals and the evil examples of creatures. I compassionate You, and in order to relieve You, I offer You your most holy examples, the examples of the Queen Mama, and those of all the saints. And I, O my Jesus, letting my kisses flow over each one of these wounds, want to enclose in them the souls who, by force of scandals, have been snatched from your Heart, and so re-join the flesh of your Most Holy Humanity.

My labored Jesus, I kiss your breast, which I see wounded by coldness, lukewarmness, lack of correspondence and ingratitude of creatures. I compassionate You, and in order to relieve You, I offer You the reciprocal love of the Father and the Holy Spirit - the perfect correspondence of the Three Divine Persons. And plunging into your love, O my Jesus, I want to shelter You in order to reject the new blows that creatures throw at You with their sins; and taking your love, I want to wound them with it, that they may never again dare to offend You; and I want to pour it upon your breast, to soothe You and to heal You.

My Jesus, I kiss your creative hands. I see all the evil actions of creatures which, like as many nails, pierce your most holy hands. Therefore, You remain pierced, not with three nails, as on the Cross, but with as many nails for as many evil works as the creatures commit. I compassionate You, and to give You relief, I offer You all the holy works, and the courage of the martyrs in giving their blood and life for love of You. In sum, O my Jesus, I would like to offer You all the good works, in order to remove from You the many nails of the evil works.

O Jesus, I kiss your most holy feet, always untiring in searching for souls. In them You enclose all the steps of creatures; but You feel many of them run away, and You would want to stop them. At each of their evil steps, You feel a nail being driven into You, and You want to use their very nails in order to nail them to your love; and the pain You feel, and the effort You make in order to nail them to your love is so intense and so great, that You tremble all over. My God and my Good, I compassionate You, and in order to console You, I offer You the steps of the good religious and of all the faithful souls, who expose their lives in order to save souls. O Jesus, I kiss your Heart. You continue to agonize, not for what the Jews will make You suffer, but for the pain which all the offenses of creatures cause You.

In these hours You want to give primacy to Love, the second place to all sins, for which You expiate, repair, glorify the Father, and placate the Divine Justice; and the third to the Jews. In this way You show that the passion which the Jews will make You suffer will be nothing but the representation of the double, most bitter passion which love and sin make You suffer.

And this is why I see, all concentrated in your Heart: the lance of Love, the lance of sin; and you wait for the third one, the lance of the Jews. Your Heart, suffocated by love, suffers violent movements, impatient surges of love, desires which consume You, and burning heartbeats, which would want to give life to every heart.



And it is precisely here, in your Heart, that You feel all the pain that creatures cause You, who, with their evil desires, disordered affections, profaned heartbeats, instead of wanting your love, look for other loves. Jesus, how much You suffer! I see You faint, submerged by the waves of our iniquities. I compassionate You, and I want to soothe the bitterness of your Heart, pierced three times, by offering You the eternal sweetnesses and the most sweet love of dear Mama Mary, as well as those of all your true lovers. And now, O my Jesus, let my poor heart draw life from your Heart, that I may live only with your Heart; and in each offense You will receive, let me be

ever ready to offer You a relief, a comfort, a reparation, an act of love, never interrupted. End of 8 pm Hour

JESUS' SCOURGING: From the 8 am Hour:

My Jesus, my stripped Love, while You are under this storm of blows, I cling to your feet, to take part in your pains and be covered completely by your most precious Blood. But each blow You receive is a wound to my heart; more so, since in pricking up my ears, I hear your moans. But they are not heard, because the storm of the blows deafens the air all around. And in those moans, You say: *“All of you who love Me, come to learn the heroism of true love! Come to dampen in my Blood the thirst of your passions, your thirst for so many ambitions, for so many intoxications and pleasures, for so much sensuality! In this Blood of Mine you will find the remedy for all of your evils.”* Your moans continue to say:

“Look at Me, O Father, all wounded under this storm of blows. But this is not enough; I want to form so many wounds in my Body as to give enough homes to all souls within the Heaven of my Humanity, in such a way as to form their salvation within Myself, and then let them pass into the Heaven of the Divinity.

My Father, may each blow of these scourges repair before You for each kind of sin – one by one. And as they strike Me, let them justify those who commit them. May these blows strike the hearts of creatures, and speak to them about my love, to the point of forcing them to surrender to Me.”

And as You say this, your love is so great, though great is the pain, that You almost incite the executioners to beat You more. My Jesus, stripped of your own flesh, your love crushes me – I feel I am going mad. Your love is not tired, while the executioners are exhausted and cannot continue your painful massacre.

They now cut the ropes, and You, almost dead, fall into your own Blood. And in seeing the shreds of your flesh, You feel like dying of grief, because in those detached pieces of flesh You see the reprobate souls. And your sorrow is such, that You gasp in your own Blood. My Jesus, allow me to take You in my arms, in order to refresh You a little with my love. I kiss You, and with my kiss, I enclose all souls in You, so no one will be lost; and You - bless me.

AFTER JESUS’ CROWNING: From 9 am Hour

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

But as I say this, my Jesus calls me with His loving gaze, and quickly I embrace His Heart, and I try to sustain His head. Oh, how beautiful it is to be with Jesus, even in the midst of a thousand torments! And He says to me: *“My child, these thorns say that I want to be*

constituted King of each heart; to Me belongs every dominion. Take these thorns and prick your heart; let everything that does not belong to Me come out, and then leave one thorn inside, as the seal that I am your King, and to prevent any other thing from entering into you. Then, go through every heart, and pricking them, let all the fumes of pride and the rottenness which they contain come out, and constitute Me King of all.”

My Love, my heart breaks in leaving You; therefore I pray You to deafen my ears with your thorns, that I may hear only your voice; cover my eyes with your thorns, that I may look at You alone; fill my mouth with your thorns, that my tongue be mute to everything that may offend You, and be free to praise You and bless You in everything. O my King Jesus, surround me with thorns, that they may hold me in custody, defend me, and keep me all intent on You. And now I want to dry your Blood and kiss You, because I see that your enemies take You to Pilate, who will condemn You to death. My Love, help me to follow your Sorrowful Way, and bless me.

“My child, press close to My Heart and share in My Pain and Reparation. In this solemn moment it must be decided: Eiter My Death or the death of all creatures. In this moment, two currents are poured into My Heart. In one flow, the souls who, though they may want Me dead, want to find Life in Me. By accepting death for them, I absolve them from eternal condemnation and open the gates of Heaven to receive them. In the other current flow those who want Me dead out of hatred and to confirm their condemnation. My lacerated Heart feels the death of each one of them – and the very pains of Hell! My Heart cannot bear these bitter pains. I feel death at every heartbeat and at every breath. And I repeat Why will so much Blood be shed in vain? Why will all these pains be useless to so many? O child, help Me! I can no longer bear it. Take part in My suffering. Let your life be a continuous offering to save souls and to ease My excruciating pains.”

Luisa: *“O my Love, I do not have the heart to leave You alone. I want to share the weight of the Cross with You. To relieve You of the weight of our sins, I embrace your feet.*

In the name of all creatures, I want to love You for those who do not love You, praise You for those who despise You; bless, thank and obey You for everyone. When anyone offends You, I want to offer You my whole being to make reparation to You. I want to oppose my acts to the offenses creatures commit against You.

I want to repay You with my kisses and my continuous acts of love. But I see that I am too miserable. I need You to truly make reparation to You. So, I unite myself to your most Holy Humanity. Together with You, I unite my thoughts to yours to make reparation for my evil thought and for those of all other souls.

I unite my eyes to yours to atone for all evil glances. I unite my mouth to yours to atone for all blasphemies and evil conversations. I unite my heart to yours to make reparation for evil tendencies, desires and affections. In a word, I want to participate in all that your most Holy Humanity does by uniting myself to the immensity of Your Love for everyone and to the immense good that You do for everyone.

But I am still not satisfied. I want to unite myself to your Divinity, to disperse this nothingness of mine in It, and, in this way, to give You everything.

I give You your Love to quench your bitternesses.

I give You your Heart to relieve You from our coldness, lack of correspondence, ingratitude, and the little love of the creatures.

I give You your Harmonies to cheer your hearing from the deafening blasphemies it receives.

I give You your Beauty to relieve You from the ugliness of our souls, when we muddy ourselves in sin.

I give You your Purity to relieve You from the lack of righteous intention, and from the mud and rot You see in many souls.

I give You your Immensity to relieve You from the voluntary constraints into which souls put themselves.

I give You your Ardor to burn all sins and all hearts, so that all may love You, and no one may offend You, ever again.

In sum, I give You all that You are, to give You infinite satisfaction, eternal, immense and infinite love.

After this I go to the final Hour of the Passion where Our Holy Mother places Jesus in the sepulchre, since Jesus has been placed back inside the tabernacle on the altar and placed in my heart, I want to do what Our dear Mother does for Jesus and unite with Her and compassionate Her for all the sufferings and sorrows I and all mankind have given to Jesus. In receiving Jesus' Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity into myself, I also receive my Mother and must console Her also by sharing in Her Acts of Love and Reparation for His Death.

Twenty-fourth Hour From 4 to 5 PM

The Burial of Jesus.

Our Mother is so desolate she longs for souls to comfort Her but only those who live in the Divine Will can truly console Her so we enter the Divine Will taking all He longs to give Her to relieve a little some of Her Immense Sorrows in Burying Her Beloved Son.

My sorrowful Mama, I see that You dispose Yourself to the final sacrifice of having to give burial to your lifeless Son Jesus. Most resigned to the Will of God, You accompany Him, and You place Him in the sepulcher with your own hands. But as You compose those limbs and are about to give Him the last good-bye and the last kiss, You feel your Heart being torn from your breast because of the pain. Love nails You to those limbs, and by force of love and sorrow, your life is about to fade together with your lifeless Son. Poor Mama, how shall You go on without Jesus? He is your Life – your All. Yet, it is the Will of the Eternal One that wants it so. You will have to fight against two insurmountable powers: Love and Divine Will. Love nails You, in such a way that You cannot separate from Him; the Divine Will imposes Itself and wants the sacrifice. Poor Mama, how shall You go on? How much compassion I feel for You! O please, Angels of Heaven, come to raise Her from the stiffened limbs of Jesus, otherwise She will die!



But, oh portent, while She seemed to be extinguished together with Jesus, I hear Her voice, trembling and interrupted by sobs, say: "Beloved Son, O Son, this was the only relief which was left to Me, and which halved my pains: your Most Holy Humanity - pouring Myself out on these wounds, adoring them, kissing them. Now this too is taken away from Me, because the Divine Will wants it so; and I resign Myself. But know, Son, that I want it and I cannot. At the mere thought of doing it, my strengths leave Me and life runs away from Me.

Oh please, O Son, so that I may have life and strength to be able to

depart, allow Me to remain all buried in You, and to take for Myself your Life, your pains, your reparations, and all that You are. Ah, only an exchange of Life between You and Me can give Me the strength to make the sacrifice of departing from You!"

So determined, my afflicted Mama, I see that You go through those limbs again, and You place your head in the head of Jesus. Kissing it, You enclose in it your thoughts, and You take for Yourself His thorns, His afflicted and offended thoughts, and everything He suffered in His most holy head. Oh, how You would want to animate the Intelligence of Jesus with your own, to be able to give life for life! You now begin to feel revived, by having taken the thoughts and the thorns of Jesus into your mind.

Sorrowful Mama, I see You kiss the lifeless eyes of Jesus, and I feel pierced in seeing that Jesus no longer looks at You. How many times

His gazes filled You with Paradise, and made You rise again from death to life; and now, not seeing Yourself gazed upon, You feel You are dying! Therefore, You place your eyes in those of Jesus, and You take for Yourself His eyes, His tears, and His bitternesses in seeing the offenses of creatures, and the many insults and scorns.

But I see, my pierced Mama, that You kiss His most holy ears, and You call Him over and over again, saying: “My Son, how can it be that You no longer listen to Me – You, who would hear my slightest motion? And now I cry, I call You, and You do not hear Me? Ah, love is the most cruel tyrant! You were more than my own life for Me, and now I will have to survive so much pain? Therefore, O Son, I leave my hearing in Yours, and I take for Myself what You have suffered in your most holy hearing, and the echo of the offenses that resounded in it. Only this can give Me life – your pains, your sorrows!” And as You say this, the pain and the grip on your Heart is so great, that You lose your voice and remain motionless. My poor Mama, my poor Mama, how much compassion I feel for You! How many cruel deaths You suffer! But the Divine Will imposes Itself and gives You motion; and You look at His most holy Face, You kiss it, and exclaim:

Adored Son, how disfigured You are! Ah, if love did not tell Me that You are my Son, my Life, my All, I would no longer recognize You, so unrecognizable You are! Your beauty was transformed into deformity; your cheeks into bruises, and the light, the grace of your Face – which was such that seeing You and remaining beatified was the same thing - has turned into paleness of death, O beloved Son. Son, how You are reduced! What an awful crafting sin has made upon your most holy limbs!

Ah, how much would your inseparable Mama want to give You back your original beauty! I want to fuse my face in Yours, and take for Myself your Face, and the slaps, the spit, the scorns, and everything You have suffered in your most holy Face. Ah, Son, if You want Me alive, give Me your pains; otherwise I will die!”

And your pain is so great that it suffocates You, it breaks your speech, and You remain as though lifeless on the Face of Jesus. Poor Mama, how much compassion I feel for You! My Angels, come to comfort my Mama; Her sorrow is immense – it inundates Her, it suffocates Her, and leaves Her no more life or strength. But the Divine Will, breaking through these waves, gives life back to Her.

You are now at the mouth of Jesus, and in kissing it, You feel your lips embittered by the gall which so much embittered His mouth; and sobbing, You continue: “Son, say one last word to your Mama. How can it be that I will no longer be able to listen to your voice? All of the words You have spoken to Me in life, like many arrows, wound my Heart with sorrow and with love. And now, seeing You mute, they put themselves in motion once again within my lacerated Heart; they give Me many deaths, and would want to snatch, by force, one last word from You.

But not receiving it, they torment Me, and they say to Me: ‘So, You will no longer hear Him; You will no longer hear His sweet accent, the melody of His creative word!’ He created as many Paradises in Me as words that He spoke. Ah, my Paradise is finished, and I will have nothing but bitternesses!

Ah, Son, I want to give You my tongue in order to animate Yours. Give Me that which You suffered in your most holy mouth – the bitterness of the gall, your ardent thirst, your reparations and prayers; and so hearing your voice through them, my sorrow will be more bearable, and your Mama will be able to live through your pains.”

Tormented Mama, I see You hasten, because those who surround You want to close the sepulcher. Almost flying, You take the hands of Jesus between yours, You kiss them, You press them to your Heart; and placing your hands in His, You take for Yourself the pains and the piercings of those most holy hands. Then You fly over the feet of Jesus, looking at the cruel torture which the nails have made in them; and as You place your feet in them, You take for Yourself those wounds, and You offer Yourself to run toward sinners in the place of Jesus, in order to snatch them from hell.

Anguishing Mama, I see You give the last good-bye to the pierced Heart of Jesus. Here You pause. It is the last assault to your maternal Heart; You feel It being torn from your breast because of the vehemence of love and pain and, by Itself, It runs to place Itself in the Most Holy Heart of Jesus. And You, in seeing Yourself without a heart, hasten to take His Most Holy Heart into yours - His love rejected by many creatures, His many ardent desires not fulfilled because of their ingritudes, and the pains and piercings of that Most Holy Heart, which will keep You crucified for the rest of your life. In looking at the wide wound, You kiss it, You lap up the Blood; and feeling the Life of Jesus in Yourself, You have the strength to fulfill the bitter separation. Then You embrace Him, and You allow the sepulchral stone to close on Him.

My Sorrowful Mama, crying, I pray You not to allow, for now, that Jesus be taken away from our gaze. Wait for me to first enclose myself in Jesus, in order to take His Life within me. If You, who are the Spotless, the All Holy, the Full of Grace, cannot live without Jesus, much less can I do it, who am weakness, misery, and full of sins. How can I live without Jesus? Sorrowful Mama, do not leave me alone, take me with You; but first place all of myself in Jesus. Empty me of everything, in order to place all of Jesus within me, just as You placed Him within Yourself.

Begin with me the maternal office which Jesus has given You on the Cross; let my extreme poverty break through your maternal Heart, and with your own hands, enclose me completely in Jesus.

Enclose the thoughts of Jesus in my mind, so that no other thought may enter into me. Enclose the eyes of Jesus within mine, that He may never escape from my gaze; and His hearing in mine, that I may always listen to Him and do His Most Holy Will in everything. Place His Face within mine, so that, by looking at Him so disfigured for love of me, I may love Him, compassionate Him, and repair; His tongue in mine, that I may speak, pray and teach with the tongue of Jesus; His hands in mine, so that each movement I make and each work I perform may have life from the works and actions of Jesus.

Place His feet in mine, so that each one of my steps may be a life of salvation, of strength and of zeal for other creatures.

And now, my afflicted Mama, allow me to kiss His Heart and to lap up His most precious Blood; You Yourself, enclose His Heart in mine, that I may live of His love, of His desires, of His pains. Lastly, take the stiffened right hand of Jesus, that He may give me the last blessing.

The stone closes the sepulcher. Tortured, You kiss it, and crying, You give Him the last good-bye and depart. But your pain is so great, that You remain almost petrified as your blood runs cold. My pierced Mama, together with You, I say good-bye to Jesus; and crying, I want to compassionate You and accompany You in your bitter desolation. I want to place myself at your side, to give You a word of comfort, a gaze of compassion at each sigh, strain and sorrow of yours. I will gather your tears, and I will sustain You in my arms, if I see You faint.

But I see that You are forced to return to Jerusalem along the path from which You came. After only a few steps, You are already before the Cross on which Jesus suffered so much, and died. You run to embrace It, and in seeing It colored with Blood, the pains that Jesus suffered on It are renewed in your Heart, one by one. Unable to contain the pain, You exclaim: "O Cross, how could You be so cruel with my Son? Ah, You have spared Him nothing! What wrong had He done to You? You have not permitted Me, His sorrowful Mama, to give Him even a sip of water, while He was asking for it; and to His parched mouth You gave gall and vinegar! I felt my pierced Heart melt, and I wanted to offer It to His lips to quench His thirst, but I had the sorrow of seeing Myself rejected. O Cross, cruel, yes, but holy, because divinized and sanctified by contact with my Son! Turn that cruelty which You used with Him into compassion for miserable mortals; and for the sake of the pains He suffered on You, impetrate grace and strength for the souls who suffer, so that not one of them may be lost because of tribulations and crosses. Souls cost Me too much – they cost Me the life of a Son God; and as Co-Redemptrix and Mother; I bind them to You, O Cross." And after kissing It over and over again, You leave.

Poor Mama, how much compassion I feel for You! At each step and encounter, new pains arise, which increase in their immensity and become more bitter; they inundate You, they drown You; and You feel You are dying at each instant. You are now at the point at which You met Him this morning – exhausted, under the enormous weight of the Cross, dripping Blood, and with a bundle of thorns on His head, which, bumping against the Cross, penetrated deeper and deeper, giving Him pains of death at each blow. In crossing your gaze, the gaze of Jesus looked for pity; but the soldiers, pushed Him and made Him fall to deny You this comfort, making Him shed new Blood.

You see the ground soaked with It; You throw Yourself to the ground, and as You kiss that Blood, I hear You say: “My Angels, come to place yourselves as guardians of this Blood, so that not one drop of It may be trodden upon and profaned.”

Sorrowful Mama, allow me to give You my hand to lift You and raise You, because I see You faint on the Blood of Jesus. As You walk, You find new sorrows. Everywhere You see traces of Blood, and You remember the pains of Jesus; so You hasten your step and enclose Yourself in the Cenacle. I too enclose myself in the Cenacle - but my Cenacle is the Most Holy Heart of Jesus; from there I want to come to You, to keep You company in this hour of bitter desolation. My heart cannot bear leaving You alone in so much sorrow.

But I feel pierced in seeing that, as You move your head, You feel the thorns You have taken from Jesus penetrate into it – the pricks of all our sins of thought which, penetrating even into your eyes, make You cry tears of blood. Since You have the sight of Jesus in your eyes, all the offenses of creatures pass before your sight. How embittered You remain! How You comprehend all that Jesus has suffered, having His own pains within You! But one pain does not wait for another. As You prick up your ears, You feel deafened by the echo of the voices of creatures and from the variety of these offenses which reach your Heart and pierce It; and You say: “Son, how much You have suffered!”

Desolate Mama, how much compassion I feel for You! Allow me to dry your face, wet with tears and with blood. But I feel like drawing back on seeing it now covered with bruises, unrecognizable and pale with mortal paleness. I understand – these are the mistreatments against Jesus which You have taken upon Yourself, and which make You suffer so much that, as You move your lips in prayer or as your enflamed breast sighs, You feel your breath embittered and your lips burned by the thirst of Jesus.

Poor Mama, how much compassion I feel for You! Your sorrows increase ever more, and as I take your hands in mine, I see them pierced by nails. It is in your hands that You feel the pain and see the murders, the betrayals, the sacrileges and all the evil works, repeating the blows, widening the wounds and embittering them more and more. How much compassion I feel for You! You are the true crucified Mother, so much so, that not even your feet remain without nails; even more, You feel them not only being pierced, but torn by many iniquitous steps, and by the souls who go to hell. And You run after them, that they may not fall into the infernal flames.

But this is not all, pierced Mama. All of your pains, uniting together, echo in your Heart and pierce It - not with seven swords, but with thousands and thousands of swords. More so, since You have the Divine Heart of Jesus within You, which contains all hearts, and whose heartbeat encloses the heartbeats of all; and in beating, It says: “Souls! Love!”. And from the heartbeat “Souls!”, You feel all sins flow in your heartbeat, and death being inflicted on You; while in the heartbeat “Love!”, You feel life being given to You. Therefore, You are in a continuous act of death and of life.

Crucified Mama, as I look at You, I compassionate your sorrows – they are unspeakable. I would like to transform my being into tongue and voice in order to compassionate You; but before so much pain, my compassion is nothing. Therefore, I call the Angels, the very Sacrosanct Trinity, and I pray Them to place their harmonies, their contentments and their beauty around You, to soothe and compassionate your intense

sorrows; to sustain You in their arms, and to requite all of your pains with love.

And now, desolate Mama, I thank You in the name of all for everything You have suffered; and I ask You, for the sake of your bitter desolation, to come to my assistance at the moment of my death. When I find myself alone and abandoned by all, in the midst of a thousand anxieties and fears – come then, to return to me the company which I have given You many times in life. Come to my assistance; place Yourself beside me, and put the enemy to flight. Wash my soul with your tears, cover me with the Blood of Jesus, clothe me with His merits, embellish me and heal me with your sorrows and with all the pains and works of Jesus; and by virtue of them, let all my sins disappear, giving me total forgiveness. And as I breathe my last, receive me into your arms, place me under your mantle, hide me from the gaze of the enemy, take me straight to Heaven, and place me in the arms of Jesus. Let us make this agreement, my dear Mama!



And now, I pray You to return the company I have given You to all those who are agonizing. Be the Mama of all; these are extreme moments, and great aids are needed. Therefore, do not deny your maternal office to anyone. One last word: as I leave You, I pray You to enclose me in the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus and You, my sorrowful Mama, be my sentry, so that Jesus may not put me out of It; and I, even if I wanted to, may not be able to leave. So I kiss your maternal hand; and You, bless me.

Reflections and Practices

Jesus is buried. A stone seals Him and prevents His Mama from looking at Her Son any longer. And we - do we hide from the gazes of creatures; are we indifferent if everyone forgets us? In holy things, do we remain indifferent, with that holy indifference which makes us never disobey? In the total abandonment of Jesus, do we conquer everything with a holy indifference which leads us continuously to Him?

And do we form with our constancy a sweet chain, so as to draw Him toward us? Is our gaze buried in the gaze of Jesus, so that we look at nothing but that which Jesus wants? Is our voice buried in the voice of Jesus, so that if we want to speak, we do not speak but with the tongue of Jesus?

Are our steps buried in His, so that as we walk, we may leave the mark of the steps of Jesus, not of our own? And is our heart buried in His, in order to love and desire as His Heart loves and desires?

My Mama, when Jesus hides from me for the good of my soul, give me the grace that You had in the privation of Jesus, so that I may give Him all the glory that You gave Him, when He was placed in the Sepulcher.

O Jesus, I want to pray to You with your voice. And just as your Voice penetrated into the Heavens and resounded in the voices of all, in the same way, honoring your Voice, may my voice penetrate even into Heaven, to give You the love and the glory of your own Word.

My Jesus, my heart palpitates, but I am not content if You do not let me palpitate with your Heart; with your heartbeat, I will love as You love. I will give You the love of all creatures, and one will be the cry: 'Love, Love!' O my Jesus, give honor to Yourself, and in everything I do, place the seal of your own power, of your Love and of your glory.

Father, ... may this Blood of mine cover and fill the mouths of all creatures and render their lips dead to blasphemies, to imprecations, to all their bad words. My Father, may this Blood of mine cover their hands and strike in them terror or so many wicked actions. May this Blood circulate in Our Eternal Will to cover all, to defend and be a defending weapon before the rights of Our Justice.

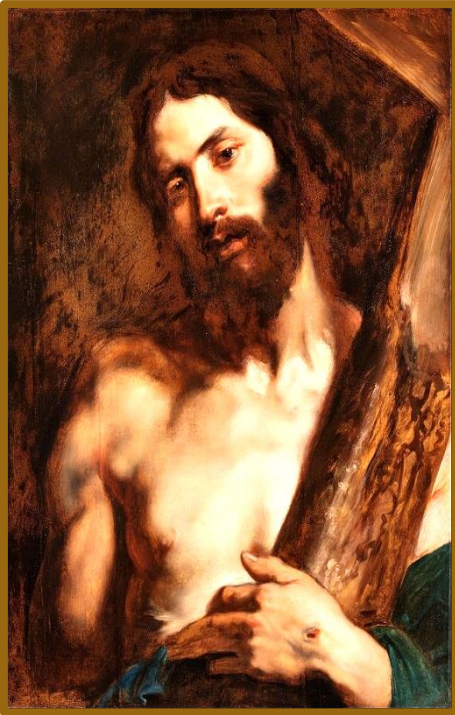
V 17: July 1, 1924

These Hours are the Prayers of Jesus

September 6, 1913: Volume 11

I was thinking about the *Hours of the Passion*, which have now been written, and how they are without any indulgence. So, those who do them gain nothing, while there are many prayers enriched with many indulgences. While I was thinking of this, my always lovable Jesus, all kindness, told me: *"My daughter, through the prayers with indulgences one gains something, but the Hours of My Passion, which are My very prayers, My reparations and all Love, have come out of the very depth of My Heart. Have you perhaps forgotten how many times I have united Myself with you to do them together, and I have changed chastisements into graces over the whole earth? So, my satisfaction is such and so great, that instead of the indulgence, I give the soul a handful of Love, which contains incalculable prices of infinite value. And besides, when things are done out of Pure Love, My Love finds its outpouring, and it is not insignificant that the creature gives relief and outpouring to the Love of the Creator."*

Another time I was lamenting to Jesus, because after so many sacrifices to write these *Hours of the Passion*, very few were the souls who were doing them. And He: *“My daughter, do not lament - even if there were only one, you should be content. Would I not have suffered My whole Passion even if one soul alone were to be saved?”*



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

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

***The soul who does the Hours of the Passion
makes the Life of Jesus her own,
and does His same Office.***

Volume 11: November 6, 1914

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

In addition to this, returning to speak about these *Hours of the Passion*, blessed Jesus said: “*My daughter, know that by doing these Hours the soul takes my thoughts and makes them her own; she takes my reparations, prayers, desires, affections, and even my most intimate fibers, and makes them her own. And rising up between Heaven and earth, she does my same office and, as co-redemptrix, she says with Me: ‘Ecce ego, mitte me’ [Here I am, send me] - I want to repair for all, answer for all, and impetrate good for all’.*”

Fiat Mihi Secundum Verbum Tuum!

“It is now time that My Divine Justice must be satisfied; yet, this can happen only if a soul makes My entire Being her own. That which the Father found in Me — glory, delight, love, satisfaction and perfect works for the good of all — He wants to find in these souls. His great desire is to see each of them become another Jesus. These intentions you must repeat in each Hour of the Passion on which you meditate, in each act you make and in everything you do. If My Divine Justice is not appeased ah, it is all over for the world! Ah, my daughter! Ah, my daughter!”

V 11: December 9, 1916