

Twenty-Fourth Hour - From 4 to 5 PM (and later)

The Desolation of the Blessed Virgin Mary

(...) 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.”(...)