

Fourteenth Hour : From 6 to 7 AM

**Jesus before Caiphas again, who confirms His condemnation to death.
He sends Him to Pilate**

My sorrowful Jesus, You are now out of the prison.
You are so exhausted that You stagger at each step.
I want to place myself at your side in order to sustain You, when You are about to fall.

But I see that the soldiers take You before Caiphas. And You, O my Jesus, reappear in their midst like a Sun, *and even though disfigured, You spread light everywhere.*

I now see that **Caiphas** is overjoyed in seeing You reduced so badly.
At the reflections of your Light, he becomes more blinded.
And in his fury, he asks You again: “So, are You really the true Son of God?”

And **You, my Love, with supreme Majesty, with the grace of your Word**, and with your usual sweet and moving tone, such as to enrapture the hearts, **answer:**
“Yes, I am the true Son of God.”

And your enemies, though feeling all the Power of your Word within themselves, suffocating everything, wanting to know nothing else – in one voice, cry out:
“He is guilty to death. He is guilty to death!”

Caiphas confirms the sentence to death, and **sends You to Pilate.**
And You, my condemned Jesus, accept this sentence with so much love and resignation,
as to almost snatch it from the iniquitous Pontiff. (...)

Crowds of people await You – but no one to defend You. And You, my Divine Sun, come out into their midst, wanting to envelop everyone with your Light. (...)

But, as I follow You, I see that at the moment of descending from the palace of Caiphas,
You, my Sun, Jesus, meet beautiful Mary, our sweet Mama.

Your gazes meet and wound each other.
And even though You feel relieved in seeing each other, yet new sorrows arise:
- for You, in seeing the beautiful Mama pierced, pale and wrapped in mourning
- and for dear Mama, in seeing You, Divine Sun, eclipsed and covered with so much opprobrium - crying and wrapped in Blood.

But You cannot enjoy the exchange of your gazes for too long. And with the sorrow of being unable to say even a word to each other, *your Hearts say everything.*
And one fused within the other, You stop looking at each other, because the soldiers are pushing You. So, trampled upon and dragged, You arrive at Pilate. (...)