

Sixteenth Hour : From 8 to 9 AM

Jesus is scourged

*How can this be?* You, who clothe all created things :

- the sun with light, - the heavens with stars,
- the plants with leaves, - the birds with feathers

You, stripped!?! What daring!

But **my loving Jesus**, through the light He sends forth from His eyes, **tells me**:

***“Be silent, O child - it was necessary that I be stripped, in order to repair  
- for many who strip themselves of every modesty, of purity and of innocence,  
- who strip themselves of every good and virtue, and of my Grace,  
clothing themselves with every brutality, and living like brutes.***

***With my virginal blush I wanted to repair for so many dishonesties, luxuries and  
brutal pleasures.***

***Therefore, be attentive to everything I do  
Pray and repair with Me, and calm yourself.”***

My Jesus, my stripped Love, You are under this storm of blows, (...)

I hear your moans.(...) 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 rooms 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. (...)*