

**Seventeenth Hour : From 9 to 10 AM - Jesus is crowned with thorns.**

My Jesus, infinite Love, the more I look at You, the more I understand how much You suffer. You are already completely lacerated – there is not one point left whole in You. (...) Unable to stand Yourself, You fall again into your own Blood, and, irritated, with kicks and shoves, they make You reach the place where *they will crown You with thorns.*

And my lovable **Jesus says to me:** “

***My child, courage, do not miss anything of what I suffered.  
Be attentive to my teachings. I have to redo man in everything.  
Sin has removed the crown from him, and has crowned him with opprobrium and with confusion.  
So he cannot stand before my Majesty. Sin has dishonored him, making him lose any right to honors and to glory.  
This is why I want to be crowned with thorns – to place the crown on man's forehead, and to return to him all rights to every honor and glory.***

***Before my Father, my thorns will be reparations and voices of defense for many sins of thought, especially pride.  
And for each created mind they will be voices of light and supplication, that they may not offend Me. Therefore, unite yourself to Me, and pray and repair together with Me.” (...)***

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.” (...)***

And You, O patient Jesus, seem to look at me with difficulty through the thorns

And **You say to me:**

***“My child, come into these bound arms of mine, place your head on my breast.  
And you will see pains more intense and bitter, because what you see on the outside of my Humanity is nothing but the outpouring of my interior pains.***

***Pay attention to the beats of my Heart, and you will hear that I repair  
- for the injustices of those who command,  
- for the oppressions against the poor and the innocents subordinated to kings,***

***- for the pride of those who, in order to preserve dignities, positions, riches, do not hesitate to break any law and to harm their neighbor, closing their eyes to the light of truth.***

***With these thorns I want to shatter the spirit of pride of their lordships  
And with the holes which they form in my head, I want to open my way into their minds, in order to reorder all things in them, according to the Light of Truth.***

***By remaining so humiliated before this unjust judge, I want to make everyone understand that the only virtue is that which makes man king of himself.  
And I teach to those who command, that only virtue, united to upright knowledge, is worthy and capable of governing and ruling others  
While all other dignities, without virtue, are dangerous and deplorable things.  
My child, echo my reparations, and continue to be attentive to my pains.” (...)***