

Seventeenth Hour : From 9 to 10 AM

Pilate presents Jesus to the people: “Ecce Homo!” Jesus is condemned to death

(...) **Pilate**, with repugnance, takes two hems of the purple which covers your chest and shoulders. He lifts it, so that all may see how You are reduced, and says in a loud voice:

“Ecce homo! [Here is the man!]

Look at him – he no longer has the features of a man. Observe his wounds – he can no longer be recognized.

If he has done evil, he has already suffered enough - or rather, too much.

I already regret having made him suffer so much; therefore, let us set him free.”

Jesus, my Love, allow me to sustain You, because I see that, unable to stand under the weight of so many pains, You stagger. Ah, in this solemn moment, your destiny is decided.

At the words of Pilate, all become silent – in Heaven, on earth, and in hell!

And then, as though in one single voice,

I hear the cry of all: “Crucify Him, crucify Him – we want Him dead at any cost!”

My Life, Jesus, I see You tremble. The cry of death descends into your Heart

And among these voices,

You recognize the voice of your dear Father, which says:

“My Son, I want You dead, and dead crucified!”

Ah, You hear also your Mama who, though pierced and desolate, echoes your dear Father:

“Son, I want You dead!”

The Angels, the Saints, hell – everyone, in one voice cries out: **“Crucify Him, crucify Him!”** There is not one soul who wants You alive. And – ah, ah! to my deepest blush, sorrow and horror, I too feel forced to cry out, by an irresistible force: **“Crucify Him!”**

My Jesus, forgive me if I too, a miserable sinful soul, want You dead! But, I pray You to make me die together with You. In the meantime, O my tormented Jesus, moved by my sorrow, **You seem to say to me:**

“My child, cling to my Heart, and take part in my pains and in my reparations.

This moment is solemn: either my death or the death of all creatures must be decided. In this moment, two currents pour into my Heart.

- In one there are all the souls who, if they want Me dead, it is because they want to find life in Me. And so, by my acceptance of death for them, they are released from the eternal condemnation, and the doors of Heaven open to receive them.

- In the other current there are those who want Me dead out of hatred and as confirmation of their own condemnation.

And my Heart is lacerated, and feels the death of each one of them, and the very pains of hell! Ah, my Heart cannot bear these bitter pains.

I feel death at each heartbeat, at each breath, and I keep repeating:

Why will so much blood be shed in vain? Why will my pains be useless for so many?’

Ah, child, sustain Me, for I can take no more. Take part in my pains.

May your life be a continuous offering for the salvation of souls,

-so as to soothe pains so excruciating for Me!” (...)