

The Eighteenth Hour : From 10 to 11 AM
The Second Crowning with Thorns - Jesus embraces the Cross

My Jesus, insatiable Love, I see that You give Yourself no peace.

I feel your fidgets of Love, your pains.

Your Heart beats strongly; in every heartbeat I feel bursts, tortures, violences of Love

And unable to contain the fire that devours You, You pant, moan, sigh

And in each moan I hear You say: **“Cross!”** Each drop of your Blood repeats: **“Cross!”**

All your pains, through which You swim as though in an interminable sea, repeat among themselves: **“Cross!”**

And You exclaim: **“O Cross, beloved and longed for, You alone will save my children, and I concentrate in You all my love!”**

The Second Crowning with Thorns.

(...) Your pain is such that You stagger under those cruel hands, shivering from head to foot; You are about to die among atrocious spasms of pain, and with your languishing eyes, filled with blood, You look at Me, with difficulty, asking for help in so much pain! (...)

You tell me:

“My child, let Me pour out my Love.

And together with Me, repair for those who do good and yet dishonor Me.

These Jews clothe Me with my own garment

- in order to discredit Me even more before the people,

- to convince them that I am a criminal.

In appearance, the action of clothing Me was good, but in its essence it was evil.

Ah, how many do good works, administer Sacraments or attend them,

- with human, and even evil purposes.

But good, done badly, leads to hardness.

So I want to be crowned for the second time,

- with pains sharper than the first time,

in order to shatter this hardness, and with my thorns, draw them to Myself.

Ah, my child, this second crowning is much more painful.

I feel my head swimming in the midst of thorns

At every movement I make, or blow they give to Me, I suffer many cruel deaths.

In this way I repair for the malice of the offenses

I repair for those, who, in whatever interior state they find themselves, - instead of thinking of their own sanctification,

- waste and reject my Grace,

- giving Me back more piercing thorns,

while I am forced to moan, to cry tears of blood, and to sigh for their salvation.

**Ah, I do everything to love them, and the creatures do everything to offend Me!
You, at least - do not leave Me alone in my pains and reparations.”**

Jesus embraces the Cross.

My tortured Good, with You I repair, with You I suffer.
But I see that your enemies hurl You down the stairs
The people await You with fury and eagerness
They make You find the Cross ready, which You long for with many sighs.

And You - with love You gaze on It.
And with firm step You approach It and embrace It.
But, before that, You kiss It. A shiver of joy runs through your Most Holy Humanity
And with highest contentment You gaze on It again, measuring Its length and breadth.
In It, already, You establish the portion for each creature.

You dower them all, enough to bind them to the Divinity with a bond of marriage, and make them heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Then, unable to contain the Love with which You love them,
You kiss the Cross again, and **You say**:

***“Adored Cross, finally I embrace you.
You were the longing of my Heart, the martyrdom of my love.
But you, O Cross, have delayed until now, while my steps were always toward you.***

***Holy Cross, you were the goal of my desires, the purpose of my existence down here.
In you I concentrate my whole being, in you I place all my children
And you will be their life, their light, defense, custody and strength.
You will assist them in everything, and will bring them gloriously to Me in Heaven.***

***Oh Cross, Pulpit of Wisdom, you alone will teach true sanctity.
You alone will form the heroes, the athletes, the martyrs, the Saints.***

***Beautiful Cross, you are my Throne, and since I have to leave the earth,
you will remain in my place.
To you I give all souls as dowry – keep them, save them
I entrust them to you!”***