

The Eighteenth Hour : From 10 to 11 AM

**Jesus takes the Cross on His shoulders - The Painful Way to Calvary(1)
Jesus meets His Blessed Mother**

Jesus takes the Cross on His shoulders

(...) You let It be placed upon your most holy shoulders.
Ah, my Jesus, the Cross is too light for your Love
But the weight of our sins unites to that of the Cross
- enormous and immense, as the expanse of the Heavens.
And You, my wearied Good, You feel crushed under the weight of so many sins. Your soul is horrified at their sight, and feels the pain of each sin.

Your Sanctity remains shaken before so much ugliness.
And as the Cross weighs upon your shoulders, You stagger,
You pant, and a mortal sweat creeps through your Most Holy Humanity. (...)

My most patient Jesus, I see You take the first steps under the enormous weight of the Cross.
Oh Jesus, You look at me, and I see that You repair for those
- who do not carry their crosses with resignation, but rather,
- they swear, get irritated, commit suicide, and commit murders.

And for all You impetrate Love and resignation to their crosses.
But your pain is such that You feel crushed under the Cross.

Jesus falls under the Cross (for the first time).

You have taken only the first steps, and You already fall under It.
As You fall, You knock against the stones.
The thorns are driven more into your head, while all your wounds are embittered, and pour out new Blood. And since You do not have the strength to get up, your enemies, irritated, try to make You stand with kicks and shoves.

My fallen Love, let me help You to stand, let me kiss You, dry your Blood, and repair together with You for those who sin out of ignorance, fragility and weakness. I pray You to give help to these souls.

Jesus meets His Blessed Mother

My Life, Jesus, making You suffer unheard-of spasms, your enemies have managed to put You on your feet. And as You walk, staggering, I hear your panting breath.
Your Heart beats more strongly and new pains pierce It intensely.
You shake your head in order to clear your eyes from the blood that fills them.
And You gaze anxiously.

Ah, my Jesus, I understood everything - your Mama, who is searching for You like a moaning

dove, wants to tell You one last word, and receive your last gaze
And You feel Her pains, Her heart lacerated in Yours,
- moved and wounded by Her love and by Yours.

You see Her pushing Her way through the crowd,
- wanting at any cost to see You, to hug You, to give You the last good-bye.
But You are more transfixed in seeing
- Her mortal paleness, and all of your pains reproduced in Her by force of love.
If She lives, it is only by a miracle of your Omnipotence.

You move your steps toward hers, but You can hardly exchange a glance!
Oh, pain of your two Hearts! The soldiers notice it, and with blows and shoving prevent
Mama and Son from exchanging the last good-bye.

Jesus falls under the Cross (for the second time)

The torment of both is such that your Mama remains petrified by the pain, and is about to die. Faithful John and the pious women sustain Her, *while You fall again under the Cross.*

Then, your sorrowful Mama does with Her soul that which She cannot do with Her Body, because She is prevented:

She enters into You, makes the Will of the Eternal One Her own,

- and associating Herself in all your pains,
- performs the office of your Mother,***
- kisses You, repairs You, soothes You, and
- pours the balm of Her sorrowful love into all your wounds!

My suffering Jesus, I too unite with the pierced Mama.
I make all your pains, and every drop of your Blood my own.
In each wound I want to act as a mama for You.
And together with Her, and with You, I repair
- for all the dangerous encounters, and
- for those who expose themselves to occasions of sin, or,
- for those forced by necessity to be exposed, remain entangled in sin.

Meanwhile, You moan, fallen under the Cross.
The soldiers fear that You may die
- under the weight of so many martyrdoms, and from the shedding of so much Blood.

In spite of this, by lashes and kicks, with difficulty,
they manage to put You on your feet again.

And You repair
- for repeated falls into sin,
- for mortal sins committed by every class of people.
And You pray for obstinate sinners, shedding tears of blood for their conversion.