

The Eighteenth Hour : From 10 to 11 AM

The Painful Way to Calvary. Jesus meets the pious women. Jesus is stripped and crowned with thorns for the third time.

The deep Wound of the Shoulder of Jesus

I see You stagger under the enormous weight of the Cross. *You are shivering all over.* At the continuous shoving You receive, the thorns penetrate more and more into your most holy Head.

The Cross, with its heavy weight, digs into your shoulder, to the extent of forming a wound so deep that the bones are exposed.

At every step, it seems that You are dying, and unable to move any further.

But your Love, which can do everything, gives You strength.

And as ***You feel the Cross penetrate into your shoulder***, You repair for the hidden sins.

Those which, are not being repaired, increase the bitterness of your spasms.

My Jesus, let me place my shoulder under the Cross to relieve You and repair with You for all hidden sins.

Simon the Cyrenean is forced to help You to carry the Cross of Jesus.

But your enemies, for fear that You may die under It, force the Cyrenean to help You carry the Cross. Unwilling and complaining, he helps You – not out of love, but by force.

Then all the complaints of those who suffer, the lack of resignation, the rebellions, the anger and despising in suffering, echo in your Heart.

But You remain even more pierced in seeing that souls consecrated to You, whom You call to be your help and companions in your suffering, escape You

And if You hug them to Yourself through suffering - ah, they wriggle free from your arms to look for pleasures. And so they leave You alone, suffering!

Veronica dries the Face of Jesus

My Jesus, overcome with weariness, you are all bent over and You can hardly walk. I see that You stop and try to look.

My Heart, what is it? What are You looking for? Ah, it is Veronica, who, fearless and courageous, with a cloth dries your Face all covered with blood.

And You leave your Face impressed on it, as sign of gratitude. (...)

Jesus consoles the pious women

In the meantime, the enemies, disapproving of this act of Veronica, flog You, push You, and

"You forget yourself and you console them"

SG – The Divine Will

shove You on the way! A few more steps and You stop again.

Even under the weight of so much suffering, your Love does not stop.
And on seeing the pious women weeping because of your pains,
You forget Yourself and console them, saying:

“Daughters, do not weep over my pains, but over your sins and over your children”.

What a sublime teaching, how sweet is your word!
O Jesus, with You I repair for the lack of charity, and I ask You for the grace of making me forget myself, to remember nothing but You alone.(...)

Jesus is stripped for the third time.

But new sufferings await You here. They strip You again, tearing off both garment and crown of thorns. Ah, You groan in feeling the thorns being torn from inside your head. And as they pull your garment, they tear also the lacerated flesh attached to it. The wounds rip open, your Blood flows to the ground in torrents. The pain is such that, almost dead, You collapse.

Jesus is crowned with thorns for the third time

But nobody is moved to compassion for You, my Good!
On the contrary, with bestial fury they put the crown of thorns on You again. They beat it on well.
And the torture they cause You because of the lacerations and the tearing of your hair clotted in the coagulated blood, is such
that only the Angels could tell what You suffer, while, horrified, they turn their celestial gaze away, and weep! (...)

In the meantime, barely looking at me with His languishing and dying eyes,
Jesus seems to tell me: “My child, how much souls cost Me!

This is the place

- ***where I wait for everyone in order to save them,***
- ***where I want to repair for the sins of those***
- ***who arrive at degrading themselves lower than beasts, and***
- ***we are so obstinate in offending Me as to reach the point of not being able to live without committing sins.***

Their minds remain blinded, and they sin wildly.
This is why they crown Me with thorns for the third time.

And by being stripped, I repair

- ***for those who wear luxurious and indecent clothing,***
- ***for the sins against modesty, and***
- ***for those who are so bound to riches, honors and pleasures, as to make of them a god for their hearts.***

Ah, yes, each one of these offenses is a death that I feel. And if I do not die, it is because the Will of my Eternal Father has not yet decreed the moment of my death!”