

Twenty-first Hour : From 1 to 2 PM  
Second Hour of Agony on the Cross (1) - Second, third Word of Jesus

Second Word on the Cross – “Today you will be with Me in Paradise”

My pierced Love, while I pray with You, the enrapturing power of your Love and of your pains keeps my gaze fixed on You. But my heart breaks in seeing You suffer so much. You agonize with love and with pain. The flames that burn your Heart rise so high as to be in the act of reducing You to ashes.

Your constrained Love is stronger than death itself

And wanting to pour it out, looking at the thief on your right, *You steal him from Hell.*

With your grace You touch his heart, and that thief is completely changed

He recognizes You. He professes You God, and all contrite, he says:

*“Lord, remember me when You are in your Kingdom.”*

And You do not hesitate to answer:

***“Today you will be with Me in Paradise”***, making of him the first triumph of your Love.

But I see that, in your love, You are not stealing the heart of that thief alone, but also that of many who are dying! Ah, You place your Blood, your Love, your Merits at their disposal

And You use all divine devices and stratagems - in order to touch their hearts and steal them all for Yourself. But, also here, your Love is hindered!

How many rejections, how much lack of trust, how much desperation!

And the pain is such that, again, it reduces You to silence!

Third Word on the Cross - Jesus says  
to his Mama : “Woman, behold your son”, and to John: “Behold your Mother”

My Jesus, tortured Crucified, your pains increase more and more.

Ah, on this Cross You are the true King of Sorrows.

In the midst of so many pains, not one soul escapes You

Even more, You give your own life to each one of them.

But your love sees itself hindered, despised, neglected by creatures.

And unable to pour itself out, it becomes more intense – it gives You unspeakable tortures.

In these tortures, it keeps investigating for what else it can give to man.

And to conquer him, it makes You say: ***“Look, O soul, how much I have loved you.***

***If you do not want to have pity on yourself, at least have pity on my love!”***

In the meantime, seeing that You have nothing else to give him, because You have given him everything, You turn your languid gaze to your Mama. She too is more than dying because of your pains. And the love that tortures Her is so great as to render Her crucified like You.

Mother and Son - You understand each other, and You sigh with satisfaction and feel comforted in seeing that *You can give your Mama to the creature..*

And considering the whole Mankind in John, with a voice so sweet as to move all hearts,  
***You say: “Woman, behold your son”. and to John: “Behold your Mother.”***

Your Voice descends into Her maternal Heart.

And united to the voices of your Blood, it keeps saying:

***“My Mother, I entrust all of my children to You.***

***Feel for them all the love that You feel for Me.***

***May all your maternal cares and tenderesses be for my children.***

***You will save them all for Me.”***

Your Mama accepts. ( ... )