

Twenty - second Hour : From 2 to 3 PM

Third Hour of Agony on the Cross. Fifth, sixth Word of Jesus.

Fifth Word on the Cross - "I thirst".

(..) The love that enflames your Heart withers You and burns You completely; and You, unable to contain it, feel the intense torment, not only of the corporal thirst, but of the shedding of all your Blood – and even more, of the ardent thirst for the salvation of our souls.

You would want to drink us like water, in order to place us all in safety within Yourself. Therefore, gathering your weakened strengths,

You cry out. "I thirst".

Ah, You repeat this voice to every heart:

"I thirst for your will, for your affections, for your desires, for your love.

A water fresher and sweeter than your soul you could not give Me.

O please, do not let Me burn. My thirst is ardent, such that I not only feel my tongue and my throat burn, to the point that I can no longer utter a word, but I also feel my Heart and bowels wither.

Have pity on my thirst – have pity!"

And as though delirious from the great thirst, You abandon Yourself to the Will of the Father.

Sixth Word on the Cross : "All is consummated."

My dying Good, the endless sea of your pains, the fire that consumes You, and more than anything, the Supreme Will of the Father which wants You to die, no longer allow us to hope that You may continue to live.

And I - how shall I live without You? Your strengths are now leaving You, your eyes become veiled, your face is transformed and covered with mortal paleness; your mouth is half-open, your breath is labored and interrupted, to the point that there is no more hope that You may revive.

A chill and a cold sweat which wets your forehead, take over the fire that burns You. Your muscles and nerves contract more and more because of the bitterness of the pains and the piercings of the nails; the wounds rip open more; and I tremble – I feel I am dying.

I look at You, o my Good, and I see the last tears descend from your eyes, bearers of your nearing death; while You, with difficulty, let another word be heard: **"All is consummated."**

O my Jesus, You have now exhausted Yourself completely.

You have nothing left – love has reached its end.

And I – have I consumed myself completely in your love?

What thanksgiving shall I not render to You? What shall my gratitude not be for You? (...)