

Sixth Hour - From 10 to 11 PM
Second Hour of Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani

(...) Oh Love without boundaries, your Love which is already boiling in your veins, conquers everything and forgets everything.

I see You prostrate to the ground as You

- pray, - offer Yourself, - repair and, in everything,
- try to glorify the Father for the offenses given to Him by creatures.

I too, O my Jesus, prostrate myself with You. And with You I intend to do what You do.

But, O Jesus, delight of my heart, I see that

- crowds upon crowds, - all sins, our miseries, our weaknesses,
- the most enormous crimes, the gravest ingratitude,
advance toward You, assail You, crush You, wound You, bite You.

And You – what do You do? The Blood which boils in your veins

- comes to face all these offenses, - bursts the veins open and pours out in large torrents.
It makes You all wet, It flows to the ground.

And You give Blood for offenses - Life for death.

Ah Love, to what a state I see You reduced! You are about to breathe your last.

Oh, my Good, my sweet Life, o please, do not die!

Raise your face from this ground, which You wet with your Most Holy Blood!

Come into my arms! Let me die in your place!

But I hear the trembling and dying voice of my sweet Jesus, which says:

***“Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me
Yet, not my will, but Yours be done.”***

It is now the second time I hear this from my sweet Jesus.

But what do You make me understand from this “Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me”?

O Jesus, all the rebellions of creatures advance toward You

You see that “*Fiat Voluntas Tua*”, that “*Your Will be done*”,

- which was to be the life of each creature,
being rejected by almost all of them. And instead of finding Life, they find death.

And wanting to - give Life to all, and

*- make a solemn reparation to the Father for the rebellions of creatures,
as many as three times, You repeat:*

***“Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me:
that souls, withdrawing from Our Will, become lost.
This chalice is very bitter for Me. However, not my will, but Yours be done.”***

But while You say this, your bitterness is so intense and so great,

- that You reach the extreme - You agonize, and are about to breathe your last.