

Twelfth Hour - From 4 to 5 AM
Jesus at the mercy of the soldiers

(...) *But, what do I see? What do I hear?* I would like to hide You in my heart to expose myself in your place, and receive upon myself pains so intense, insults and humiliations so incredible. But only your love could bear so many outrages.

My most patient Jesus, what could You expect from people so inhuman?

I now see that they are making fun of You. They cover your Face with thick spit. The light of your beautiful eyes is covered by the spit
And You, pouring rivers of tears for our salvation, push that spit away from your eyes.
And your enemies, with hearts incapable of seeing the light of your eyes, cover them with spit again.

Others, becoming more brave in evil, open your most sweet mouth and fill it with disgusting spit, to the point that they themselves feel nausea.

And since some of that spit flows away,

- revealing, in part, the majesty of your Face and your superhuman sweetness, they shudder and feel ashamed of themselves.

In order to feel more free, they blindfold You with a miserable rag, to be able to hurl themselves, unrestrained, at your adorable Person.

And so they beat You up without pity. They drag You. They trample You under their feet. They repeat blows and slaps to your Face and over your head, scratching You, tearing your hair, and pushing You from one point to another. (...)

My love for You forces me to look at what happens to You.

I see

- that You utter not a breath, that You say not a word to defend Yourself.

- that You are in the hands of these soldiers like a rag, and

- that they can do with You whatever they want.

And in seeing them jumping over You, I fear You may die under their feet. (...)

Together with You, we repair

- for all the night sins, especially those committed at night by sectarians, over your Sacramental Person, and

- for all the offenses of the souls who do not remain faithful in the night of trial.

O please, my sweet Mama, be my inseparable company.

Let us embrace Jesus together, in order to console Him!