

**Thirteenth Hour : From 5 to 6 AM - Jesus is in the prison**

(...) I see that they have put You in prison. My heart exults with joy in finding You, but I feel it wounded with sorrow in seeing the state to which they have reduced You.

I see You with *your hands tied behind You to a column, and with your feet bound and gripped.* I see your most *holy Face bruised, swollen and bleeding from the horrible slaps* received. Your most pure *eyes are blackened*  
 your pupils are tired and sad from the vigil.  
 Your hair is all disarranged; your Most Holy Person is all beaten up.  
 And You cannot even help Yourself and clean Yourself, because You are bound.

And I, O my Jesus, with a sob of crying, clinging to your feet, say:  
'Alas, how You have been reduced, O Jesus!'

**And Jesus, looking at me, answers:**

***“Come, oh my child, and be attentive to everything you see Me doing, in order to do it together with Me, that I may continue my Life in you.”***

To my amazement, I now see, that instead of occupying Yourself with your pains,  
 - with an indescribable love,  
 You think about glorifying the Father, to compensate Him for all that we owe.  
 And You call all souls around You,  
 - to take all of their evils upon Yourself and give to them all goods.

The day is dawning and I hear **your most sweet voice say:**

***“Holy Father,  
 I give You thanks for all I have suffered and for all that is left for Me to suffer.  
 And just as this dawn calls the day and the day makes the sun rise,  
 so may the dawn of Grace arise in all hearts  
 And as daylight rises, may I, Divine Sun, rise in all hearts and reign over all.  
 Do you see these souls, O Father?  
 I want to answer You for all of them, for their thoughts, words, works and steps  
 - at the cost of blood and death.” (...)***