

Seventh Hour - From 11 PM to Midnight

Third Hour of Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani

(...) you are going to your dear disciples? But what is not the sorrow of your adorable Heart in finding them asleep again!

**And You**, with trembling and feeble voice, **call them**:

***“My sons, do not sleep! The hour is near.***

***Do you not see how I have reduced Myself?***

***Oh please, help Me, do not abandon Me in these extreme hours!”***

And almost staggering, You are about to fall near them, while John extends his arms to sustain You. (...)

My sweet Jesus, as You return to the Garden, it seems You cannot take any more. You raise your Face, soaked with Blood and earth, to Heaven, and **You repeat for the third time**:

***“Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me.***

***Holy Father, help Me! I need comfort!***

***It is true that because of the sins which weigh upon Me,  
I am nauseating, repugnant, the least among men, before your infinite Majesty.***

***Your Justice is angry with Me – but look at Me, O Father,***

***I am always your Son, who forms one single thing with You.***

***Oh please, help - pity, O Father! Do not leave Me without comfort!”***

Then, O my sweet Good, I seem to hear **You call your dear Mama to your help**:

***“Sweet Mama, hold Me in your arms, as You did when I was a Child!***

***Give Me that milk which I suckled from You,***

***- to refresh Me and to sweeten the bitterness of my Agony.***

***Give Me your Heart, which formed all my contentment.***

**My Mama, Magdalene, dear Apostles, all of you who love Me, - help Me, comfort Me!**

***Do not leave Me alone in these extreme moments. Gather all around Me like a crown.***

***Give Me the comfort of your company, of your love!”***

Jesus, my Love, who can resist in seeing You in these extreme conditions?(...)

My Jesus, while You drink the chalice full of intense bitterness,

-which the Celestial Father has sent You,

I hear You sigh, moan, rave more, and **with suffocated voice**, **You say**:

***“Souls, souls, come, relieve Me! Take a place in my Humanity.***

***I want you, I long for you! O please, do not be deaf to my voices.***

***Do not render vain my ardent desires, my Blood, my Love, my pains!***

***Come, souls, come!”***

Delirious Jesus, each one of your moans and sighs is a wound to my heart, which gives me no peace. So I make your Blood, your Will, your ardent zeal, your Love, my own.