

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

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

O my sweet Jesus, one hour has already passed since You came to this Garden.

Love took primacy over everything, making You suffer, all at once, everything which the executioners will make You suffer through the whole course of your most bitter Passion. Even more, Love compensates for it, and reaches the point of making You suffer what they cannot do to You, in the most interior parts of your Divine Person.

O my Jesus, I see You now staggering in your steps; yet, You want to walk.
Tell me, O my Good, where do You want to go?
Ah, I understand – to see your beloved disciples.
I too want to accompany You, so that if You stagger, I may sustain You.

But, O my Jesus, another bitterness for your Heart: they are already sleeping.
And You, always compassionate, call them, wake them up, and with love all paternal, admonish them and recommend to them vigil and prayer.

Then You return to the Garden, but You carry another wound in your Heart.
In that wound I see, Oh my Love, *all the piercings of the consecrated souls who, -because of temptation, mood, or lack of mortification, instead of clinging to You, keeping vigil and praying, abandon themselves to themselves and, sleepy, instead of making progress in love and in the union with You, draw back.*

How much compassion I feel for You, oh passionate Lover.
And I repair You for all the ingritudes of your most faithful ones.
These are the offenses which most sadden your adorable Heart, and their bitterness is such that they make You become delirious.

But, 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 ingritudes, 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.