

**“Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me.  
Holy Father, help Me! I need comfort!”**

... Are You perhaps 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. You are so unrecognizable that, if it wasn't for the tenderness and sweetness of your voice, they would not have recognized You.

Then, recommending vigil and prayer to them, You return to the Garden, but with a second piercing to your Heart. In this piercing, my Good, I see all the sins of those souls who, -in spite of the manifestations of your favors, in gifts, kisses and caresses, *in the nights of trial, forgetting about your love and your gifts, have remained as though drowsy and sleepy, therefore losing the spirit of continuous prayer and of vigil.*

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 bitternesses 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 wants comfort from all, and His state of exhaustion is such that He refuses no one.

**My Jesus, while You drink the chalice full of intense bitternesses, 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!”**

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

SG- The Divine Will