

**Hour 8 - From Midnight to 1 AM - Jesus is arrested.
"Friend, why have you come?" - "Who are you looking for?" – "It is I"**

O my Jesus, it is already midnight. You feel that your enemies are drawing near. Tidying Yourself up and drying up your Blood, strengthened by the comforts received, You go to your disciples again. You call them. You admonish them. And You take them with You, as You go to meet your enemies. You want to repair, with your promptness, my slowness, indolence and laziness in working and suffering for love of You.

But, O sweet Jesus, my Good, what a touching scene I see! You first meet the perfidious Judas, who, drawing near You and throwing his arms around your neck, greets You and kisses You.

And You, most passionate Love, do not disdain to kiss those infernal lips. You embrace him and press him to your Heart, wanting to snatch him from hell, and giving him signs of new love.

My Jesus, how is it possible not to love You? The tenderness of your love is such that it should snatch every heart to love You. Yet, they do not love You!

And You, O my Jesus, in bearing this kiss of Judas, repair -for the betrayals, the pretenses, -the deceptions under the aspect of friendship and sanctity, especially of priests. Your kiss, then, shows that, *not to one sinner, provided that he comes humbled before You, would You refuse your forgiveness.*

My most tender Jesus, ***You now give Yourself into the hands of the enemies, giving them the power to make You suffer whatever they want. ...***

How sweetly does the word with which You addressed Judas, descend into my heart: ***"Friend, why have you come?"***

And I feel that You address me too with the same word - not calling me friend, but by the sweet name of child: ***"Child, why have you come?"***, to hear me answer: "Jesus – to love You". "Why have you come?", You repeat to me when I wake up in the morning; "Why have you come?", if I pray; "Why have you come?", You repeat to me in the Holy Host, if I come to receive You into my heart.

But, again, I hear your most tender voice which says, as You go to meet your enemies: ***"Who are you looking for?"*** And they answer: "Jesus the Nazarene". And You, to them: ***"It is I"***.

With only this word You say everything, and You let Yourself be known for who You are. so much so, that the enemies tremble and fall to the ground, as though dead. And You, Love which has no equal, repeating again, ***"It is I"***, call them back to life. And You give Yourself, on your own, into the power of the enemies. ...

Perfidious and ungrateful, instead of falling to your feet, humbled and palpitating, to ask for your forgiveness, taking advantage of your goodness and despising your graces and prodigies, they lay hands on You, they bind You with ropes and chains, they grip You, they cast You to the ground, they trample upon You, they tear your hair.

And You, with unheard-of patience, remain silent,

-suffering and repairing for the offenses of those who, in spite of miracles, do not surrender to your Grace, and become more obstinate.

With those ropes and chains,

You impetrate from the Father the grace to snap the chains of our sins, and You bind us with the sweet chain of love.

And, lovingly, You correct Peter,

who wants to defend You to the point of cutting off the ear of Malchus.

With this, You intend to repair for the good works, which are not done with holy prudence, or which fall into sin because of excessive zeal.

My most patient Jesus, it seems that these ropes and chains give something more beautiful to your Divine Person:

-your forehead becomes more majestic,

so much so, as to draw the attention of your enemies themselves;

-your eyes blaze with more light;

-your Divine Face assumes a supreme peace and sweetness,
such as to enamor your very executioners.

With your sweet and penetrating accents, though few, You make them tremble. So much so, that if they dare to offend You, it is because **You Yourself allow them to do so.** ...