

Hour 9 -From 1 to 2 AM - Thrown from a ledge, Jesus falls into the Cedron stream.

In order to remove from us this mantle of filth,  
You allow your enemies to throw You into this stream.

Jesus, you feel more pain for the abandonment of your most faithful ones,  
than for what the very enemies are doing to You.

My Jesus, do not cry. Or rather, let me cry together with You.

And lovable ***Jesus seems to say:***

***“Ah, child, let us cry together over the lot of so many souls consecrated to Me,***

- who, over little trials, over incidents of life, no longer take care of Me and leave Me alone.

*For many others*, timid and cowardly, who, for lack of courage and trust, *abandon Me.*

*For many* upon many who, not finding their own advantage in holy things,

*-do not care about Me.*

*For many priests* who preach, who celebrate, who confess for love of interest and of self-glory. These show that they are around Me, but *I remain always alone!*

Ah, child, how hard is this abandonment for Me!

***Not only do my eyes cry, but my Heart bleeds!***

*O please, I beg you to repair my bitter pain by promising that you will not leave Me alone.”*

Yes, O my Jesus, I promise, helped by your grace, identifying myself with your Divine Will.

But, O Jesus, while You cry over the abandonment of your dear ones,

-the enemies spare no outrage that they can do to You.

Gripped and bound as You are, O my Good, -to the point that You cannot even take a step by Yourself,-they trample on You....

Dear Jesus, we are now ***at the Cedron stream.*** And the perfidious Jews prepare to throw You into it. They make You bump against a rock which is there, with such violence as to make You shed most precious Blood from your mouth, with which You mark that rock!

Then, pulling You, they cast You down into those putrid waters, in such a way that these enter into your ears, into your mouth, into your nostrils. *Oh, unreachable love, You remain inundated and as though wrapped by those putrid, nauseating and cold waters.*

*In this way, You represent, vividly, the heart-rending state of creatures when they commit sin!*

Oh, how they remain covered, inside and out, by a mantle of filth, such as to be disgusting to Heaven and to whomever can see them, therefore attracting the lightnings of Divine Justice upon themselves!

Oh, Life of my life, ***can there ever be greater love?***

***In order to remove from us this mantle of filth,  
You allow your enemies to throw You into this stream.***

*You suffer everything to repair for the sacrileges and the coldness of the souls*

-who receive You sacrilegiously, and  
-who, more than the stream, force You to enter into their hearts,  
and to make You feel all of their nausea!

You also permit that these waters penetrate deep into your bowels.  
So much so, that the enemies, fearing that You may be drowned,  
-in order to spare You for greater torments, lift You up.

But You are so disgusting that they themselves feel nauseated to touch You.

My tender Jesus, You are now out of the stream.

My heart cannot bear seeing You so wettened by those nauseating waters.

*I see You shivering from head to foot because of the cold.*

You look around, searching with your eyes, what You cannot do with your voice,  
for one at least who would dry You, clean You and warm You.

But, in vain – no one is moved to pity for You: the enemies mock You and deride You  
*Your own have abandoned You.*

***Your sweet Mama is far away, because the Father so disposes!***