

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

My beloved Good, my poor mind follows You between vigil and sleep.  
How can I leave myself prey to sleep,  
when I see that everyone leaves You and runs away from You?

the Apostles themselves,  
the fervent Peter, who a little while ago said he wanted to give his life for You.  
the beloved disciple whom, with so much love, You allowed to rest upon your Heart .  
Ah, they all abandon You, and leave You at the mercy of your cruel enemies!

My Jesus, You are alone!  
Your most pure eyes look around to see if at least one of those favored by You is following  
You to prove to You his love and to defend You.  
And as You see that no one – no one has remained faithful to You,  
your Heart catches, and You burst into crying.

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.

They drag You along those ways full of rocks and thorns, such that there is no movement which does not make You knock against the rocks and be pricked by the thorns.

Ah, my Jesus, I see that as they drag You, You leave behind Yourself your precious Blood, and your golden hair which they tear from your head!

My Life and my All, allow me to gather it, that I may bind all the steps of creatures who do not spare You even at nighttime. Rather, they use the night to offend You more :

- some for gatherings, some for pleasures, some for theatricals,
- some for committing sacrilegious thefts!

*My Jesus, I unite myself to You in order to repair for all these offenses.*

But, O my 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, and 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!

Here I am, O Jesus - come into my arms. I want to cry so much as to form a bath for You in order to wash You, clean You, and with my hands, fix your hair, which is all disheveled.

My Love, I want to enclose You in my heart to warm You with the warmth of my affections. I want to perfume You with my holy desires.

I want to repair for all these offenses, and place my life together with Yours, in order to save all souls.

I want to offer You my heart as a place of rest, to be able to somehow relieve You from the pains You have suffered up to now.

And then, we will continue together the way of your Passion.

### **Reflections and Practices**

In this hour Jesus abandoned Himself at the mercy of His enemies, who reached the point of throwing Him into the Cedron stream.

But the Humanity of Jesus looked at all of them with love, bearing everything for love of them.

And we - do we abandon ourselves at the mercy of the Will of God?

In our weaknesses and falls, are we ready to stand up again to throw ourselves into the arms of Jesus?

Tormented Jesus was thrown into the Cedron stream, feeling suffocation, nausea and repugnance. And we - do we abhor any stain and shadow of sin?

Are we ready to give shelter to Jesus in our heart, so as not to make Him feel the nausea which other souls give Him with sin, and to compensate for the nausea that we ourselves have given Him many times?

My tormented Jesus, do not spare me in anything.

And let me be the object of your divine and loving aims!