

You say:

“Holy Father, look at your Son, clothed as a madman.

May this repair before You for the madness of many creatures fallen into sin.

May this white garment be like a defense before You, for many souls who clothe themselves with the dismal garment of sin.

Do You see, O Father, their hatred, their fury, their rage against Me,

which almost makes them lose the light of reason, for thirst for my Blood?

And I want to

-repair for all of the hatreds, the revenges, the anger, the murders, and

-impetrate the light of reason for all.

Look at Me again, my Father, can there be greater insult?

They have placed Me after the greatest criminal.

And I want to repair for all the misplacements they do.

Ah, the whole world is full of misplacements:

- some place Us after a vile interest, some after honors, some after vanities,

- some after pleasures, some after their own attachments, some after dignities,

- some after gluttonies, and even after sin.

All creatures unanimously place Us after even a tiny little trifle.

And I am ready to accept being placed after Barabbas, in order to repair for the misplacements the creatures make with Us.”

...

... **“Be silent, O child - it was necessary that I be stripped,** in order to repair for many

-who strip themselves of every modesty, of purity and of innocence;

-who strip themselves of every good and virtue, and of my Grace,

clothing themselves with every brutality, and living like brutes.

With my virginal blush I wanted to repair

-for so many dishonesties, luxuries and brutal pleasures.

Therefore, be attentive to everything I do. Pray and repair with Me, and calm yourself.” ...

“All of you who love Me, come to learn the heroism of true love!

Come to dampen in my Blood the thirst of your passions, your thirst for so many ambitions,

for so many intoxications and pleasures for so much sensuality!

In this Blood of Mine you will find the remedy for all of your evils.” ...

“Look at Me, O Father, all wounded under this storm of blows. But this is not enough.

I want to form so many wounds in my Body as to give enough rooms to all souls within the

Heaven of my Humanity, in such a way as to form their salvation within Myself, and then let

them pass into the Heaven of the Divinity.

My Father, may each blow of these scourges repair before You for each kind of sin –

one by one. And as they strike Me, let them justify those who commit them.

May these blows strike the hearts of creatures, and speak to them about my love,

-to the point of forcing them to surrender to Me.”

“I want to repair for the misplacements the creatures make with Us.”

SG- The Divine Will