

Hour 21 - From 1 to 2 PM - Second Hour of Agony on the Cross.
Second, Third and Fourth Word of Jesus.

Second Word on the Cross: “Today you will be with Me in Paradise”,

...

Your constrained love is stronger than death itself.
And wanting to pour it out, looking at the thief on your right, You steal him from Hell.
With your grace You touch his heart, and that thief is completely changed.
He recognizes You He professes You God, and all contrite, says:
“Lord, remember me when You are in your Kingdom.”
And You do not hesitate to answer: **“Today you will be with Me in Paradise”,**
making of him the first triumph of your love...

O Jesus, enclose all souls – all of them, in your Most Holy Body, in your Blood, in your wounds. And by the merits of this most precious Blood of Yours, do not allow even one soul to be lost! Together with your voice, may your Blood cry out for all, again:
“Today you will be with Me in Paradise.”

Third Word on the Cross.

Jesus says to Mary: “Woman, behold your son” and to John: “Behold your Mother.”

My Jesus, tortured Crucified, your pains increase more and more.
Ah, on this Cross You are the true King of Sorrows. In the midst of so many pains, not one soul escapes You. Even more, You give your own Life to each one of them.
But your love sees itself hindered, despised, neglected by creatures, and unable to pour itself out, it becomes more intense. It gives You unspeakable tortures.
In these tortures, it keeps investigating for what else it can give to man

And to conquer him, **it makes You say: “Look, O soul, how much I have loved you. If you do not want to have pity on yourself, at least have pity on my love!”**

In the meantime, seeing that You have nothing else to give him, because You have given him everything, You turn your languid gaze to your Mama.
She too is more than dying because of your pains
And the love that tortures Her is so great as to render Her crucified like You.
Mother and Son - You understand each other.

And You sigh with satisfaction and feel comforted in seeing that You can give your Mama to the creature. And considering the whole Mankind in John, with a voice so sweet as to move all hearts, You say: **“Woman, behold your son” and to John: “Behold your Mother.”**

Your voice descends into Her maternal Heart, and united to the voices of your Blood, it keeps saying: **“My Mother, I entrust all of my children to You. Feel for them all the love that You feel for Me. May all your maternal cares and tenderesses be for my children. You will save them all for Me.”** Your Mama accepts.

Fourth Word on the Cross
“My God, my God, why have You abandoned Me?”

Suffering Jesus, while I remain abandoned, clinging to your Heart and counting your pains,
I see that a convulsive trembling invades your Most Holy Humanity.
Your limbs are shaking, as if one wanted to detach from the other.
And amid contortions, because of the atrocious spasms, ***You cry out loudly:***

“My God, my God, why have You abandoned Me?”

At this cry, everyone trembles. The darkness becomes thicker.
Your Mama, petrified, turns pale and faints!

...Ah, You are about to die. Your very pains, so faithful to You, are about to leave You.
And at the same time, after so much suffering, with immense sorrow You see that not all
souls are incorporated in You.
Rather, You see that many will be lost, and You feel the painful separation of them, as they
detach themselves from your limbs. And You, having to satisfy Divine Justice also for them,
feel the death of each one of them, and the very pains they will suffer in hell.

And You cry out loudly, to all hearts:

“Do not abandon Me. If you want more pains, I am ready – but do not separate yourselves from my Humanity. This is the sorrow of sorrows – it is the death of deaths; everything else would be nothing, if I did not have to suffer your separation from Me! O please, have pity on my Blood, on my wounds, on my death! This cry will be continuous to your hearts. O please, do not abandon Me!”

This cry of yours, O my Jesus is, alas, painful.

More than the abandonment of the Father, it is the loss of the souls who move far away from
You that makes this painful lament escape from your Heart!

O my Jesus, *increase grace in everyone, that no one may be lost.*

And may my reparation be for the good of those souls who should be lost,
that they may not be lost.