

Twenty-second Hour - From 2 to 3 PM
Third Hour of Agony on the Cross.

Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Word of Jesus. The Death of Jesus

Fifth Word on the Cross: "*I thirst*".

The love that enflames your Heart withers You and burns You completely
And You, unable to contain it, feel the intense torment, not only of the corporal thirst, but of
the shedding of all your Blood – and even more, of the ardent thirst for the salvation of our
souls.

You would want to drink us like water, in order to place us all in safety within Yourself
Therefore, gathering your weakened strengths, You cry out: "*I thirst*".

Ah, You repeat this voice to every heart:

"I thirst for your will, for your affections, for your desires, for your love.

A water fresher and sweeter than your soul you could not give Me.

O please, do not let Me burn.

My thirst is ardent, such that I not only feel my tongue and my throat burn, to the point that I
can no longer utter a word, but I also feel my Heart and bowels wither.

Have pity on my thirst – have pity!"

And as though delirious from the great thirst, You abandon Yourself to the Will of the Father.

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Sixth Word on the Cross: "*All is consummated*."

...Your strengths are now leaving You, your eyes become veiled, your face is transformed
and covered with mortal paleness, Your mouth is half-open, your breath is labored and
interrupted, ...The wounds rip open more. ...

O my Good, and I see the last tears descend from your eyes, bearers of your nearing
death; while You, with difficulty, let another word be heard: "**All is consummated**."

O my Jesus, You have now exhausted Yourself completely.
You have nothing left – love has reached its end.

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Seventh Word on the Cross- "*Father, into your Hands I commend my Spirit*"

My dying Crucified, Jesus, You are now about to give the last breaths of your mortal life...

Meanwhile, O Jesus, I see that You open your dying eyes again, and You look around from
the Cross, as though wanting to give the last good-bye to all.

You look at your dying Mama, who no longer has motion or voice, so many are the pains
She feels.

And You say: "**Good-bye Mama, I am leaving. But I will keep You in my Heart.
Take care of our children.**"

You look at crying Magdalene, faithful John and your very enemies. And with your gazes
You say to them: ***“I forgive you. I give you the kiss of peace.”***

Nothing escapes your gaze; You take leave of everyone and forgive everyone.
Then, You gather all your strengths, and with a loud and thundering voice,
You cry out: ***“Father, into your hands I commend my spirit”***.
And bowing your head, You breathe your last.

My Jesus, at this cry all nature is shaken and cries over your death – the death of its
Creator! ...

At this cry, your enemies fall on their knees, and beating their breasts, they say:

“Truly He is the Son of God.”

And your Mother, petrified and dying, suffers pains harder than death.

My dead Jesus, with this cry You also place all of us into the hands of the Father, so that He
doesn't reject us . Therefore You cry out loudly, not only with your voice, but with all your
pains and with the voices of your Blood

“Father, into your hands I commend my Spirit and all souls.”