

Hour 23 - From 3 to 4 PM

Jesus, dead, is pierced by the thrust of a lance.
The deposition of Jesus from the Cross.

The greatness and sublimeness of death.

“...Six are the hours of my Passion which I gave to men in order to die well:
The three in the Garden were for help in the agony.
The three on the Cross for help at the very last sigh before death.

After this, who could not look at death with a smile?

More so for one who loves Me, for one who tries to sacrifice himself on my very cross.
Do you see how beautiful death is, and how things are changed?

***In life I was despised. The very miracles did not produce the effects of my death.
Even up to the Cross there were insults.***

But as soon as I breathed my last, death had the power to change things:

- all beat their breasts, confessing Me the true Son of God;
- my very disciples plucked up courage,
- and even those who were hidden became brave and asked for my body, giving Me honorable burial.

Heaven and earth, in full voice, confessed Me the Son of God.

Death is something great, something sublime.

And this happens also for my own children: in life they are despised, oppressed.

Those very virtues which, like light, should make those who are around them start,
-remain half-veiled.

Their heroisms in suffering, their abnegations, their zeal for souls,
-cast lights and doubts in those who surround them.

And I Myself permit these *veils*, so as *to preserve with more safety the virtue of my dear children.*

But as soon as they die, I withdraw these veils since they are no longer necessary.
And the doubts become certainties, the light becomes clear
And this light makes others appreciate their heroism
They pay esteem to everything, even to the smallest things.

Therefore, *what cannot be done in life, is made up for by death.*

This, as for what happens down here.

That which happens up there, then, is truly surprising and enviable to all mortals.”