

APOSTOLATE OF THE NEW EVANGELIZATION

THE PASSION

**Reflections that Jesus makes on the mystery
of His suffering and the value it has on the Redemption.**

COCHABAMBA — BOLIVIA
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Arzobispado de Cochabamba
Casilia 129
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Telfs: 042-56562 / 3 Fax 042 -50522

IMPRIMATUR:

We have read Catalina's books and we are sure that their only objective is to guide us all on a journey of authentic spirituality, founded on the Gospel of Christ. The books likewise highlight the special place occupied by the Blessed Virgin Mary, our role model in loving and following Jesus Christ, our Mother to whom we should offer our complete trust and love.

In renewing the love and devotion to the Holy Catholic Church, the books enlighten us on the actions that should characterize a truly committed Christian.

For all this, I authorize their edition and distribution, and recommend them as texts of meditation and spiritual orientation, with the purpose of answering Our Lord's calling to save many souls, showing them that He is a living God, full of love and mercy.

+ Mons. René Fernández Apaza
Archbishop of Cochabamba
April 2, 1998

Translated from the original Decree in Spanish:

ARCHDIOCESE OF COCHABAMBA

Casilla 129-Telfs.: (042) 56562 (042) 56563
Fax (042) 50522-Cochabamba, Bolivia

ARCHBISHOP'S DECREE 1999/118

**MONSGR. RENÉ FERNÁNDEZ APAZA
ARCHBISHOP OF COCHABAMBA**

CONSIDERING THAT THE FOUNDERS OF "THE APOSTOLATE OF THE NEW EVANGELIZATION" (A.N.E.) HAVE APPLIED WITH THE FOLLOWING DOCUMENTATION FOR FORMATION AS A PRIVATE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

THAT THE GOALS AND OBJECTIVES OF "THE APOSTOLATE OF THE NEW EVANGELIZATION" CONCUR WITH THE DIRECTIVES FOR THE LAY APOSTOLATE AS PER THE SECOND VATICAN ECUMENICAL COUNCIL AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH MAGISTERIUM.

THAT ACCORDING TO THE CODE OF CANON LAW THE RIGHTFUL CHURCH AUTHORITY TO FORM AN ASSOCIATION OF A PRIVATE NATURE FOR THE FAITHFUL AND TO GRANT IT LEGAL SOLICITORSHIP IS THE DIOCESAN BISHOP WITHIN ITS TERRITORY (C.312).

WE DECREE

ARTICLE 1. TO APPROVE THE CONSTITUTION OF "THE APOSTOLATE OF THE NEW EVANGELIZATION" (A.N.E.) AS A PRIVATE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION, WITH ECLESIASTIC LEGAL SOLICITORSHIP IN ACCORDANCE TO THE CODE OF CANON LAW (CC. 113-123, 298-329) AND OTHER STANDARD APPROPRIATENESS.

ARTICLE 2. TO CONSIDER REVIEWED THE STATUTE OF "THE APOSTOLATE OF THE NEW EVANGELIZATION," ATTACHED TO THIS DECREE.

WE STRONGLY URGE THE FOUNDERS, DIRECTORS, AND MEMBERS OF THE A.N.E. TO FAITHFULLY COMPLY WITH THE GOALS OF THE ASSOCIATION AND TO PROMOTE THE NEW EVANGELIZATION UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THE CHURCH MAGISTERIAL AND ITS LEGITIMATE PASTORS.

GIVEN BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF COCHABAMBA ON THE FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1999.

**MONSGR. RENÉ FERNÁNDEZ A.
ARCHBISHOP OF COCHABAMBA**

BY ORDER OF THE ARCHBISHOP

**ENRIQUE JIMENEZ
CHANCELLOR**

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The Great Crusade of Love and Mercy, Inc.
P.O. Box 857, Lithonia, Georgia 30058 USA

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DEDICATION:

- † To my husband, my parents, my children, and my brothers: “look at the poor rejected Christ and follow Him.”
- † To Carlos, Neiza, and Betty, beautiful instruments of the Lord.
- † To Lili, who stirred up my love of the Cross.
- † To Silvia, my sister in the sweetest pain.
- † To Inés and Charo, for their love of evangelization.
- † To Mary Queen of Peace Center, in their true and wonderful way towards the Lord, through Mary.
- † To Marcos, Stanis, and Ricardo: mentors, companionways, and beams of this poor secretary of the Lord.

Catalina

“Love Him totally, He who totally surrendered Himself for your love.”

Clare of Assisi

Jesus

My little daughter, let yourself be embraced by My most ardent desire that all souls come and purify themselves in the water of penance, and that the feeling of confidence, and not fear, may penetrate them, because I am a God of Mercy and I am always ready to receive them in My Heart.

Thus, day-by-day we shall be uniting ourselves in our secret of love. A tiny spark and then a great flame... Only the real Love is not loved today! Make Love be loved! But before that, pray little daughter, pray a lot for the consecrated souls who have lost their enthusiasm and happiness in the service. Pray also for those priests who accomplish that miracle of miracles on the altar and whose faith is weak.

Lose yourself in Me like a drop of water in the ocean... When I created you, I kissed your forehead signing you with the sign of My predilection. Look for souls, because there are few who love Me; look for souls and imprint in their minds the vision of the pain in which I consumed Myself. Men, without knowing it, are about to receive great gifts.

When you do what I ask, I am near you; it is as if you quench that flaming thirst which on the Cross dried even My lips.

I will make Myself present each time that you invoke My Passion with love. I will permit you to live united to Me in the pain that I experienced in Gethsemane when I knew the sins of all men.

Be conscious of that, because I call few creatures to this type of Passion, but none of them understand the predilection I have placed on them by associating them to Me in the most painful hour of My earthly life.

JESUS PREPARES HIMSELF

There are souls who consider My Passion, but very few who think about My preparation for My public life: My loneliness!

The forty days which I spent by the side of the hill were the most distressing hours of My life because I spent them completely alone, preparing My Spirit for that which would come. I suffered hunger, thirst, discouragement, and bitterness. I knew that for those people My sacrifice would be useless, for they would deny Me. In that solitude I understood that neither My new doctrine nor My sacrifices and miracles could save the Jewish people who would become God-slayers.

Nevertheless, I had to do My duty, the Divine Mission. I had to first leave My seed and die later. How sad this is, looking at it from the human point of view!

I was also a man and felt sadness and anguish. I found Myself very alone! I mortified My Body by fasting and My Spirit by prayer. I prayed for all humanity that would deny Me, that would sacrifice Me so many times...

I was tempted as any other mortal, and Satan was never more curious to know who the man was that remained in such loneliness and abandonment.

Think about everything that I had to go through to save man, to be able to reign in his heart, to make possible his entrance into My Father's Kingdom.

THE LAST SUPPER

Now let us go to the story of My Passion...The story that shall give glory to the Father and holiness to other chosen souls...

The night before I was betrayed was a night full of joy because of the Paschal Supper, the inauguration of the Eternal Banquet at which human beings must sit to feed themselves of Me.

If I were to ask Christians, "What do you think of this Supper," surely many would say that it is the place of their delight but few would say that it is My delight... There are souls who take Communion, not for the joy that they experience but for the joy that I feel; they are few because the rest only come to Me to ask for gifts and favors.

I embrace all the souls that come to Me because I came to Earth to expand the Love in which I embrace them. And since love does not grow without sorrows; little by little I take away the sweetness, to leave the souls in dryness. Thus, they fast from their own joy to make them understand that their focus should be on another desire: Mine.

Why do you talk about dryness as if it were a sign of a diminishing of My Love? Have you forgotten that if I do not give happiness, you must taste your dryness and other sorrows?

Come to Me, souls, but know that it is only I who wills everything and who incites you to look for Me. If you only knew how much I appreciate unselfish love and how it will be acknowledged in Heaven! O, how the soul who possesses it shall rejoice!

Learn from Me, dear souls, to love only to please the One who loves you... You shall have sweetness, and much more than what you leave; you shall enjoy

so much of whatever I have made you capable. It is I who prepared the Banquet. I am the nourishment! How then, can I let you sit at My table and let you fast? I promised you that whoever feeds on Me shall not go hungry again... I serve Myself as these things to reveal My Love to you. Listen to what My priests say, for they use this Paschal feast to lead you to Me, but do not stop at that which is human, otherwise, you shall nullify the other purpose of this feast.

Nobody can say that My Supper has become their nourishment when they only experience sweetness... For Me, love grows in as much as they deny themselves.

Many priests are so because I wanted to make them My ministers, not because they truly follow Me... Pray for them! They should offer My Father the sorrow that I felt when in the Temple I knocked down the benches of the merchants and I reproached the ministers of that time for having turned the house of God into an assembly of moneymakers.

When they asked Me under what authority had I done that, I felt an even greater sorrow in proving that the worst denial of My Mission came precisely from My ministers.

For that reason, pray for the priests that treat My Body with a sense of habit and, therefore, with very little love.

You will soon know that I had to tell you this because I love you and *because I promise the remission of all temporal punishment owed those who pray for My priests. There shall be no Purgatory for those who grieve for the lukewarm priests, but rather they will go to Paradise immediately after their last breath.*

And now, let Me embrace you again in order for you to receive the life that I, with infinite joy, made you part of.

That night with infinite Love, I washed the feet of My Apostles because it was the culminating moment in which to present My Church to the world.

I wanted My souls to know that even when they may be weighted down with the greatest sins, they are not excluded from graces. They are with My most faithful souls; they are in My Heart receiving the graces that they need.

I felt such sorrow at that moment knowing that, represented in Judas, My Apostle, there were so many souls gathered at My feet and cleansed so many times with My Blood, yet they were to be lost! At that moment, I wanted to teach sinners that just because they have sinned, they should not distance themselves from Me thinking that there is no recourse and that they will never be loved as much as before they sinned. Poor souls! These are not the

feelings of a God who has poured out all His Blood for you. Come to Me all of you and do not be afraid, because I love you. I shall cleanse you with My Blood and you shall be as white as snow. I shall drown your sins in the water of My Mercy and nothing will be able to snatch from My Heart the Love that I have for you.

My beloved, I have not chosen you in vain, respond to My election with generosity. Be faithful and firm in the faith. Be meek and humble so that others may know the greatness of My humility.

JESUS PRAYS IN THE GARDEN

Nobody really believes that I perspired blood that night at Gethsemane, and few believe that I suffered much more in those hours than in the Crucifixion. It was more painful because it was clearly revealed to Me that the sins of everyone were made Mine and that I should answer for each one. Thus I, being innocent and pure, answered to the Father as if I were really guilty of dishonesty and of all the impurities committed by you, My brothers. You dishonor God who created you to be instruments of the greatness of Creation and not to stray from the nature given you with the purpose of gradually taking that nature to lead you to behold the pure vision of Me, your Creator.

Therefore, I was made thief, murderer, adulterer, liar, a sacrilegious person, blasphemer, slanderer, and rebel to the Father whom I have always loved.

It was precisely this contrast between My Love for the Father and His Will that caused My perspiration of blood. But I obeyed until the end and for Love of everyone, I covered Myself with the guilt so that I could do My Father's Will and save you from eternal damnation.

Consider how many more than human agonies I had that night and, believe Me, nobody could alleviate such anguish because, on the contrary, I was seeing how each one of you devoted yourself to making my death cruel at every moment that was given to Me because of the offenses whose penalty I have paid in full. I want it to be known once again how I loved all men at that hour of abandonment and sadness without name....

JESUS INSTITUTES THE HOLY EUCHARIST

The desire that all souls be clean when they receive Me in the Sacrament of Love, led Me to wash the feet of My Apostles. I also did it to represent the Sacrament of Penance, in which the souls that have had the

misfortune of falling into sin, can wash themselves and regain their lost purity.

By washing their feet, I wanted to teach the souls that have apostolic tasks to humble themselves and treat with tenderness the sinners and all the souls who have been entrusted to them.

I wrapped Myself in a cloth to teach them that, in order to be successful with souls, one has to girdle oneself with mortification and self-denial.

I wanted them to learn mutual charity and how the faults they observe in their neighbor should be purged, concealing them and always forgiving them without ever disclosing their faults. The water that I poured over My Apostles' feet was a reflection of the zeal that consumed My Heart in desiring the salvation of men.

At that moment the Love that I felt for men was infinite and I did not want to leave them orphans... In order to live with you until the consummation of time and to show you My Love, I wanted to be your breath, your life, your support, your All! Then I saw all the souls that, in the course of time, would be nourished by My Body and Blood, and I saw all the divine effects that this nourishment would produce in many souls...

That immaculate Blood would engender purity and virginity in many souls; in others, it would light the fire of love and zeal. Many martyrs of Love gathered at that hour before My eyes and in My Heart! Many other souls, after having committed many and serious sins and weakened by force of passions, would come to Me to renew their strength with the Bread of the strong!

How I would like to make known the feelings of My Heart to all souls! How much I desire that they know the Love I felt for them at the Cenacle when I instituted the Holy Eucharist. Nobody could penetrate the feelings in My Heart during those moments - feelings of love, joy, tenderness... But greater was also the sorrow that invaded My Heart.

Are you perhaps good ground for the construction of a magnificent building? Yes and no... Yes, because of the gifts that I have given you since birth; no, because of the use that you have made of them. Do you think that your ground is of suitable proportion to the structure of the building that I raise? O, it is paltry! Then, in spite of all the opposing elements that exist in you, My calculations will not fail because it is My handicraft to choose that which is poor for the intent that I set Myself. I never make a mistake because I use artistry and love. I construct actively without your realizing it. Your own desire to know what I am doing serves Me to

prove to you that you cannot do or know any thing without My desiring it... It is time to work, do not ask Me for anything because there is someone who thinks about you.

I want to tell My souls the sorrow, the tremendous pain that filled My Heart that night. Even though My joy was great in becoming the Divine Nourishment of souls and man's companion till the end of time, and of seeing how many would render Me homage of adoration, love, and reparation, great was the sadness that caused Me to contemplate all those souls that were to abandon Me at the Tabernacle and the many that would doubt My presence in the Holy Eucharist.

O, how many hearts stained, dirty, and torn by sin I would have to enter! And how My profaned Flesh and Blood, would become the reason for the damnation of so many souls! You cannot understand the way in which I contemplated all the sacrileges, offences, and tremendous abominations that would be committed against Me... the many hours that I would spend alone in the Tabernacles. So many long nights! How many men would reject the loving calls that would be directed to them.

For love of souls, I remain prisoner in the Holy Eucharist, so that in your sorrows and sadness you can go to console yourselves with the most tender of Hearts, with the best of Fathers, with the most loyal friend. But that Love, which is consumed for the good of mankind, is not going to be returned.

I live amongst sinners to be their salvation and life, their doctor and medicine; yet they, in return, in spite of their sick nature, will distance themselves from Me. They offend Me and scorn Me.

My children, poor sinners! Do not distance yourselves from Me. I wait for you night and day at the Tabernacle. I will not reproach your crimes; I will not throw your sins in your face. What I will do is to wash you with the Blood of My wounds. Do not be afraid, come to Me. You do not know how much I love you.

And you, dear souls, why are you cold and indifferent to My Love? I know you have to attend to the needs of your family, your home, and of the world that constantly calls for you. But, do you not have a moment to come and give Me proof of your love and gratitude? Do not let so many useless worries pull you away; reserve a moment of your time to visit the Prisoner of Love. If your body is sick, can you not find a few minutes to look for a physician to cure you? Come to He who can give you the strength and health of the soul. Give alms of

love to this Divine Beggar, who calls you, wants you, and waits for you.

These words will produce the effect of a great reality in souls. They will penetrate in the families, schools, religious congregations, hospitals, prisons, and many souls will succumb to My Love. My greatest pains come from the souls of priests and nuns.

At the moment that I instituted the Holy Eucharist, I saw all the privileged souls that would be nourished with My Body and Blood and the effects produced in them.

To some, My Body would be a remedy to their weakness. To others, a fire that would succeed in consuming their miseries, inflaming them with love. Ah!... Those souls gathered before Me will be an enormous garden in which every plant produces a different flower, but all delight Me with their scent. My Body will be the sun that brings them back to life. I shall come to some to be consoled, to others to hide, in others I will rest. If you only knew, beloved souls, how easy it is to console, to hide, and to give rest to God.

This God, who loves you with infinite Love after freeing you from the bondage of sin, has planted in you the incomparable grace of the religious vocation. He has brought you in a mysterious way to the garden of His delights. This God, your Redeemer, has become your spouse. He Himself nourishes you with His Body so pure, and with His Blood, He quenches your thirst. In Me you shall find rest and happiness.

O, little daughter! Why is it that so many souls, after having been filled with so many blessings and caresses, have to be the cause of such sadness in My Heart? Am I not always the same? Have I changed for you? No! I will never change, and I will love you with predilection and tenderness till the end.

I know you are full of miseries, but this will not keep from you My most tender looks and I wait for you anxiously, not only to ease your miseries, but also to fill you with My blessings.

If I ask for your love, do not deny it to Me. It is very easy to love He who is Love itself. If I ask for something dear to your nature, I give you both the grace and the strength necessary so you can be My comfort. Allow Me to come into your souls and, if you do not find in them anything that is worthy of Me, tell Me with humility and with confidence: "Lord, you can see the fruit that this tree produces. Come and tell me what to do, so that from now on it may bear the fruit that You desire."

If the soul tells Me this with a real desire of proving its love, I shall answer: "Dear soul, allow Me to cultivate your love..."

Do you know the fruits that you will obtain? The victory over your character will repair offences; it will atone for faults. If you are not upset when you are corrected and you accept it gladly, you will bring about a change in those souls blinded by pride who will humble themselves and ask for forgiveness.

This is what I will do in your soul if you allow Me to work freely. The garden will not flourish immediately, but you will give great comfort to My Heart.

All this passed before Me when I instituted the Eucharist and I was ignited with desire to nourish the souls. I was not going to stay on Earth to live with perfect beings, but rather to hold the weak and nourish the children... I would make them grow, invigorate their souls, and rest in their miseries, and their good desires would console Me.

But within My elected ones there are souls that cause Me sorrow. Will they all persevere? This is the scream of pain that escapes from My Heart; this is the moan that I want the souls to hear.

The Eternal Love is looking for souls who may say new things about the old truths already known. The infinite Love wants to create in the bosom of humanity a tribunal of pure Mercy, not of Justice. That is why the messages are multiplying all over the world. Whoever understands this admires its work, takes advantage of them, and helps others profit from them as well. Whoever does not understand, keeps on being a slave of the spirit that dies and is condemned.

To these I direct My word of condemnation, because they hinder My Divine Work and they become accomplices of the Devil.

When they condemn, cover-up, and repress that which comes not from mere creatures but from the Creator, their cleverness produces pressure over their childlike minds. To those whom I have called little ones, I reveal My knowledge, which on the other hand, I hide from the proud.

Soul, allow Me to pour Myself in you. Become a valve of My Heart because there is always someone who stifles My Love...

JESUS DOES THE WILL OF THE FATHER

Of My Passion I want you to consider above all, the bitterness that was caused by My knowing the sins, that darkening the mind of man, lead him to aberrations. Most of the time these sins are accepted

as a fruit of natural inclinations that, it is said, cannot be opposed by one's own will. Today, many live in grave sin, blaming others or fate, without the possibility of getting rid of them. I saw this in Gethsemane and I knew the great evil that My soul would absorb. So many are lost like that and how I suffered for them!

Thus by My example, by washing their feet and becoming their Food, I taught My Apostles to mutually support each other. The hour was approaching for which the Son of God had been made man and Redeemer of the human race; for which He was going to spill His Blood and give His Life for the world.

At that moment I wanted to be in prayer and give Myself to the Will of My Father... It was then that My Will as a man conquered the natural resistance to the great suffering prepared for Me by Our Father, who you see was hurting more than Myself. Then, among those lost souls, I surrendered My Own Soul in order to repair that which had already become corrupt. My Omnipotence can do all, but wants littleness upon which to add of the other, and this littleness, I Myself offer it with infinite Love.

My Passion... what a bottomless abyss of bitterness within which it enclosed itself!

How mistakenly remote is he who believes he comprehends it, yet only thinks of the terrible sufferings of My Body.

My daughter, I have reserved for you other scenes of the intimate tragedies that I lived and I wish to share them with you because you are one of those whom the Father gave Me in the Garden.

Dear souls, learn from your Model that the only necessary thing, even if your nature rebels, is to submit yourself with humility and to surrender yourself to fulfill the Will of God.

I also wanted to teach souls that all important acts must be prepared and revitalized through prayer. In prayer the soul is fortified for the most difficult things and God communicates with the soul, gives it advice, and inspires it even when it (the soul) is not aware of it.

I withdrew to the Garden with three of My Disciples, in order to teach them that the three Powers of the soul should accompany and help them in prayer.

Remember, from memory, the divine benefits, the perfection of God: His Kindness, His Power, His Mercy, and the Love that He has for you. Afterwards, look with understanding on how to correspond to the marvels that He has done for you.... Through prayer, in your retreat and silence,

allow your will to be moved to do more and the best for God, and to be consecrated for the salvation of souls, whether by means of your apostolic work or by your humble and hidden life.

Prostrate yourselves humbly as creatures in the presence of their Creator, and adore His designs over you, whatever they may be, committing your will to the Divine One.

In this way I offered Myself to fulfill the work of redeeming the world. Ah! What a moment it was when I felt all those torments come over Me, the torments I was to suffer in My Passion: the slander, the insults, the scourging, the kicks, the Crown of Thorns, the thirst, the Cross...

All that passed before My eyes at the same time that an intense pain hurt My Heart; the offenses, the sins, and the abominations that would be committed in the passing of time. And I not only saw them, but I felt reinvested with all those horrors, and in this way I presented Myself to My Celestial Father to implore Mercy.

My little daughter, I offered Myself as a lily to calm His anger and appease His wrath. Nevertheless, with so many crimes and so many sins, My human nature experienced a mortal agony to the point of sweating blood.

Is it possible for this anguish and this Blood to be useless for so many souls?... My Love was the origin of My Passion. If I had not wanted it, who would have been able to touch Me? I wanted it and to accomplish this, I used the cruelest among men.

Before suffering, I knew in Myself all suffering and I could evaluate it entirely. But then, when I wanted to suffer, in addition to full knowledge and appraisal, I had the human sensation of all sufferings. I took all of them

Speaking of My Passion, I cannot go into so much detail. Other times I have done so and you cannot understand it. Because of your human nature, you could not begin to understand the enormous extent of the pains that I have suffered.

Yes, I illuminate you, but I stay within a limit beyond which you cannot advance. Only to My Mother did I make known all My pains, that is why she suffered them more than anyone.

But today the world will know more than I have allowed up to now, because My Father wants it this way. For that reason, a ray of love flourishes in My Church because of all the changing circumstances that took Me from the Garden to Calvary. More than to anyone else, I manifest My Passion to the loved ones I had in the Garden. They are able to mention something that adapts to the mind of present-day

travelers. And if they can, they should do it. That is why you should write all that I tell you, little one, for you and for many others, in comfort for the souls and for the Glory of the Holy Trinity who desires that My suffering in Gethsemane be known.

My soul is sad until death. While the sadness of not being physically well could be the cause of death, I wanted to experience the sadness of the spirit, which consisted of the complete absence of the influence of the Divinity and the heartbreaking presence of the causes of My Passion.

In My Spirit, which was agonizing unto death, were present all the reasons that impelled Me to bring Love to earth. Foremost were the offenses made against My suffering Divinity as a man, yet with the consciousness of God. You cannot find anything like this type of suffering because the man who sins understands, with My light, the part that corresponds to him and many times, imperfectly, he does not see what sin is like in front of Me. For that reason, it is clear that only God can know the importance of an offense done to Him.

Nevertheless, humanity should be able to offer complete knowledge, true sorrow, and repentance to the Divinity, and I can let humanity do so whenever it wishes. I do this in fact by offering My knowledge that has worked within Me, a man, a human who bore the offenses against God.

This was My wish: that through Me, the repented sinner would have the way of presenting to his God the knowledge of the committed offense, and that I, in My Divinity, could also receive the full understanding of what he has done against Me.

Enough for today, you do not know how much you console Me when you give yourself to Me with entire abandonment... Not everyday can I talk to souls... Let Me tell you, for them, My secrets!... Let Me make use of your days and nights!

I was sad unto death because I could see everywhere the huge accumulation of the offenses committed. And if for one I experienced a death without comparison, what could I have experienced for the combination of all the offences? "Sad is My Soul unto death..." a sadness which produced in Me the abandonment of all strength; a sadness which had as a center in Me the Divinity towards which would converge the tide of the faults and the stench of the souls corroded by all types of vices. For that reason, I was at the same time target and arrow - as God, the target, and as man, the arrow. As soon as I had absorbed all sin, I appeared before My Father as the only offender. Greater sadness than this could

not exist, and I wanted to take all of it, for the Love of the Father, and for Mercy to all of you.

If he does not pay attention to this matter, man ponders in vain over the meaning of these words, which include all My essence as God and Man. Look at Me in this gigantic prison of spirit. Do I not deserve love if I struggled and suffered so much? Do I not deserve for creatures to count on Me as their own, knowing that I give Myself entirely without reserve? Drink all of you from My inexhaustible fountain of goodness. Drink! I offer you My sadness in the Garden; give Me your sadness, all your sadness. I want to make of your sadness a bouquet of violets, whose perfume is constantly directed toward My Divinity.

"Father, if it is possible, take this Cup away from Me, but let not My Will but Yours be done." I said this in the height of bitterness, when the load that weighed upon Me had become so bloody that My Soul found itself in the most unbelievable darkness. I said it to the Father because, upon assuming all the blame, I presented Myself before Him as the only sinner against whom all His Divine Justice was discharged. And feeling deprived of My Divinity, only humanity appeared before Me.

Take from Me, O Father, this extremely bitter Chalice that You present to Me, and that I accepted for Your Love when I came to this world. I have arrived at a point in which I do not even recognize Myself. You, O Father, who loves Me, have made sin My inheritance and this makes My presence before You unbearable. The ingratitude of human beings is known to Me but how will I endure seeing Myself alone? My God, have pity of the great solitude in which I find Myself. Why do even You want to abandon Me? What help shall I find then in such great desolation? Why do You also strike Me this way? Yes, You deprive Me of You. I feel like I am going down into such an abyss that I do not even recognize your hand in such a tragic situation. The Blood that oozes out of My Body gives You testimony of My annihilation under Your powerful hand.

Thus, I cried; I fell. But then I continued: It is just, Holy Father, that You do of Me what You want. My life is not Mine, it belongs totally to You. I do not want that My Will be done, but rather Yours. I have accepted a death on the Cross, I accept also the apparent death of My Divinity.

It is just. All this I should give You and, before everything, I should offer You the holocaust of My Divinity which unites Me to You. Yes, Father, with

the Blood that You see, I confirm My donation and My acceptance: Your Will be done, not Mine...

JESUS LOOKS FOR HIS DISCIPLES, WHO ARE ASLEEP

In spite of everything, the enormous weight and the terrible fatigue, together with the sweat of Blood, I had been hit in such a way that when I went to look for My Apostles, I felt tremendously exhausted.

Peter, John, James! Where are you that I do not see you alert? Wake up, look at My face, see how My Body trembles in this tribulation that I experience! Why do you sleep? Wake up and pray with Me; I have sweated Blood for you!

Peter, My chosen disciple, do you not care about My Passion?... James, to you I have given so much preference, look at Me and remember Me! And you John, why do you let yourself sink into sleep with the others? You can bear more than they... Do not sleep, keep watch and pray with Me!

This is what I obtained: seeking comfort, I found bitter affliction. Not even they are with Me. Where else shall I go?... It is true, My Father gave Me only that which I asked for, so that the judgment to all humanity would fall upon Me. My Father, help Me! You can do all; help Me!

I prayed again as a man for whom all hope has been destroyed and who seeks comprehension and comfort from on high. But what could My Father do if I had freely chosen to pay for everything? My election had not changed. Nevertheless, the natural resistance had come to such an excessive degree that My humanity was overwhelmed.

Again I fell to the ground on My face because of the shame of all your sins; again I asked My Father to take away that Chalice. But He answered that, if I did not drink from it, it would be as if I had not come to this world and for Me to console Myself because many creatures would take part in My agonies in the Garden.

I answered: Father, do not let My Will be done, but Yours. This Angel has assured Me of Your Love, and this brief joy that You have sent Me, has done a good deed even with My natural resistance. Give Me My creatures, those I have redeemed. You Yourself take them because for You I have accepted. I want to see You content. I offer You all My sufferings and My unchanging Will, that in truth is not in disagreement with Yours, because We have always been One... Father, I am destroyed but thus Our Love will be known. Your Will be done, not Mine!

Again I returned to wake My Disciples, but the rays of the Divine Justice had left Me in a permanent rut... They became filled with fright when they saw Me like a mad man, and the one who suffered the most was John. I, silent...they stunned... Only Peter had the courage to speak. Poor Peter, if he had only known that part of My agitation had been caused by him.

I had taken My three friends so that I could rest in them and in their love, so that they could help Me by sharing My anguish, and pray with Me... How do I describe what I felt when I saw them asleep?

How My Heart suffers even today and, wanting to find relief in My souls, I go to them and find them asleep. More than once, when I wanted to wake them and take them out of themselves, away from their worries. They answer Me, if not with words, with deeds: "Not now, I am too tired; I have too much to do; this is bad for My health; I need a little time; I want some peace."

I insist and gently tell that soul: Do not fear. If for Me you leave your rest, I shall reward you. Come and pray with Me, only one hour! Look, this is the moment when I need you! If you stop, will you now be behind schedule? How many times I hear that same answer!

Poor soul, you have not been able to keep watch one hour with Me. Soon I will come and you shall not hear Me because you are asleep. I will want to give you the Grace but since you are asleep, you shall not be able to receive it. And who will make sure that later you will have the strength to wake up?... It is possible that deprived of food, your soul will be weak and you may not be able to come out from that lethargy.

Many souls have been surprised by death in the middle of a deep sleep and, where and how have they awakened?

Dear souls, I also want to teach you how useless and vain it is to look for relief in creatures. How often they are asleep and, instead of finding the relief that I look for in them, I leave with bitterness for they do not correspond to Our wishes nor to Our Love.

When I prayed to My Father and asked for help, My sad and abandoned soul was suffering the anguish of death. I felt overpowered with the weight of the worst ingratitude.

The Blood that poured out of all the pores of My Body and that in a short time would gush forth from all My wounds, would be useless for a great number of souls that would be lost. Many would offend Me and many would not know Me! Later I would spill My Blood for all and My merits would be applied to

each one of them. Divine Blood! Infinite merits! And yet, useless for so many, many souls.

But by then I was already going to encounter other things, and My Will was bent to the fulfillment of My Passion.

Men, if I suffered, it has certainly not been without fruit nor without reason. The fruits that I have obtained have been Glory and Love. It is now up to you, with My help, to demonstrate to Me that you appreciate My work.

I never tire! Come to Me! Come to He who vibrates in Love for you and who only knows how to give you the real Love that reigns in Heaven and that transforms you now on earth.

Souls that taste My thirst, drink from My bitter and glorious Chalice, for I tell you that the Father wants to reserve some of the drops of this Chalice precisely for you. Think about these few drops taken from Me and then, if you believe, tell Me that you do not want them. I have not set limits and neither should you. I was destroyed without mercy. For love, you should allow Me to destroy your self-esteem.

I am He who works in you, just as My Father worked in Me when in the Garden.

I am He who gives you sufferings so that one day you may be happy. Be docile for a time; be docile in imitation of Me because this helps you greatly and it pleases Me a great deal. Do not lose anything, but rather acquire the love. How could I allow My beloved ones to suffer real losses while they try to show Me love?

I wait for you. I am always waiting and I shall not tire. Come to Me; come as you are, it does not matter as long as you come. Then you shall see that I will adorn your foreheads with jewels, with those drops of Blood that I spilled in Gethsemane - those drops are yours, if you want them. Come, soul, come to Jesus who calls you.

I said: My Father; I did not say: My God. This is what I want to teach you: when your heart suffers most, you should say "My Father" and ask Him for consolation. Show Him your sufferings, your fears, and with moans remind Him that you are His children. Tell Him that your soul can no longer bear it! Ask with a child's trust and wait, for your Father will help you; He will give you and the souls who trust, the necessary strength to go through your tribulations...

This is the Chalice that I accepted and drained to its last drop. Everything to teach you, dear children, not to ever believe again that suffering is useless. If you do not see results always attained, yield your

judgment and allow the Divine Will to be fulfilled within you.

I did not retreat. On the contrary, knowing that it was in the Garden where they had to apprehend Me, I stayed there. I did not want to flee from My enemies...

My daughter, tonight allow My Blood to irrigate and strengthen the roots of your littleness.

JUDAS DELIVERS JESUS

After having been comforted by My Father's messenger, I saw that Judas, followed by all those who would apprehend Me, was approaching Me. They had ropes, sticks, and stones... I stepped forward and told them: "Who are you looking for?" While Judas, with a hand on My shoulder, kissed Me...

So many souls have sold Me and will sell Me for the wretched price of a delight, for a momentary and passing pleasure... Poor souls, those that look for Jesus, as the soldiers did.

Souls whom I love; you, who come to Me and receive Me in your bosom, who tell Me so many times that you love Me...will you hand Me over after you receive Me? In the places that you visit there are stones that wound Me, there are conversations that offend Me, and you, who have received Me today lose the beautiful whiteness of Grace there.

Why do the souls who know Me, hand Me over this way when on more than one occasion they boast of being pious and practicing charity? All things that truly could help you acquire greater merits... What are they to you but a veil to cover your crime of treasuring goods on earth?

Be watchful and pray! Fight without rest and do not let your bad inclinations and defects become habitual.

Look, it is necessary to cut down the grass every year and possibly even during the four seasons. You have to work the land and clear it. You have to make it better and take care to pull out the weeds that sprout up in it.

You also have to take care of the soul with much diligence and you must straighten out the twisted tendencies.

Do not believe that the soul who sells Me and gave itself to grave sin, started with a grave sin. Usually the great fall started with something little: something the soul enjoyed, a weakness, an illicit consent, a pleasure that is not forbidden but that is not very convenient... In this way, the soul starts

blinding itself, it diminishes in Grace, the passion strengthens, and lastly, it conquers.

Understand this: if it is sad to receive an offense and ingratitude from any soul, it is more so when it comes from My most beloved, chosen souls. However, others can do reparation and console Me.

Souls, you whom I have chosen to make My resting place, the garden of My delights, I expect from you greater tenderness, more gentleness, and a lot more love.

I expect you to be the balm that heals My wounds, to clean My face made ugly and dirty; to help Me give light to so many blind souls that in the darkness of night apprehend Me and bind Me to give Me death.

Do not leave Me alone... Wake up and come, for My enemies are arriving!

When the soldiers came close I said: "I am!" These same words I repeat to the soul who is about to fall into temptation: "I am," there is still time and if you want, I shall forgive you. And instead of you tying Me up with the ropes of sin, I am He who shall tie you up with the bond of Love.

Come, I am He who loves you; the One who has so much compassion for your weaknesses; the One who is anxiously waiting to receive you in His arms.

The episode of My capture, well examined, has a lot of importance. If Peter had not given that blow to Malchus, I would not have had the opportunity to call to your attention the method I want you to use in fighting for Me.

Then I made use of a proverb to admonish Peter and I restored Malchus' ear because I do not like violence, being that I am the Lord of liberty. But notice that apart from doing this, I expressed to Peter the firm desire that My Passion be completed and I made him contemplate the fact that if I wanted, the Father would defend Me with His Angels.

See how many things in just one episode? But the main thing is precisely the lesson that I had to give to all of you about fighting your enemies. Whoever is like Me does it thus: he allows himself to be taken where they want to take him, because he will have strength in the moments which are not those sought by the world (by man), by human experience, and by the astuteness of self-love.

No, whoever is like Me shall stay in the situation where he is placed and will receive unknown but vigorous strength to dominate his suppressors. My true disciple does the most improbable things without interrupting in the least My designs for him. The world pleases itself with singularities, in excelling, and showing its own superiority. This is

the spirit that I have fought and conquered. That is why I told you all to take courage, because having conquered it, that world can now do nothing to cut its unity with Me provided that you do not unite with it. If you do, you would have to suffer the consequences with the added difficulty that since I Myself oppose its victory with the weapons of the world, many times you will have as adversaries the world and Me - the world because of its selfish love, and Me for pure Love, for Love of your true well-being.

Therefore, no blows like Peter's to the ears of your enemies without full acceptance of the Chalice that I offer you. A Chalice in which you should see My Will as I saw that of My Father when I asked the beloved Peter: "Do you not want Me to drink from this Chalice that My Father gives Me?"

Always meditate on My Passion, but penetrate intimately into My Spirit and obtain the impressions that are wholesome and incite you to imitate Me. Naturally, I am He who works these things in you but you must apply yourselves and, later, you will attain what I say.

Ah! If man could only understand this aspect of My Passion! How much easier it would be to yield and relive My Life!

Go ahead, My children, everything is a question of love, not of anything else. Of love and My work that I want to accomplish in you, and of you always loving Me more. Stop reasoning in a human way; open your mind to My world, to the one that I have with you. This is important!

You are Mine for three reasons: because I created you from nothing; because I redeemed you; and because you shall receive part of My Crown of Glory. That is why you must remember that I care for you for these three reasons, and that I could never lose My interest in whom I have created, have saved, and in whom shall be My Glory.

You are driven to this path and you must travel it all. As it was for Me, it will not only be good for you but also for many of your brothers who should receive from Me, through you, Grace and Life.

Advance, because I delight Myself in it; learn, because Love wants to possess you completely.

I give you My Blessing, full of promise. I give it to all of you with the power that I enjoy as a man, power that is yours, and joy that I shall award with the prize, which shall confirm My infinite Love for you.

My hour had come; the hour in which I had to consummate the sacrifice, and I surrendered Myself to the soldiers with the meekness of a lamb.

JESUS IS TAKEN BEFORE CAIAPHAS

I was taken before Caiaphas, where I was received with jeers and insults. One of his soldiers struck My cheek. It was the first blow I received and in it I saw the first mortal sin of many souls who, after having lived in grace, committed that first sin... So many other sins followed that first sin, serving as an example so that other souls would also commit them.

My Apostles abandoned Me and Peter remained hidden behind a fence, amongst the servants, spying, moved by curiosity.

With Me were men only trying to accumulate crimes against Me, accusations that could further incite the anger of such wicked judges. There I saw the faces of all the demons, of all the bad angels. They accused Me of disturbing the order, of being an instigator and a false prophet, of being blasphemous, and profaning the Sabbath. And the soldiers, overexcited by the slanders, shouted and threatened Me.

Then My silence cried out, shaking My whole Body. Where are you, Apostles and disciples who have been witnesses of My Life, of My teachings and of My miracles? Of all those from whom I was expecting some proof of love, there is no one left to defend Me. I am alone and surrounded by soldiers who want to devour Me like wolves.

Contemplate how they mistreated Me: one deals Me a blow against the face, another thrusts his dirty saliva at Me, another twists My face to make fun of Me; another pulls My beard; another wrings My arms between his fingers; another hits My genitals with his knee, and when I fall, two of them pull Me up by the hair.

PETER DENIES JESUS

While My Heart offers to suffer all these ordeals, Peter, whom I had named "Leader and Head of the Church" and who hours before had promised to follow Me unto My death, denies Me in response to a simple question that is asked of him and which could have served him in giving testimony of Me. And as fear seizes him even more, when the question is repeated, he swears that he has never known Me nor has he been My disciple. Questioned for the third time, he answered with terrible curses.

Little children, when the world protests against Me and, turning towards My chosen souls, I see Myself abandoned and denied, do you know how great is the sadness and bitterness in My Heart?

I shall tell them as I told Peter: Soul, whom I love so much, do you not remember the tests of love that I have given you? Have you forgotten that many times you have promised Me to be faithful and to defend Me?

You do not trust yourself because you are lost; but if you come to Me with humbleness and firm trust, fear nothing; you are well sustained.

Souls, you, who live surrounded by so many dangers, do not enter into occasions of sin through vain curiosity; be careful that you could fall like Peter.

And you souls who work in My vineyard, if you feel moved by curiosity or by some human satisfaction, I shall tell you to run away. But if you work for obedience and are propelled by zeal for souls and for My Glory, be not afraid. I will defend you and you shall depart victorious.

My beloved, I am educating you little by little and with much patience. I am consoled with the thought of having a pupil eager to learn. Thus, I forget your negligence and mistakes. If I look in creation for the most beautiful names to call you, be not afraid. Why do you suppress them? Love has no limits.

JESUS IS TAKEN TO PRISON

Let us go on with this painful story, which you will manage to take to as many people as you can. I will enlighten you in the way in which it should be done.

When the soldiers took Me prisoner, Peter was half hidden in one of the patios amid the crowd. Our looks crossed; his eyes were disoriented, it was only for a fraction of a second and yet, I told him so much!... I saw him cry bitterly for his sin and with My Heart I told him: "The enemy has tried to possess you but I do not abandon you. I know that your heart has not denied Me. Be ready for the battle of the new day, for the renewed battles against spiritual darkness and ready yourself to take the good news. Goodbye, Peter."

How many times I look into the soul that has sinned, but does it look also? Not always do our eyes meet. How many times do I look at the soul and it does not look at Me; it does not see Me; it is blind.... I call it by its name and it does not answer Me. I send it a sorrow, a pain, so that it can come out of its sleep, but it does not want to wake up.

My beloved ones, if you do not look at Heaven, you shall live as beings deprived of motive. Raise your head and contemplate the Home that awaits

you. Search for your God and you shall always find Him with His eyes fixed upon you, and in His look you shall find peace and life.

Contemplate Me in prison where I spent a great part of the night. The soldiers came to insult Me with words and deeds, pushing Me, hitting Me, making fun of My condition as a man.

Close to dawn, fed up with Me, they left Me alone tied up in a dark, humid and foul-smelling room, full of rats. I was tied in such a way that I had to be standing up or sitting on a pointed rock which was what they gave Me as a seat. My aching body was soon numbed with cold. I remembered the thousands of times that My Mother covered My Body, wrapping it up when I was cold... and I cried.

Now let us compare the Sanctuary with the prison and, above all, with the hearts of men. In prison I spent one night... how many nights do I spend in the Sanctuary?

In prison the soldiers, who were My enemies, injured Me; but in the Sanctuary I am badly treated and insulted by souls who call Me Father. In the prison I was cold, sleepy, hungry, ashamed, sad, aching, lonely, and abandoned. I could see, over the course of time, how in so many Sanctuaries I would not have the coat of love. So many frigid hearts would be for Me like the rock in the prison!

So many times I would be thirsty for love, thirsty for souls! So many days do I wait for such a soul to visit Me, to receive Me in its heart because I have spent the night alone and have thought about that soul in order to quench My thirst! So many times I hunger for My souls, for their fidelity, for their generosity!

Do they know how to calm this longing? When they have to undergo some suffering, will they know to tell Me: "this will help to ease Your sadness, to be with You in Your loneliness?" And, O! If at least united to Me and as long as you would console My Heart, you would endure it all with peace and be strengthened.

In prison I felt shame when I heard the horrible words that were said about Me, and that shame grew when I later saw that those same words would be repeated by beloved souls.

When those dirty and repugnant hands struck My face and hit Me, I saw how many times I would be hit and struck by so many souls who, without purifying themselves from sin, without cleaning their house with a good confession, would receive Me in their hearts. Those habitual sins would strike Me repeatedly.

When they would make Me get up by pushing Me, being without strength and because of the chains that bound Me, I would fall to the ground. I saw how so many souls, tying Me up with the chains of ingratitude, would let Me fall upon the stones renewing My shame and prolonging My loneliness.

Chosen souls, contemplate your Spouse in prison. Contemplate Me this night of such pain and consider that this pain is prolonged in the solitude of so many Sanctuaries, in the coldness of so many hearts.

If you want to give Me proof of your love, open your heart so I can make it My prison. Tie Me up with the chains of your love. Cover Me with your gentleness; feed Me with your kindness. Quench My thirst with your zeal. Console My sadness and abandonment with your faithful company. Make My shame disappear with your purity and honest intentions.

If you want Me to rest in you, avoid the tumult of your passions and in the silence of your soul, I shall sleep peacefully.

Now and then you will hear My voice that softly tells you: Spouse of Mine, now that you are My rest, I will be yours through eternity. To you, who provide Me the prison of your heart with so much dedication and love, I promise that My reward shall have no limits, and the sacrifices that you have made for Me during your life will not weigh you down.

JESUS IS TAKEN BEFORE HEROD

Pilate ordered that they take Me to the presence of Herod... He was a poor corrupt man who only searched for pleasure, allowing him to be driven to disorderly passions. He was glad to see Me come before his tribunal because he hoped to amuse himself with My words and miracles.

Consider, My children, the repulsion that I felt in the presence of the most repulsive of men, whose words, questions, and affected gestures covered Me with confusion. Pure and virginal souls, come to surround and defend your Spouse.

Herod expects Me to answer his sarcastic questions but I do not utter a word; I keep the most absolute silence before him. Not answering was the greatest proof of My dignity that I could give him. His obscene words were not worthy to cross with My pure ones. In the meantime, My Heart was infinitely united to My Heavenly Father. I was consumed with desire to give up even the last drop of My Blood for souls. The thought of every man, who later would follow Me, conquered by My example and

generosity, ignited Me in love and, not only did I enjoy that terrible interrogation but I wanted to run to the torture of the Cross.

JESUS IS TAKEN AGAIN BEFORE PILATE

I allowed them to treat Me as a mad man and they covered Me with a white tunic as a sign of their ridicule and their making fun of Me. Later, in the middle of furious mocking shouts, they took Me again before Pilate.

Watch how this bewildered and very confused man does not know what to do with Me. And to quiet the fury of the mob, he commands that they have Me scourged.

Represented in Pilate, I saw the souls that lack the courage and generosity to break away once and for all from the demands of the world and from their own nature. Instead of nipping the dangers of what their conscience tells them about not being of the world and of nature, their conscious mind tells them not to be of the good spirit. Then they give in to a whim, enjoy themselves in a passing satisfaction, and surrender in part to what their passion demands. And to silence the guilty feelings, they tell themselves: "I have already deprived myself of this or that, and that is enough."

I will only say to this soul: "You scourge Me as did Pilate." You have already taken one step, tomorrow another. Do you plan to satisfy your passion in this way? No! It shall soon demand more.

As you have not had the courage to fight your own nature in this small thing, much less will you have it later when the occasion shall be greater.

THE SCOURGING OF JESUS

Look at Me, My dear ones. Letting Myself be led with the meekness of a lamb to the terrible torture of the scourging. On My Body, already covered with blows and overwhelmed with fatigue, the executioners cruelly discharge terrible lashes with braided rope, with rods. I am punished with so much violence that there was no part of Me which was not prey to the most terrible pain. The blows and the kicks caused immeasurable wounds... The rods tore away pieces of My skin and flesh. Blood oozed from all My members. Time after time I fell because of the pain caused by the blows to My manliness. My Body was in such a state that I resembled a monster more than a man. The features of My face had lost their shape; it was all swollen.

The thought of so many souls, who later were going to be inspired to follow My footsteps, consumed Me with Love.

While in prison I saw the faithful imitators learning from My meekness, patience, and serenity. Not only to accept the suffering and scorns, but even loving those who persecute them and, if necessary, sacrificing themselves for them as I sacrificed Myself.

During those hours of solitude in the midst of so much pain, I became inflamed, more and more, in My desire of perfectly completing My Father's Will. How I offered Myself in reparation of His deeply offended Glory! Thus you, religious souls who find yourselves in the chosen prison for love, who more than once pass in the eyes of others as useless and possibly harmful creatures, do not be afraid. Let them shout against you and, during those hours of pain and solitude, unite your heart intimately with your God, the only object of your love. Repair His Glory violated by so many sins.

JESUS IS SENTENCED TO DEATH

At dawn Caiaphas ordered them to take Me to Pilate so that he might pronounce the sentence of death. Pilate questioned Me, hoping to find a reason to condemn Me, but at the same time his conscience tormented him and he felt great fear at the injustice that he was going to commit. Finally he found a way to ignore Me and had Me taken to Herod.

In Pilate are faithfully represented the souls who feel the movement of grace and at the same time their own passion, who are dominated by human respect and blinded by self love, and who allow the grace to pass for fear of being mocked.

I did not answer any of Pilate's questions. But when he asked: "Are You the King of the Jews?", then with seriousness and integrity, I answered: "You have said so, I am the King, but My kingdom is not of this world..." With these words I wanted to teach many souls how, when they are presented with the opportunity to endure suffering or a humiliation that could easily be avoided, they should answer with generosity: "My kingdom is not of this world...". That is, I am not searching to be praised by men. My Home is not this one, yet I will rest where it really is. Now, be encouraged to fulfill My duty without taking into account the opinion of the world. What matters is not their esteem but to follow the voice of grace that drowns the lures of nature. If I am not able to conquer alone, I will ask for strength and counsel since, on many occasions, passions and

excessive pride blind the soul and impel it to act wrongly.

The executioners who destroy My Body are not ten nor twenty. There are many hands that hurt My Body; receiving Communion in the hands - the sacrilegious work of Satan!

How can they contemplate Me in this sea of pain and bitterness without their hearts being moved with compassion? But it is not the executioners who have to console but you, chosen souls, so that My pain may be alleviated. Contemplate My wounds and see if there is anyone who has suffered as much as I, to show you their love.

JESUS IS CROWNED WITH THORNS

In the Will of Father I have lived days of intense sadness without complaining but accepting what the Father wanted to make Me feel. When I was apprehended in the Garden, My accusers were quick with every lie and I, without the least resistance, allowed them to take Me to wherever they wanted to. And when they wanted to encircle My Head with the crown of thorns, I bowed My Head without resistance, because I took everything from the hands of He who had sent Me into the world.

When the arms of those cruel men were exhausted by the force of discharging blows against My Body, they placed over My head the crown woven with branches of thorns, and parading before Me they said: "So you are King? We salute you!"

Some spat at Me; others insulted Me; others discharged new blows against My head, each one adding a new pain to My Body, so hurt and destroyed.

I am tired; I have nowhere to rest. Lend Me your heart and your arms to cover Myself in your love. I am cold and feverish; embrace Me for an instant before they continue destroying this temple of Love.

The soldiers and executioners, with their dirty hands, push My Body, and others with disgust for My Blood, push Me with their lances and reopen My flesh. With a shove they seat Me on sharp stones; I cry in silence because of the pain. In a grotesque way, they make fun of My tears. Finally they tear My temples, forcing down the crown woven of thorny branches.

Consider how with that crown, I wanted to make reparation for the sin of pride of so many souls who, wishing to be excessively praised, let themselves be influenced by the false opinions of the world. Above all, I allowed them to crown My Head with thorns. My Head suffered cruelly this way in order to make

reparation through voluntary humility for the loathing and proud pretense of so many souls. Souls who because they judge it unworthy of their condition and status, refuse to follow the path set by My Providence.

No path is humiliating when it is planned by the Will of God... In vain you intend to fool yourselves, thinking of following the Will of God and in full submission of whatever He asks of you.

There are people in the world who, when the moment of decision arrives (to undertake a new type of life), reflect and examine the desires of their hearts. Maybe they will find, in him or her with whom they plan to unite, the solid foundations for a Christian and pious life. Perhaps they will see that they will follow their family duties in a way necessary to satisfy their wishes of happiness. But vanity and pride come to obscure their spirit and they let themselves be pulled by the desire of being prominent and showing off. Then they do their best to look for someone, who being richer or of high class, to satisfy their ambition. O! How stubbornly they blind themselves. No, I will tell them, you will not find real happiness in this world and I hope that you will find it in the next. Watch out, you are putting yourself in great danger!

I will also talk to the souls to whom I call to the path of perfection. How many illusions are in those who tell Me that they are ready to do My Will and then they pierce My Head with the thorns of My Crown.

Respectively, there are souls whom I want for Myself. Knowing them and loving them, I want to place them where I live, in My infinite wisdom, where they will find all that is necessary to reach sanctity. It is there where I will make Myself known to them, and where they will give Me more comfort, more love, and more souls.

But, so many deceptions! So many souls are blinded with pride and arrogance for mere ambition. They fill their heads with vain and useless thoughts; they refuse to follow the path that lays out My Love.

Souls whom I have chosen, do you think that you fulfill My Will by resisting the voice of the grace that calls you and guides you along that path which your pride rejects?

My daughter, love of My sorrows, console Me. Make a throne in your small heart for your King and Savior and crown Me with kisses.

Crowned with thorns and covered with a purple mantle, the soldiers presented Me again to Pilate. Not finding in Me a crime for which to punish Me, Pilate asked Me several questions, asking Me why I

did not answer him knowing that he had all power over Me.

Then, breaking My silence I told him: "You would not have that power if you had not received it from above, but it is necessary that the Scriptures be carried out." And, abandoning Myself to My Celestial Father, I was silent a gain.

BARRABAS IS SET FREE

Pilate was looking for ways to free Me. He was worried because of his wife's warning and confused between the guilt of his conscience and the fear that the people would initiate a riot against him. In the pitiable state in which I found Myself, he exposed Me to the sight of the mob proposing that he give Me liberty and condemn Barabbas, a famous thief and murderer, in My place. The people answered in one voice: "Let him die and have Barabbas set free!"

Souls who love Me, see how they have compared Me to a criminal, how they have lowered Me more than the most perverse of men. Listen to the furious shouts projected against Me. See with what fury they ask for My death. Did I refuse to go through such shameful confrontation? No, on the contrary, I embraced it for My Love of souls and to show them that this Love did not only take Me to death, but to the most ignominious death...

However, do not believe that My human nature did not feel revulsion nor pain. On the contrary, I wanted to feel all its revulsion, and be subject to its same condition, giving you an example that will give you strength in every circumstance in life and teach you to conquer the revulsion to what you are offered when it is a question of fulfilling the Divine Will.

I return to the souls I was talking about yesterday... those souls called to the state of perfection, who discuss with grace and retreat when faced with the humility of the path that I show them, fearing how they will be judged by the world or as they assess their capabilities, convince themselves that they will be more useful somewhere else to My service and for My Glory.

I will respond to those souls: Tell Me, did I refuse or even hesitate when I saw Myself being born at night to poor and humble parents in a stable, far from My Home and Country in the harshest season of the year?

Afterwards I lived thirty years fulfilling the hidden and gloomy occupation in the workshop: I went through humiliations and scorns from the people who requested work done by Joseph, My father. I did not detest helping My Mother in the

most menial of tasks in the house. Nonetheless, did I not have more talent than that required for the rough work of a carpenter? I, who at the age of twelve, taught Doctors in the Temple... But it was the Will of My Celestial Father and, thus, I glorified Him. When I left Nazareth and started My public life, I could have had Myself known as the Messiah and Son of God, so that men would listen to My teachings with veneration, but I did not do it because My only wish was to do My Father's Will...

And when the time of My Passion came, through the cruelty of some and the insults of others, the abandonment of My own and the ingratitude of the mob, through the unspeakable martyrdom of My Body and the revulsion of My soul, see how with greater love, I was still revealing and embracing the Will of My Celestial Father.

Thus when overcoming difficulties and revulsion, the soul generously submits itself to the Will of God. There comes a moment in which, intimately united to Him, the soul enjoys the most indescribable sweetness.

What I have said to the souls who loathe the humble and hidden life, I repeat to those who are called to a constant contact with the world when, on the contrary, their preference would be toward complete solitude and humble and hidden work.

Chosen souls, your happiness and perfection does not consist in following the taste of your preference and inclinations of nature, in being known or unknown by creatures, in using or hiding the talent you have, but rather in uniting and conforming yourselves through love and with total submission to God's Will, to that which is asked of you for His Glory and your own sanctification.

Enough for today, My little daughter, love and embrace My Will joyfully; you know that it is always done for love.

Meditate for a moment upon the unspeakable martyrdom of My Heart, upon seeing it put behind Barabbas. How I remembered then My Mother's tenderness when she embraced Me against her Heart! And how vivid were the anxieties and fatigue that My adoptive father suffered to show Me his love. How I remembered the benefits I so freely poured over thankless people: giving sight to the blind, giving the sick their health, the use of their limbs to those who had lost them, feeding the crowds, and resurrecting the dead. Now to see Myself reduced to the most despicable state! I am the most hated of men, and I am being condemned to death like an infamous thief.

JESUS FORGIVES EVEN THE GREATEST SINNERS

Pilate has pronounced sentence. My little children, consider attentively how My Heart suffered...

After Judas surrendered Me in the Garden of Olives, he wandered off and ran away as a fugitive without being able to silence the shouts of his conscience, which accused him of the most horrible sacrilege. When the news of My death sentence reached his ears, he gave in to the most terrible despair and hung himself.

Who will be able to understand the intense pain in My Heart when I saw that soul throw himself to eternal damnation? He who had spent three years in the School of My Love learning My doctrine, receiving My teaching, and many times hearing My lips forgive the greatest sinners.

Judas! Why do you not come and throw yourself at My feet so that I may forgive you? If you do not dare to come near Me for fear of those who surround Me and treat Me so badly, at least look at Me and you will see how soon My eyes will look at you.

Souls, who are entangled in the greatest sins... If at times you have lived wandering as fugitives because of your crimes, if the sins of which you are guilty have blinded you and hardened your hearts, if by pursuing some passion you have fallen into greater disorder, do not allow desperation to take possession of you when the accomplices of your sin abandon you and your soul realizes its blame. As long as man has an instant of life, he still has time to appeal to My Mercy and implore forgiveness.

If you are young and the scandals of your past life have left you in a state of degradation before men, do not be afraid! Even when the world may despise you, treat you as evil people, insult you, and abandon you, be certain that your God does not want your soul to be fodder for the flames of hell. He wants you to dare to speak to Him, to direct your gaze and sighs of your heart at Him, and you will soon see that His kind and paternal hand leads you to the source of forgiveness and of life.

If out of malice you have perhaps spent a greater part of your life in disorder and indifference, and now near eternity, desperation wants to blindfold your eyes, do not let it deceive you. There is still time for forgiveness. Listen carefully: if you have but a second of life, take advantage of it because you could gain eternal life during that second.

If your existence has passed away in ignorance and in error, if you have been the cause of great harm to men, to society, and even to religion, and for any

reason you perceive your mistake, do not allow yourself to be brought down by the weight of faults nor by the harm for which you have been an instrument. But, on the contrary, allow your soul to be penetrated with the deepest sorrow, plunge yourself in trust and turn to the One who is always waiting to forgive you.

The same is true for a soul who has spent the first years of its life in faithful observance of My Commandments, but has little by little fallen from fervor into a lukewarm and comfortable life...

Do not hide anything that I tell you, for it is all for the benefit of the whole of humanity. Repeat it in broad daylight; preach it to those who truly want to hear it.

The soul who one day receives a strong jolt that wakes it up, all of a sudden sees its useless life, empty and without merits for eternity. The Evil One, with infernal jealousy, attacks it in a thousand ways, exaggerating its faults. He inspires in it sadness and loss of heart, and finally drives it to fear and despair.

Soul that belongs to Me, do not pay attention to the cruel enemy. As soon as you feel the movement of grace at the beginning of your battle, come to My Heart. Feel and watch how it pours a drop of its Blood over your soul, and come to Me. You know where I am, under the veil of faith.... Lift it and, with complete confidence, tell Me all your sorrows, your miseries, your falls... Listen to My words with respect and do not fear for the past. My Heart has submerged it in the endless depths of My Mercy and My Love.

Your past life will give you the humility that will fill you. And if you want to give Me the best proof of love, trust Me and count on My forgiveness. Believe that your sins shall never be greater than My endless Mercy.

JESUS ON HIS WAY TO CALVARY

Let us continue, My little daughter. Follow Me on the way to Calvary, overwhelmed under the weight of the Cross....

While My Heart was absorbed with sadness for the eternal loss of Judas, the cruel executioners, insensitive to My pain, put over My wounded shoulders the hard and heavy Cross on which I was to consummate the mystery of the Redemption of the world.

Contemplate Me, Angels from Heaven. See the Creator of all the marvels; the God to whom all the heavenly spirits render adoration; the God walking towards Calvary and carrying on His shoulders the

holy and blessed log; the God who is going to receive His last breath.

Also look at Me, you souls who wish to be My faithful imitators. My Body, destroyed by so much torture, walks without strength, bathed in sweat and Blood.... I suffer, without anyone being sorry for My pain! The mob walks with Me and there is not a single person who feels pity for Me. They all surround Me like hungry wolves, wanting to devour their prey... All the demons came out of hell to make My suffering worse.

The fatigue that I feel is so great and the Cross so heavy that half-way through, I fall. See how those inhuman men lift Me up in the most brutal manner. One takes Me by the arm, another pulls My clothes that are stuck to My wounds, tearing them open again.... This one grabs Me by the neck, the other by the hair, others discharge with their fists and even with their feet terrible blows all over My Body. The Cross falls over Me and with its weight causes new wounds. My face brushes over the stones on the path and the blood which runs down My face sticks to My eyes that are almost closed because of the blows they have received; the dust and the mud mingle with the blood and I am turned into the most repugnant object.

My Father sends Angels to help Me support Myself so that My Body does not lose consciousness when it falls, so that the battle may not be won before its time and all My souls are lost.

I walk over the stones that destroy My feet. I stumble and fall time and time again. I look at both sides of the road, searching for a small look of love, of surrender, of union with My pain, but... I do not see anyone.

My children, you who follow in My footsteps, do not let go of your cross even if it seems so heavy. Do it for Me. In carrying your cross, you will help Me carry Mine, and on the difficult path, you will find My Mother and the holy souls who will give you support and comfort. Continue with Me for a few moments, and a few steps ahead you will see Me in the presence of My Holy Mother who, with her Heart pierced by pain, comes out to meet Me for two reasons: to get more strength to suffer at the sight of her God and, with her heroic attitude, to give her Son encouragement to continue His work of Redemption.

Consider the martyrdom of these two Hearts. What My Mother loves most is her Son.... She cannot ease My pains and she knows that her visit will make My sufferings much worse, but it will also increase My strength to fulfill the Will of the Father.

My Mother is My most beloved being on earth, and not only can I not console her, but the sad state in which she sees Me causes her heart a suffering as deep as Mine. She allows a sob to escape. She receives in her heart the death that I suffer in My Body. O, how her eyes are fixed on Me and Mine on her! We do not utter a single word, but our Hearts say many things in this painful gaze.

Yes, My Mother witnessed all the tortures of My Passion, which through Divine revelation were presented to her spirit. Several disciples, even though they remained far for fear of the Jews, tried to find out everything and would inform My Mother.... When she found out that the death sentence had already been given, she departed to meet Me and did not abandon Me until they placed Me in the grave.

JESUS IS HELPED TO CARRY THE CROSS

I am on My way to Calvary. Those wicked men, fearing to see Me die before reaching the end, look for someone to help Me carry the Cross, and from the vicinity they seized a man called Simon.

Look at him behind Me, helping Me carry the Cross, and above all consider two things: this man lacks good will, and is a mercenary because if he comes and shares with Me the weight of the Cross, it is because he has been requisitioned. For that reason, when he feels too tired, he lets the weight fall more on Me and thus, I fall to the ground twice.

This man helps Me carry part of the Cross but not My entire Cross.

There are souls that walk this way behind Me. They accept to help Me carry My Cross but they still worry about comfort and rest. Many others agree to follow Me and, with this end, they have embraced the perfect life. But they do not abandon their self-interests, which keep on being, in many cases, their priority. That is why they falter and drop My Cross when it weighs upon them too much. They look to suffer in the least possible way, they measure their self-denial, evade humiliation and fatigue as much as possible, and, remembering perhaps with sorrow, those whom they left behind, they try to obtain for themselves certain comforts and pleasures.

In a word, there are souls who are so selfish and egotistical that they have come, more for themselves than for Me, in pursuit of Me. They resign themselves only to give what bothers them and what they cannot put aside... They help Me carry only a very small part of My Cross, and in such a manner that they can hardly acquire the indispensable merits for their salvation. But in eternity, they will see how

far they have left the path that they should have traveled.

On the contrary, there are souls, and not few, who, moved by their desire for salvation but mainly for the love inspired by the vision of what I have suffered for them, decide to follow Me on the path to Calvary. They embrace the perfect life and give themselves to My service, not to help Me carry just a part of the Cross but all of it. Their only desire is to give Me rest and to console Me. They offer themselves to everything that My Will asks of them, searching for any thing that can please Me. They do not think about the merits or the reward that awaits them, nor the tiredness or the suffering that will follow. The only thing they are aware of is the love that they can show Me, and the comfort they give Me...

If My Cross is presented as an illness, if it is hidden under a job contrary to their inclinations and of little agreement with their abilities; if it comes accompanied by the absence of the people that surround them, they accepted it with total submission.

O! These are the souls that truly carry My Cross; they adore it. They take advantage of it, to make sure of My Glory without any other interest or payment other than My Love. They are the ones that consider Me and Glorify Me.

If you do not see the product of your sufferings, of your self-denial, or if you see it later, be certain that they have not been in vain and fruitless, but, on the contrary, the fruit shall be abundant.

The soul who truly loves, does not keep count of how much it has suffered or worked, nor does it expect this or that reward, but it only searches for that which it believes glorifies its God... For Him it spares neither labors nor weariness. It does not become agitated nor restless, far from it, for it does not lose its peace if it finds itself thwarted or humiliated because the only motive for its actions is love, and love abandons the consequences and the results. This is the goal for the souls who do not seek rewards. The only thing that they hope for is My Glory, My comfort, My rest, and, for that reason they have taken My Cross and all the weight that My Will wants to load upon them.

My children, call Me by My name, for Jesus means everything. I will wash your feet, those feet that have stepped on a slippery path and are now wounded by the blows against the rocks. I will wipe away your tears, cure you, kiss you, and you will remain healthy and know no other path but the one that leads you to Me.

We are now at Calvary! The mob is excited because the terrible moment is near.... Exhausted by fatigue, I can hardly walk. My feet bleed because of the stones on the way... Three times I have fallen along the way: one to give sinners used to sinning the strength to convert; another to encourage the souls that fall because of being frail, and the souls blinded by sadness and restlessness, to get up and embark with courage upon the path of virtue; and the third, to help souls depart from sin at the hour of their death.

JESUS IS NAILED TO THE CROSS

Look with what cruelty these hardened men surround Me. Some pull the Cross and lay it on the ground; others tear off My clothes that adhere to the wounds that open again and blood oozes out.

Look, beloved children, at how much shame and confusion I suffer seeing Myself this way before that immense mob.... What pain for My soul!

The executioners tear off My tunic and toss lots for it; this tunic with which My Mother covered Me with so much care during My childhood, and had grown in size as I had. What would be My Mother's sorrow as she contemplates this scene?

How she would have desired to keep that tunic, now stained and soaked with My Blood.

But the hour has arrived and the executioners stretching Me on the Cross, take and pull My arms to make them reach the holes prepared in it. All My Body is breaking, it swings from side to side and the thorns of the crown penetrate even deeper into My head. Listen to the first blow of the hammer that nails My right hand... it resounds to the depths of the earth. Listen some more... they are nailing My left hand and, at the presence of such a spectacle, the heavens tremble, and the Angels prostrate themselves. I keep the most profound silence. Neither a complaint, nor a moan escapes My lips, but My tears mingle with the Blood that covers My face.

After they have nailed My hands, they cruelly pull My feet... My wounds open, the nerves in My hands and arms tear, the bones are dislocated... The pain is intense!

My feet are nailed and My Blood soaks the earth!...

Contemplate for a moment these bloodstained hands and feet... This naked body, covered with wounds, with urine, and blood. Dirty... This head punctured by sharp thorns, soaked in sweat, full of dust, and covered in Blood...

Admire the silence, the patience, and the conformity with which I accept this suffering. Who suffers like this, a victim of such humiliation? He is the Son of God! He who made the heavens, the earth, the seas, and all that exists... The One who created man, the One who sustains all with His infinite power... He is there immobile, despised, stripped, and followed by a multitude of souls that will abandon: worldly possessions, family, country, honors, well-being, glory, and whatever may be necessary to give Him Glory and show Him the love owed Him...

Be attentive, Heavenly Angels, and you too, souls who love Me... The soldiers are going to turn the cross around, to rivet the nails so that they do not come out from the weight of My Body and may allow Me to fall. My Body is going to give the earth the kiss of peace. And while the hammering rings out through space, at the top of Calvary the most admirable spectacle is fulfilled... At the request of My Mother who, contemplating all that was happening and being unable to give Me relief, implores the Mercy of My Heavenly Father... Legions of Angels come down to adore My Body, and to sustain it so as not to touch the earth and, to avoid its being crushed by the weight of the Cross.

Contemplate your Jesus, hanging on the Cross, without being able to make the slightest movement... naked, without fame, without honor, without liberty... They have snatched everything from Him! There is no one who takes pity and feels sorry for His pain! He only receives tortures, ridicule, and mockery!

If you truly love Me, will you be ready to be like Me? What will you refuse in order to obey Me, to please Me, to console Me?...

Prostrate yourself to the ground and let Me tell you a few words:

May My Will triumph in you!

May My Love destroy you!

May your misery glorify Me!

JESUS PRONOUNCES HIS LAST WORDS

My daughter, you have heard and seen My sufferings, accompany Me till the end and share My pain.

My Cross is now raised. Here is the hour of the Redemption of the world!

I am the spectacle of jeers for the mob... but I am also admired and loved by the souls. This Cross, up to now an instrument of torture where criminals

expired, is going to be, from now on, the light and peace of the world.

Sinners will find forgiveness and life in My Holy Scriptures. My Blood will wash and erase the stains of their sins. The pure souls will come to My Sacred Wounds to refresh themselves and to burn in My Love. In them they will take refuge and will make their dwelling forever.

Father, forgive them for they know not what they do, they have not known the One who is their life... They have unleashed onto Him all the fury of their iniquities. But I beg of You O My Father! Release onto them the power of Your Mercy

Today you will be with Me in Paradise, because your faith in the Mercy of your Savior has erased your crimes. Mercy leads you to eternal life

Woman, there is your Son! Mother of Mine, there are My brothers! Guard them, love them... they are not alone

O, you, for whom I have given My life, you now have a Mother to whom you can appeal for all your needs. I have united all of you with the tightest bonds when I gave you My own Mother.

The soul now has a right to say to its God “**Why have you forsaken me?**” In effect, after I fulfilled the mystery of Redemption, man has become God’s son again, brother of Jesus, and inheritor of eternal life...

O Father of Mine... **I am thirsty for Your Glory** ... and the hour has arrived. From now on, fulfilling My words, the world will know that You are the One who sent Me, and You will be glorified!

I am thirsty for Your Glory, thirsty for souls... And to quench this thirst, I have poured out My Blood unto the last drop! For this reason I can say: **All is fulfilled.** The great mystery of Love has now been fulfilled; the mystery for which God surrendered to the world His own Son in order to give Life back to man... I came to earth to do Your Will, O My Father. It is now fulfilled!

To Thee I give My soul. In this way the souls who accomplish My Will can say in truthfulness: “All is consummated...” **My Lord and My God, receive My soul... I place it in Your beloved hands.**

I offered My death to My Father for the dying souls, and they will have Life. In the last cry I gave from the Cross, I embraced all of humanity: past, present, and future. The piercing spasm with which I released Myself from earth, was received by My Father with infinite Love, and all of Heaven exulted for it because My Humanity was entering into Glory. At the same instant in which I surrendered My Spirit, a multitude of souls met Me: those who desired Me centuries ago and those who desired Me a few

months or days ago, but all of them desired Me intensely. This single joy was enough for all the hardships suffered by Me.

You should know that in memory of that joyful meeting, I have decided to assist the dying and many times do so even visibly. I give them salvation to honor those who lovingly received Me in Heaven. So pray for these dying people, because I love them very much. As many times as you offer the last cry that I gave to the Father, you will be heard because through it, many souls are given to Me.

It was a moment of joy when all the Heavenly Court, who had vibrantly gathered together to await My death, was presented to Me. But among all the souls who surrounded Me, one was particularly overwhelmed, overwhelmed so much, that it sparkled in joy, in love... It was Joseph who, more than anyone else, understood the Glory I had acquired after such hard battles. He led all the souls who were waiting for Me; he was granted to be My first Ambassador to Limbo. The Angels, in their order, rendered Me honor in such a way that My Humanity, already resplendent, was surrounded by innumerable Saints who exalted and adored Me.

My children, there are no glorious crosses on earth; they are all wrapped in mystery, in darkness, in exasperation. In mystery, because you do not understand it; in darkness, because it confuses the mind; and in exasperation, because it strikes exactly in places where it does not want to strike.

Do not lament; do not delay. I tell you that not only did I carry the wooden cross that led Me to Glory, but, above all, that invisible but permanent Cross that was formed by the crosses of your sins. Yes, and of your sufferings. Everything that you suffer was the object of My sorrows, for I not only suffered to give you Redemption, but also for what you should suffer today. Look at the love that unites Me to you; in it have the confirmation of My Holy Will and unite yourselves to Me, observing how I acted among limitless bitterness.

I have taken as a symbol a piece of wood, a cross. I have carried it with great love, for the good of all. I have suffered real affliction so that every one could be joyful with Me. But today, how many believe in Him who truly loved you and loves you? Contemplate Me in the image of the Christ who cries and bleeds. There and in this way the world has Me.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS

Holy Friday was followed by the glorious dawn of the Sunday of the Resurrection. If I have decided

not to destroy the world, it means that I want to renew it and rejuvenate it. The old trees need to lose their leaves and be pruned so that they can give new sprouts. And the old branches, the dry leaves, are to be burned.

Separate the young goats from the lambs, so that they can find ready and well prepared fertile pastures where they can appease their taste and drink from the clean fountains of water of Salvation... It is My redeeming Blood that waters the arid lands that have become the deserts of the world of souls. And this Blood will always run over the earth as long as there is one man to save.

Beloved spouse, I desire what you do not want, but I can do what you could not obtain. Your mission is to have Me loved by souls, and to teach them to live with Me. I have not died on the Cross, and gone through a thousand tortures to populate Hell with souls, but rather, to populate Heaven with chosen ones.

God The Father

I see My Son, trembling in the shadows of Gethsemane, coming down from Heaven and taking the shape and substance of My creature, who thought and still thinks he can rebel against his Creator. The man, that lonely and confused man, is the designated victim, and as such, with His own Blood, has had to cleanse all of humanity which He represents. He trembles and is horrified at feeling Himself covered, even seeing Himself dominated, by the inconceivable mass of sins that had to be taken from the darkened consciences of millions and millions of dirty creatures.

Poor Son of Mine, Love has taken You to this and now you are frightened by it. Who should glorify You in Heaven when, radiantly, you come back to it? Can any creature give You praise worthy of You, love worthy of You? And what is the praise and love of man, of millions of men, in comparison with the Love in which You have accepted the most tremendous of tests that could ever exist on earth? No, My beloved Son, nobody but Your Father could equal You in Love, nobody but I, who in My Spirit of Love, can praise and Love You for Your sacrifice that night.

You have reached, beloved Son of Mine in whom I rest all My benevolence, the spasm of death by surviving the very bitter agony in the Garden. You have reached, in the sphere of Your humanity real and whole, the height of the great passion that a human heart can have: to suffer for the offences done

to Me, but to suffer for them with the purest and intense Love that there is in You. Trembling, You have reached the limit through which humanity should reach complete Redemption. You, beloved Son, have conquered with a bloody sweat, not only Your brothers' souls, but even more, Your own personal Glory that should elevate You, man, equal with Me, God like You.

You have drawn in Me the most perfect Justice, and the most perfect Love. At that time they represented the scum of the world, and You became it through Your voluntary and free acceptance. You are now, among all, My honor, glory, and joy. You were not My offender, not You. You have always been My Beloved Son, in whom I have placed My pleasures. You were not the scum because even then I saw You as You have always been: My Light, My Word, that is, Myself. Son, You, who trembled and succumbed for My honor, deserved that your Father make You known to the world, to that blind world, which offends Us and even then is so loved by Us!

O, Beloved Son, I see You and will always see You in that night of Your bitterness, and I have You always in mind! Because of Your love I am reconciled to the creatures and with the creatures. You could not raise Your face to Me; it was so covered with their faults. Now, to please You, I make them raise their faces to Us so that by a glimpse of Your Light, they remain captives of Our Love.

Now, My Son, always so beloved, I will do what I told You then in the shadow of Gethsemane, and they will be great things to give You joy and honor.

The Blessed Mother

THE SORROWS OF THE VIRGIN MARY

Many prophets spoke about me: they prophesied that it was necessary for me to suffer to become worthy of being the Mother of God. On earth they anticipated knowledge of me but it had to be in a very guarded way. Later the Evangelists talked about me, especially Luke, my beloved physician - more of souls than of bodies. Afterwards some devotions were started that had as a basis the sorrows and pains I suffered. And thus it is commonly believed and thought that I experienced seven main sorrows.

My children, your Mother has rewarded and will reward the efforts and love that you have had for me. But as Jesus did, I want to talk to you more extensively about my sorrows. Then, you will talk to

your brethren about them, and at last everyone will imitate Me. Because of what I suffered, I am continuously praising Jesus and seek nothing but only that He be glorified in me.

See, little children, it is sad to talk about these things to my own children, because every mother keeps her sorrows to herself. And this I dutifully did in the course of my mortal life; therefore, my wish as a mother has been respected by God. Now that I am here, where the smile is eternal, and having, as all mothers, already concealed the sorrows that I experienced, I should talk about them so that as my children you may know something about my life.

I know the fruits that you will gain from it and how they please Jesus, My beloved Son. I will talk about them as soon as you can understand me.

My Jesus said, "Whoever is first, make yourself last", and He truly did it because He is the first in the House of God, but He came down to the last step. Now, because of love, I will not take away from Him this first and last place that belongs to Him. Rather, I strive to make you understand this truth, and my joy will be greater when you are convinced, not through the path of simple knowledge but through means of a deep-rooted and profound conviction. May He be first and we the last.

If He was the first, there should be a second one in the ladder of love and glory and; therefore, of lowliness and humiliation. You have now understood: that being should be me. Little children, praise God who having created an enormous distance between Jesus and me, still wanted to place me immediately next to Him.

My children, what appears to the world is not what is most important before God. Having been chosen Mother of God implied for me grave sacrifices and resignations, and the first one was this: knowing through Gabriel the election made in the intimacy of God. I had wanted to remain in a state of humble knowledge and concealment in God. I wanted this more than anything else because it was my delight to know myself as last in everything.

Upon knowing the choice of God, I answered, as you know, but it was difficult to rise up to the dignity for which I was called.

Little children, do you understand my first sorrow of which I speak? Reflect on it, give your Mother the great delight of esteeming that humbleness which I so much esteemed above my virginity. Yes, I was and am the slave to whom anything can be asked of, and I accepted only because my surrender was the same degree as my love.

You enjoyed, O God, elevating me to You, and I enjoyed accepting because my obedience was pleasing to You. But You know how sorrowful it was for me, and that same sorrow is now before You in need of light for these children, whom You love and whom I love. I am the slave, O Children of mine, and as it was done unto me, let it now, without doubt, be done to you all that God wants!

The acceptance gave God the answer that will give men access to the Redemption, and in this was verified that admirable phrase: "Here is a Virgin who shall conceive and give birth to a Son who shall be called Emmanuel."

The acceptance to become the Mother of Emmanuel, involved my gift to the Son of God in such a way that His Mother would bestow herself to Him, before the Humanity of Jesus would form in me. That is why my gift was the result of the Grace, and also the reason for the Grace. And the precedence should be recognized that God is the foremost reason; nevertheless, it should be affirmed that my acceptance acted in the plan of Grace as an accompanying reason.

They call me Co-Redemptrix for the sorrows I have suffered; but I was so, even before, because of the gift I had made through Gabriel. O, my divine Son! How much honor you have wanted to give your Mother in compensation for the great sorrow I suffered in rising to the dignity of your Mother!

You, little children, are blind in the world, but when you see, wonderful things will become incentives for your joy for me. You will see what unity of glory and humility there is here where my Jesus is the sun that is never hidden. You will see how wise a design was carried out through my renouncement, to the lowliness of hiding.

But now, hear me. As my maternity was advancing, I had to talk to some of my loved ones about the honor I had received and I did so concealing as much as I could. I lamented the renounced triumph of the secret in God because God Himself should be glorified in me.

However, very soon I had the joy of knowing that I was considered as a woman amongst many. My soul rejoiced because the Slave of God, who wanted humiliations as only I could, was being trampled on before the world. When Joseph hid, I did not suffer, I truly rejoiced. Do not say that I suffered then because that is not true.

That was how God satisfied my desire for humiliations. This was the Lord's compensation for becoming the Mother of God: to be considered as a fallen woman. Daughter, learn the knowledge of

love, learn to esteem holy humility, and do not fear because it is a virtue that shines with sparkling light.

When the marriage took place, I had no problems. I knew how things would be and I feared nothing. Indeed, God gives, to those who give themselves entirely to Him, a perfect place in the most inconsistent situations, as was mine: I was forced by human obligation to marry a man, even when I knew that I could belong only to God.

I suffered so many sorrows on earth! It is not easy being Mother of the Highest, I assure you. But neither can it be called difficult that which is done for the purest of ends and to be pleasing to God. Remember it!

Have you ever thought what it was that caused me the most sorrow on that Holy Night in Bethlehem? You distract your mind with the stable, with the manger, and with the poverty. I, on the other hand, tell you that I spent that night in complete ecstasy of my Son. And even though I had to do what every mother does with her small child, I did not abandon my ecstasy, my bliss. And so, the only thing that caused me sorrow that night of love was seeing the affliction of my poor Joseph on looking for a refuge, any place, for me. Conscious of what was to happen and Who would come to earth, my beloved husband, on seeing that I was confused, became anguished and I felt much sympathy for him. Later, we were filled with joy and we forgot every worry.

We fled to Egypt and all that is possible has been said about this, even though some center their imagination upon the fatigue of the journey more than upon the fear of a mother who knew that she possessed the greatest treasure in Heaven and Earth.

Later living in Nazareth, little Jesus was growing up full of life and, at that time, He caused us few and minimum worries. Every mother knows what it is like to wish for the health of her own child, and how a very simple thing looks like a great dark cloud. My Boy went through all the epidemics and childhood illnesses of those times. Like every mother, I could not be immune to any of the anxieties that a mother's heart goes through.

But one day the very dark cloud that darkened the festive light of the Mother of God arrived. That cloud is called losing Jesus.... No poet or master of the spirit could imagine Mary when she knew that she had lost her adored Son and had no news of Him until three days later... Little children, do not be amazed at my words, I experienced the greatest confusion of my life. You have not reflected enough on those words of mine: "Son, your father and I have

been looking for you for three days. Why have You done this to us?" My God, now that I speak to these beloved children, I cannot stop praising You. You who hid to make us feel the delight of finding You. O! In what other way could it be possible to know the sweetness that a glass full of honey puts in the soul as when she embraces her All?

You see, I also tell you about my joys; but not without reason do I relate and join together the joys and sorrows. Draw benefits, in the best way possible, from all that happened. God hides in order to be found. Some know this truth, others thinking about that terrible sorrow of having lost Jesus, do everything to find Him. You should not stay inert and overwhelmed.

Your Mother would like to save you from dealing with so much that is still to be said. First, there are things never announced and; therefore, not yet appreciated. Secondly, by knowing them, you will have to join me in suffering and painful considerations. Moreover, everything that my Jesus wants, has been said without any opposition whatsoever.

Do you think that I spent our family life peacefully in Nazareth? It was peaceful in virtue of the uniformity with the love of God. But from the creatures, there was so much trouble!

Our unique way of living was noticed, and as a result we were ridiculed publicly. I was considered excessive because of the fact that when Jesus left the house, I could not contain My tears, and Jesus went out frequently. Joseph was harassed as if he were a slave to Jesus and me. What could the world understand? We left all the care to the One who lived amongst us, adored in all His manifestations.

What a beloved Son that young Boy was; more handsome than the sea, wiser than Solomon, and stronger than Samson. All the mothers would have taken Him away from me; such was the charm that surrounded Him. The small minded covered me with soothing judgments; however, they did not spare criticism toward the never tiring father whom they thought was subject to his faithful but jealous wife. Everyone was familiar with my wholeness, but they all thought it to be a common and selfish passion.

This, my little children, is what is not known. This happened between a world that could not see nor understand, and His purest Mother. Jesus kept quiet, without encouraging me, because the Mother of God had to go through the crucible, that is, as one woman amongst many from whom opinions should not be spared.

Admire the Wisdom of God in these things and find the Divine meaning, which joins the greatest of sublimity to the tests that are more painful in relation with such sublimity, because every abyss calls upon another abyss and every depth calls upon its depth.

The hour of separation has come, the hour for Jesus' action. With it, the feared day of the departure from Nazareth arrived.

Jesus had spoken extensively to me of His mission and of the fruits that it would give Him and everyone; He had made me love it beforehand. It was necessary, therefore, for us to separate, even if for a short time... He said goodbye, kissed us, and went forward to His mission as teacher of humanity. But His departure did not go unnoticed in the small village where Jesus was so loved.

There were gestures of affection, of blessings and, since they did not know the good that Jesus was going to do, a loss was foreseen by these people of small intellect but generous at heart.

And I, amongst so many manifestations, how did I feel? A thousand affections rushed upon me, but He did not delay His departure by a minute. My Jesus knew what awaited Him after His preaching. He had told me so many times and so profusely of the treachery of the Pharisees and the others. And now you see Him leaving, alone without me to fulfill His mandate; without me who had made Him grow with the warmth of my heart; without me who adored Him like no one would ever adore Him!

Later I followed Him. I found Him when he was surrounded by so many people that it was not possible for me to see Him. And He, truly the Son of God, gave His Mother a sublime answer as was His wisdom, but it pierced this maternal heart from side to side. Yes I understood Him completely, but that did not free me from sorrows. To the human relationship, He countered the Divine in which I was included, it is true; nevertheless, the remarks of the others hurt Me.

The initial blow was followed by the joy of seeing His greatness, of seeing Him honored, venerated, and loved by the people; and quickly this wound also healed.

I traveled the paths with Him, enthralled with His knowledge, comforted with His teachings, and I never tired of loving and admiring Him.

Then came His first friction with the Sanhedrin. The miracle happened: the miracle that raised so much ado in the minds of the proud Jewish priests. He was hated, persecuted, spied upon, and tempted. And I? I knew everything and from then on, with open arms, I offered the holocaust of my Son, His

surrender, and His horrible and ignominious death into the hands of the Father. I already knew about Judas; I knew the tree from which the wood would be taken for my Son's Cross.

You cannot imagine the intimate tragedy that I lived together with my Jesus, in order for the Redemption to be fulfilled.

I had said before: Co-redemptrix. For this, the usual sorrows were not enough. A more intimate union to His great suffering was necessary, so that all men should be redeemed. So, as I went from town to town with Him, I became more and more informed about the heartbroken cries that My Son poured out during so many sleepless nights that He spent in prayer and meditation. Before me every state of mind of His was revealed and truly my Calvary and my Cross began then.

So many considerations increased my sorrows each day that I was His Mother and yours! So many sins, all the sins; so much sorrow, all the sorrows; so many thorns, all the thorns; Jesus was not alone. He knew it, and felt it. He saw His Mother in continuous union with Him. He was afflicted by it, more so, because my suffering was for Him the greatest suffering.

My Son, my adored Son, if only these sons and daughters knew what happened then between You and me!...

And the hour of the holocaust came after the sweetness of the Paschal Supper. And after that, I had to rejoin the people. I, who loved and adored Him in a unique way, had to be far from Him. Do you understand, O my children?

I knew that Judas was taking his treacherous steps and there was nothing I could do; and I knew that Jesus had sweated Blood in the Garden and there was nothing I could do for Him. Then they arrested Him, insulted Him, and wickedly condemned Him.

I cannot tell you everything. I shall only say that my Heart was in turmoil with continuous anxiety; a seat of continuous bitterness, uncertainties, a place of desolation, tired and disconsolate. And all the souls that later would be lost? And all the simony and sacrilegious interchanges?

O children of my sorrows! If today you were given the graces of suffering for me, bless the One who gave them to you with fervor, and sacrifice yourselves without doubt.

You think about my greatness, my beloved children. It helps you to think about it; but listen to me: do not think about me, but about Him. I would like to be forgotten, if it were possible! Give all your

compassion to Him, to my Jesus, to your Jesus, to Jesus, your love and mine.

Thus, little children, the sorrow of my Heart was a continuous sword that pierced my soul, my life. I felt it, while Jesus did not. He comforted me with His Resurrection, when my immense joy suddenly healed all the wounds that bled within me. "My Son," I kept repeating. Why so much desolation? Your Mother is near You. Is my love not enough? How many times did I comfort You in Your afflictions? And now, can Your Mother not give You some relief? O Father of my Jesus, I do not want anything more than what You want. You know it; but see if so many afflictions can have some relief. The Mother of Your Son asks this from You.

And now on Calvary I protested: "My God, return to those eyes that I adore the light that you imprinted in them since the day that You gave Him to me! Divine Father, see the horror of that holy face! Can you not at least wipe away so much Blood? O Father of My Son, O Spouse my love, O You Yourself, Word who wanted to have humanity from me! May the prayer of those arms opened up to Heaven and on earth be the supplication of His and my acceptance!

Look, O God, to what that One whom You love has been reduced to! It is His Mother who asks You to alleviate so much sadness. After a short time, I will be without Him. Thus my promise, which I offered from my Heart when in the Temple, will be fulfilled entirely. Yes, I will remain alone, but lighten His pain without attending to mine...



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