



Fifteenth Hour: 7 to 8 AM

Jesus before Pilate.

Pilate sends Him to Herod

My bound Good, Jesus, your enemies, together with the priests, present You to Pilate; and faking sanctity and scrupulousness, because they have to celebrate the Passover, they remain outside the lobby. And You, my Love, seeing the depth of their malice, repair for all the hypocrisies of the religious body. I too repair together with You. But while You occupy Yourself with their good, they begin to accuse You before Pilate, vomiting all the poison they have against You.

Showing himself unsatisfied with the accusations they make against You, Pilate calls You aside, to be able to condemn You with reason, and, alone, he examines You and asks You: "Are you the king of the Jews?"

And You, Jesus, my true King, answer: "My Kingdom is not of this world; otherwise, thousands of legions of Angels would defend Me."

And Pilate, moved by the sweetness and the dignity of your words, surprised, says to You: "So, you are a king?"

And You: "You say it - I am, and I have come into the world to teach the Truth."

Without wanting to know anything else, convinced of your innocence, Pilate goes out to the lobby and says: "I find no guilt in this man."

Enraged, the Jews accuse You of many other things, and You remain silent; You do not defend Yourself. You repair for the weaknesses of the judges, when they are faced by the arrogant; You repair for their injustices, and You pray for the innocent, oppressed and abandoned.

Then, seeing the fury of your enemies, Pilate sends You to Herod, to get rid of You.

Jesus before Herod

My Divine King, I want to repeat your prayers and reparations, as I accompany You to Herod.

I see that your enemies, enraged, would want to devour You, and they lead You among insults, mockeries and derisions. So, they make You arrive before Herod, who, swelling up, asks You many questions. You do not answer him and do not even look at him. And Herod, irritated because he does not see his curiosity satisfied, and feeling humiliated by your long silence, declares to all that You are crazy and mindless, and he orders that You be treated as such. And to mock You, he has You clothed with a white garment, and he delivers You into the hands of the soldiers, that they may do with You the worst they can.

My innocent Jesus, no one finds guilt in You – only the Jews, because their faked religiosity does not deserve that the light of Truth may shine in their minds.

My Jesus, infinite Wisdom, how much it costs You being declared insane! Abusing You, the soldiers cast You to the ground, trample You, smear You with spit, despise You, beat You with rods, and the blows are so many that You feel You are dying. The pains, the ignominies, the humiliations they inflict on You, are so great and so many that the Angels weep, and cover their faces with their wings in order not to see them.

My crazy Jesus, I too want to call You crazy – but crazy with love. And your folly of love is such that, instead of becoming upset, You pray and repair for the ambitions of the kings and of the leaders, who aspire to kingdoms for the ruin of the peoples; for the many slaughters they cause, and the so much blood they cause to be shed for their whims; for the sins committed in the courts, in the palaces, and in the militia.

My Jesus, how tender it is to see You pray and repair in the midst of so many outrages! Your voice resounds in my heart, and I follow whatever You do. And now, let me place myself at your side, share in your pains, and console You with my love. Driving the enemies away from You, I take You in my arms to refresh You, and to kiss your forehead.

My sweet Love, I see that they give You no peace – Herod sends You to Pilate. If coming was painful, going back will be more tragic, because I see that the Jews are more furious than before, and they are determined to make You die at any cost.

Therefore, before You leave the palace of Herod, I want to kiss You to prove my love to You, in the midst of so many pains. And You, strengthen me with your kiss and with your blessing, that I may follow You before Pilate.

Reflections and Practices

Presented to Pilate, in the midst of many insults and scorns, Jesus is always sweet; He disdains no one, and tries to make the light of truth shine in everyone. Do we feel the same with everyone? Do we try to conquer our natural evil if someone does not sympathize with us? In dealing with creatures, do we always try to make Jesus known, and to make the light of truth shine in them?

O Jesus, sweet Life of mine, place your word on my lips, and let me always speak with your tongue.

Clothed as a madman before Herod, Jesus remains silent, suffering unheard-of pains. And we - when we are slandered, mocked, insulted or derided, do we think that the Lord wants to give us a divine likeness? In the pains, in the scorns, and in all that our poor heart may feel, do we think that it is Jesus who gives us sorrow with His touch, who transforms us into Himself with His touch, and gives us His likeness? And as suffering returns to us, do we think that Jesus, in looking at us, is not satisfied with us, and therefore gives us another squeeze in order to render us completely like Him?

Following the example of Jesus, can we say that we have dominion over ourselves; and that, in adversities, we prefer to remain silent instead of answering? Do we ever let ourselves be overcome by curiosity? In every pain that we may suffer, we must place the intention that it be a life which we give to Jesus in order to plead for souls. Placing souls in the Will of God, our pain becomes a circle, in which we enclose God and the souls in order to join them to Jesus.

+ My Love and my All, You alone, take dominion over this heart of mine and keep it in your hands, so that in any encounter I may copy within me your infinite patience.