



Second Hour: 6 to 7 PM

## **Jesus departs from His Most Holy Mother and sets out for the Cenacle**

My adorable Jesus, as I have shared in your sufferings together with You, and in those of your afflicted Mama, I see that You are about to leave to go there, where the Will of the Father calls You. The love between Son and Mother is so great as to render You inseparable, so You leave Yourself in the Heart of your Mama, and the Queen and sweet Mama places Herself into yours; otherwise it would have been impossible for You to separate. But then, blessing each other, You give Her the last kiss to strengthen Her in the bitter pains She is about to suffer; and giving Her your last good-bye, You leave.

But the paleness of your face, your trembling lips, your suffocated voice, as though wanting to burst into tears in saying good-bye – ah, everything tells me how much You love Her and how much You suffer in leaving Her!

But to fulfill the Will of the Father, with your Hearts fused into each other, You submit Yourselves to everything, wanting to repair for those who, unwilling to overcome the tendernesses of relatives and friends, and bonds and attachments, do not care about fulfilling the Holy Will of God and corresponding to the state of sanctity to which God calls them. What sorrow do these souls not give You, in rejecting from their hearts the love You want to give them, contenting themselves with the love of creatures!

My lovable Love, as I repair with You, allow me to remain with your Mama in order to console Her and sustain Her, while You leave. Then I will hasten my steps to come and reach You. But to my greatest sorrow, I see that my anguishing Mama shivers, and Her pain is such that, as She tries to say good-bye to Her Son, Her voice dies on Her lips, and She is unable to utter a word. She is about to faint, and in Her swoon of love, She says: “My Son, my Son! I bless You! What a bitter separation – more cruel than any death!” But the pain yet prevents Her from uttering a word, and makes Her mute!

Disconsolate Queen, let me sustain You, dry your tears and compassionate You in your

bitter sorrow! My Mama, I will not leave You alone; and You - take me with You and teach me, in these moments so painful for You and for Jesus, what I have to do, how to defend Him, repair Him and console Him, and whether I must lay down my life to defend His.

No, I will not move from under your mantle. At your wish, I will fly to Jesus; I will bring Him your love, your affections, your kisses together with mine, and I will place them in each wound, in every drop of His Blood, in every pain and insult, so that, in feeling the kisses and the love of His Mama in each pain, His sufferings may be sweetened. Then I will come again under your mantle, bringing You His kisses to sweeten your pierced Heart. My Mama, my heart is pounding, I want to go to Jesus. And as I kiss your maternal hands, bless me as You blessed Jesus, and allow me to go to Him.

My sweet Jesus, love directs me toward your steps and I reach You, as You walk along the streets of Jerusalem together with your beloved disciples. I look at You and I see You still pale. I hear your voice, sweet, yes, but sad - so much as to break the heart of your disciples, who feel troubled.

"This is the last time", You say, "that I walk along these streets by Myself. Tomorrow I will walk through them, bound and dragged among a thousand insults". And pointing out the places where You will be most insulted and tortured, You continue: "My life down here is about to set, just as the sun is now setting, and tomorrow at this hour I will no longer be here! But, like sun, I will rise again on the third day!"

At your words, the Apostles become sad and taciturn, not knowing what to answer. But You add: "Courage, do not lose heart; I will not leave you, I will be always with you. But it is necessary that I die for the good of you all."

In saying these words, You are moved, but with trembling voice You continue to instruct them. And before enclosing Yourself in the cenacle, You look at the sun which is setting, just as your life is setting; You offer your steps for those who find themselves at the setting of their lives, giving them the grace to let them set in You, and repairing for those who, in spite of the sorrows and disillusion of life, are obstinate in not wanting to surrender to You.

Then You look at Jerusalem again, the center of your prodigies and of the predilections of your Heart - Jerusalem which, in return, is preparing your cross and sharpening the nails to commit the deicide; and You tremble, your Heart breaks - and You cry over its destruction.

With this, You repair for many souls consecrated to You, whom You tried to form with so much care as portents of your love, but ungrateful and unrequiting, they make You suffer more bitternesses! I want to repair together with You, to sweeten the stabbing of your Heart.

But I see that You are horrified at the sight of Jerusalem, and withdrawing your gaze, You enter the cenacle. My Love, hold me tightly to your Heart, that I may make your bitternesses my own, to offer them together with You. And You, look with pity upon my

soul, and pouring your love into it - bless me.

## **Reflections and Practices**

*Jesus promptly departs from His Mother, although His most tender Heart undergoes a shock.*

*Are we ready to sacrifice even the most legitimate and holy affections in order to fulfill the Divine Volition?*

*(Let us examine ourselves especially in the cases of separation from the sense of the Divine Presence and from sensible devotion).*

*Jesus did not take His last steps in vain. In them, He glorified the Father and asked for the salvation of souls. We must place in our steps the same intentions which Jesus placed - that is, to sacrifice ourselves for the glory of the Father and for the good of souls. We must also imagine placing our steps in those of Jesus Christ; and as Jesus Christ did not take them in vain, but enclosed in His steps those of creatures, repairing for all their missteps, to give the glory due to the Father, and life to all the missteps of creatures so that they might walk along the path of good - we should do it in the same way, placing our steps in those of Jesus Christ with His own intentions.*

*Do we walk on the street modest and composed, so as to be an example for others? As the afflicted Jesus walked, He talked to the Apostles every once in a while, speaking to them about His imminent Passion. What do we say in our conversations?*

*When the opportunity arises, do we make the Passion of the Divine Redeemer the object of our conversations?*

*In seeing the Apostles sad and discouraged, loving Jesus tried to comfort them. Do we place in our conversations the intention of relieving Jesus Christ? Do we try to do them in the Will of God, infusing in others the spirit of Jesus Christ?*

*Jesus goes to the Cenacle. We must enclose our thoughts, affections, heartbeats, prayers, actions, food and work in the Heart of Jesus Christ in the act of operating. By doing this, our actions will acquire the divine attitude. However, since it is difficult to always keep this divine attitude, because it is hard for the soul to fuse her acts continuously in Him, the soul can compensate with the attitude of her good will. Jesus will be very pleased. He will become the vigilant sentry of each of her thoughts, words and heartbeats. He will place these acts as cortege inside and outside of Himself, watching them with great love, as the fruit of the good will of the creature.*

*When then the soul, fusing herself in Him, does her immediate acts with Jesus, good Jesus will feel so attracted toward that soul that He will do what she does together with her,*

*turning the work of the creature into Divine work. All this is the effect of the Goodness of God which takes everything into account and rewards everything, even a tiny act in the Will of God, so that the creature may not be defrauded of anything.*

**+ O my Life and my All, may your steps direct mine, and as I tread the earth, let my thoughts be in Heaven!**