



Fourth Hour: 8 to 9 PM

The Eucharistic Supper

My sweet Love, always insatiable in your love, I see that as You finish the legal supper together with your dear disciples, You stand up, and united with them, You raise the hymn of thanksgiving to the Father for having given you food, wanting to repair for all the lack of thanksgiving of creatures, and for all the means He gives us for the preservation of corporal life. This is why, O Jesus, in anything You do, touch or see, You always have on your lips the words, "Thanks be to You, O Father". I too, Jesus, united with You, take the words from your very lips, and I will say, always and in everything: "Thank You for myself and for all", in order to continue the reparations for the lack of thanksgiving.

The washing of the feet

But, O my Jesus, it seems that your love has no respite. I see that You make your beloved disciples sit down again; You take a bucket of water, wrap a white cloth around your waist and prostrate Yourself at the Apostles' feet, with a gesture so humble as to draw the attention of all Heaven, and to make It remain ecstatic. The Apostles themselves stay almost motionless in seeing You prostrate at their feet. But tell me, my Love, what do You want? What do You intend to do with this act so humble? Humility never before seen, and which will never be seen!

"Ah, my child, I want all souls, and prostrate at their feet like a poor beggar, I ask for them, I importune them and, crying, I plot love traps around them in order to obtain them!

Prostrate at their feet, with this bucket of water mixed with my tears, I want to wash them of any imperfection and prepare them to receive Me in the Sacrament.

I so much cherish this act of receiving Me in the Eucharist, that I do not want to entrust this office to the angels, and not even to my dear Mama, but I Myself want to purify them, down to the most intimate fibers, in order to dispose them to receive the fruit of the

Sacrament; and in the Apostles I intended to prepare all souls.

I intend to repair for all the holy works and for the administration of Sacraments, especially those made by priests with a spirit of pride, empty of divine spirit and of disinterest. Ah, how many good works reach Me more to dishonor Me than to honor Me! More to embitter Me than to please Me! More to give Me death than to give Me life! These are the offenses which sadden Me the most. Ah, yes, my child, count all the most intimate offenses which they give Me, and repair with my own reparations. Console my embittered Heart."

O my afflicted Good, I make your life my own, and together with You I intend to repair for all these offenses. I want to enter into the most intimate hiding places of your Divine Heart and repair with your own Heart for the most intimate and secret offenses, which You receive from your dearest ones. O my Jesus, I want to follow You in everything, and together with You I want to go through all the souls who are about to receive You in the Eucharist, enter into their hearts, and place my hands together with yours, to purify them.

O please, O Jesus, with these tears of yours and this water with which You washed the feet of the Apostles, let us wash the souls who must receive You; let us purify their hearts; let us inflame them, and shake off the dust with which they are dirtied, so that, when they receive You, You may find in them your satisfactions, instead of your bitternesses.

But, my affectionate Good, while You are all intent on washing the feet of the Apostles, I look at You, and I see another sorrow which pierces your Most Holy Heart. These Apostles represent all the future children of the Church, and each of them, the series of each one of your sorrows. In some, weaknesses, in some, deceits; in one, hypocrisies, in the other, excessive love for interests; in Saint Peter the lack of firmness and all the offenses of the leaders of the Church; in Saint John the offenses of your most faithful ones; in Judas all of the apostates, with all the series of great evils which they commit.

Ah, your sorrow is suffocated by pain and by love; so much so, that unable to contain it, You pause at the feet of each Apostle and burst into tears, praying and repairing for each one of these offenses, and impetrating the appropriate remedy for all. My Jesus, I too unite myself to You; I make your prayers, your reparations and your appropriate remedies for each soul, my own. I want to mix my tears with yours, that You may never be alone, but may always have me with You, to share in your pains.

But, sweet Love of mine, as You continue to wash the feet of the Apostles, I see that You are now at Judas' feet. I hear your labored breath. I see that You not only cry, but sob, and as You wash those feet, You kiss them, You press them to your Heart; and unable to speak with your voice because it is suffocated by crying, You look at him with eyes swollen with tears, and say to him with your Heart: "My child, O please, I beg you with the voices of my tears - do not go to hell! Give Me your soul, which I ask of you, prostrate at your feet. Tell Me, what do you want? What do you demand? I will give you everything, provided that you do not lose yourself. O please, spare this sorrow to Me, your God!" And again, You press those feet to your Heart. But in seeing the hardness of Judas, your Heart is

cornered; your Heart suffocates You, and You are about to faint. My Heart and my Life, allow me to sustain You in my arms. I understand that these are your loving stratagems, which You use with each obstinate sinner.

O please, I pray You, my Heart - as I compassionate You and repair for the offenses which You receive from the souls who are obstinate in not wanting to convert, let us go around the earth, and wherever there are obstinate sinners, let us give them your tears to soften them, your kisses and your squeezes of love to bind them to You, in such a way that they will not be able to escape, and will therefore relieve You from the pain of the loss of Judas.

Institution of the Eucharist

My Jesus, my joy and delight, I see that your love runs, and runs rapidly. You stand up, sorrowful as You are, and You almost run to the altar where there is bread and wine ready for the Consecration. I see You, my Heart, assuming a look wholly new and never seen before: your Divine Person acquires a tender, loving, affectionate appearance; your eyes blaze with light, more than if they were suns; your rosy face is radiant; your lips are smiling and burning with love; your creative hands assume the attitude of creating. I see You, my Love, all transformed: your Divinity seems to overflow from your Humanity.

My Heart and my Life, Jesus, this appearance of yours, never before seen, draws the attention of all the Apostles. They are caught by a sweet enchantment and do not dare even to breathe. Your sweet Mama runs in spirit to the foot of the altar, to admire the portents of your love. The Angels descend from Heaven, asking themselves: "What is this? What is this? These are true follies, true excesses! A God who creates, not heaven or earth, but Himself. And where? In the most wretched matter of a little bread and a little wine."

But while they are all around You, Oh insatiable Love, I see that You take the bread in your hands; You offer it to the Father, and I hear your most sweet voice say: "Holy Father, thanks be to You, for always answering your Son. Holy Father, concur with Me. One day, You sent Me from Heaven to earth to be incarnated in the womb of my Mama, to come and save Our children. Now, allow Me to be incarnated in each Host, to continue their salvation and be life of each one of my children. Do You see, O Father? Few hours of my life are left: who would have the heart to leave my children orphaned and alone? Many are their enemies - the obscurities, the passions, the weaknesses to which they are subject. Who will help them? O please, I supplicate You to let Me stay in each Host, to be life of each one, and therefore put to flight their enemies; to be their light, strength and help in everything. Otherwise, where shall they go? Who will help them? Our works are eternal, my love is irresistible - I cannot leave my children, nor do I want to."

The Father is moved at the tender and affectionate voice of the Son. He descends from Heaven; He is already on the altar, and united with the Holy Spirit, concurs with the Son. And Jesus, with sonorous and moving voice, pronounces the words of the Consecration, and without leaving Himself, creates Himself in that bread and wine.

Then You communicate your Apostles, and I believe that our celestial Mama did not remain without receiving You. Ah, Jesus, the heavens bow down and all send to You an act of adoration in your new state of profound annihilation.

But, O sweet Jesus, while your love remains pleased and satisfied, having nothing left to do, I see, O my Good, on this altar, Hosts which will perpetuate until the end of centuries; and lined up in each Host, your whole sorrowful Passion, because the creatures, at the excesses of your love, prepare for You excesses of ingratitude and enormous crimes. And I, Heart of my heart, want to be always with You in each Tabernacle, in all the pyxes and in each consecrated Host which will ever be until the end of the world, to emit my acts of reparation, according to the offenses You receive.

O Jesus, I contemplate You in the Holy Host, and as though seeing You in your adorable Person, I kiss your majestic forehead; but in kissing You, I feel the pricks of your thorns. O my Jesus, in this Holy Host, how many creatures do not spare You thorns. They come before You, and instead of sending You the homage of their good thoughts, they send You their evil thoughts; and You lower your head again as You did in the Passion, receiving and bearing the thorns of these evil thoughts. Oh my Love, I draw near You to share in your pains; I place all my thoughts in your mind in order to expel these thorns which sadden You so much. May each one of my thoughts flow in each one of your thoughts, to make an act of reparation for each evil thought, and therefore console your sad mind.

Jesus, my Good, I kiss your beautiful eyes; I see your loving gaze toward those who come before your presence, anxious to receive the return of their gazes of love. But how many come before You, and instead of looking at You and searching for You, look at things which distract them, and so deprive You of the pleasure You feel in the exchange of gazes of love! You cry, and as I kiss You, I feel my lips wet with your tears. My Jesus, do not cry; I want to place my eyes in yours to share in these pains with You, and to cry with You. And wanting to repair for all the distracted gazes of creatures, I offer You my gazes, always fixed in You.

Jesus, my Love, I kiss your most holy ears; I now see You intent on listening to what the creatures want from You, in order to console them. But, instead, they send to your ears prayers badly said, full of diffidence, prayers done out of habit; and in this Holy Host, your hearing is molested more than in your very Passion. O my Jesus, I want to take all the harmonies of Heaven and place them in your ears to repair You, and I want to place my ears in yours, not only to share these pains with You, but to offer You my continuous act of reparation, and to console You.

Jesus, my Life, I kiss your most holy Face; I see it bleeding, bruised and swollen. The creatures, O Jesus, come before the Holy Host, and with their indecent postures and evil discourses, instead of giving You honor, seem to send You slaps and spittle. And You, just like in the Passion, receive them in all peace and patience, and You bear everything! O Jesus, I want to place my face close to yours, not only to kiss You and to receive the insults which come to You from your creatures, but to share with You all your pains. With my hands, I intend to caress You, wipe off the spit, and press You tightly to my heart; and of my being, to make many tiny little pieces, placing them before You, like many souls who

adore You; and to turn my movements into continuous prostrations, to repair for the dishonors You receive from all creatures.

My Jesus, I kiss your most holy lips; I see that in descending sacramentally into the hearts of your creatures, You are forced to lean on many cutting, impure, evil tongues. Oh, how embittered You remain! You feel as though poisoned by these tongues, and it is even worse when You descend into their hearts! O Jesus, if it were possible, I would want to be in the mouth of each creature, to turn into praises all the offenses You receive from them!

My weary Good, I kiss your most holy head. I see it tired, exhausted, and all occupied in your crafting of love. Tell me, what do You do? And You: "My child, in this Host I work from morning to evening, forming chains of love; and as souls come to Me, I bind them to my Heart. But do you know what they do to Me? Many wriggle free by force, shattering my loving chains; and since these chains are linked to my Heart, I am tortured and become delirious. Then, in breaking my chains, they render my crafting useless, looking for the chains of creatures. And they do this even in my presence, using Me in order to reach their own ends. This grieves Me so much as to make Me faint and rave."

How much compassion I feel for You, O Jesus! Your love is cornered, and in order to relieve you from the offenses You receive from these souls, I ask You to chain my heart with those chains broken by them, in order to give You my return of love in their place.

My Jesus, my Divine Archer, I kiss your breast. The fire You contain in it is such that, in order to give a little vent to your flames and to take a little break from your work, You begin to play with the souls who come to You, shooting arrows of love which come out from your breast toward them. Your game is to form arrows, darts, spears; and when they strike souls, You become festive. But many, O Jesus, reject them, sending You arrows of coldness, darts of lukewarmness, and spears of ingratitude in return. And You remain so afflicted as to cry bitterly! Oh Jesus, here is my breast, ready to receive not only your arrows destined to me, but also those which the other souls reject; so You will no longer remain defeated in your love game. In this way, I will also repair for the coldness, the lukewarmness and the ingratitude, which You receive from them.

Oh Jesus, I kiss your left hand, and I intend to repair for all the illicit or blameworthy touches, done in your presence; and I pray You always to hold me tightly to your Heart!

Oh Jesus, I kiss your right hand, and I intend to repair for all the sacrileges, especially the Masses badly celebrated! How many times, my Love, You are forced to descend from Heaven into unworthy hands and breasts; and even though You feel nausea for being in those hands, Love forces You to stay. Even more, in some of your ministers, You find the ones who renew your Passion, because, with their enormous crimes and sacrileges, they renew the Deicide! Jesus, I am frightened at this thought! But, alas, just as in the Passion You were in the hands of the Jews, You are in those unworthy hands, like a meek lamb, waiting, again, for your death and also for their conversion. Oh Jesus, how much You suffer! You would like a loving hand to free You from those bloodthirsty hands. O Jesus, when You are in those hands, I pray You to call me near You, and in order to repair You, I

will cover You with the purity of the Angels, I will perfume You with your virtues to reduce the nausea You feel in being in those hands, and I will offer You my heart as escape and refuge. While You are in me, I will pray for priests, that they may be your worthy Ministers. Amen.

O Jesus, I kiss your left foot, and I intend to repair for those who receive You out of habit and without the necessary dispositions. O Jesus, I kiss your right foot, and I intend to repair for those who receive You to offend You. O please, when they dare to do this, I pray You to renew the miracle You made to Longinus. Just as You healed him and converted him at the touch of the Blood which gushed forth from your Heart, pierced by his lance, in the same way, at your sacramental touch, convert the offenses into love, and the offenders into lovers!

Oh Jesus, I kiss your most sweet Heart, into which all offenses pour, and I intend to repair for everything, to give You return of love for all, and to share in your pains, always together with You!

O Celestial Archer, if any offense escapes my reparation, I pray You to imprison me in your Heart and in your Will, so that I may repair for everything. I will pray the sweet Mama to keep me always with Her, in order to repair everything, and for everyone. We will kiss You together, and keeping You sheltered, we will drive away from You the waves of bitterness which You receive from creatures. O please, O Jesus, remember that I too am a poor sinful soul. Enclose me in your Heart, and with the chains of your love, do not only imprison me, but bind, one by one, my thoughts, my affections, my desires. Chain my hands and my feet to your Heart, that I may have no other hands and feet but Yours!

And so, my Love, my prison will be your Heart, my chains will be made of love; your flames will be my food, your breath will be mine, the fences preventing me from going out will be your Most Holy Will. So I will see nothing but flames, I will touch nothing but fire; and while they give me life, they will give me death, like that You suffer in the Holy Host. I will give You my life, and so, while I remain imprisoned in You, You will be released in me. Is this not your intent in imprisoning Yourself in the Host, in order to be released by the souls who receive You, becoming alive in them? And now, as a sign of love, bless me, give the mystical kiss of love to my soul, while I remain clasped and clinging to You.

O my sweet Heart, I see that after You have instituted the Most Holy Sacrament and have seen the enormous ingratitude and the offenses of creatures at the excesses of your love, although wounded and embittered, You do not draw back; rather, You want to drown everything in the immensity of your love.

I see You, O Jesus, as You administer Yourself to your Apostles, and then You add that they too must do what You have done, giving them authority to consecrate; so You ordain them priests and institute the other Sacraments. You take care of everything, and You repair for everything: the sermons badly given, the Sacraments administered and received without disposition, and therefore without effects; the mistaken vocations of priests, on their part and on the part of those who ordain them, not using all means in order to discern the true

vocations. Ah, nothing escapes You, O Jesus, and I intend to follow You and to repair for all these offenses.

Then, after You have given fulfillment to everything, You gather your Apostles and set out for the Garden of Gethsemani, to begin your sorrowful Passion. I will follow You in everything, to keep You faithful company.

Reflections and Practices

Jesus is hidden in the Host to give life to all. In His hiddenness, He embraces all centuries and gives light to all. In the same way, hiding ourselves in Him, we will give life and light to all with our prayers and reparations, even to the heretics and to the unfaithful, because Jesus does not exclude anyone.

What should we do in our hiddenness? In order to become similar to Jesus Christ, we must hide everything in Him: thoughts, glances, words, heartbeats, affections, desires, steps and works; even our prayers - we should hide them in the prayers of Jesus. And just as loving Jesus embraces all centuries in the Eucharist, we will also embrace them. Clinging to Him, we will be the thought of every mind, the word of every tongue, desire of every heart, step of every foot, work of every arm. By doing this, we will divert from the Heart of Jesus all the evils which all creatures would do to Him, trying to substitute for this evil with all the good we can do, and pressing Jesus to give salvation, sanctity and love to all souls.

In order to reciprocate the life of Jesus, our life must be fully conformed to His own. The soul must have the intention of being in all the Tabernacles of the world in order to continuously keep Him company, and to give Him continuous relief and reparation; and with this intention do all the actions of the day. The first tabernacle is within us, in our heart; therefore we must pay great attention to all that good Jesus wants to do in us.

Many times, being in our heart, Jesus makes us feel the need of prayer. Ah, it is Jesus that wants to pray, and wants us together with Him, almost identifying Himself with our voice, with our affection and with all our heart in order to make our prayer be one with His own! So, in order to give honor to the prayer of Jesus, we will be attentive to give Him all our being, so that loving Jesus may raise His prayer to speak to the Father, and renew in the world the effects of His own prayer.

We need to pay attention to each one of our interior motions, because good Jesus now makes us suffer, now wants us in prayer, now places us in one interior state, now in another, in order to repeat His own life in us.

Let us suppose that Jesus places us in the circumstance of exercising patience. He receives such grave and so many offenses from creatures, that He feels moved to resort to chastisements to strike the creatures. And here He gives us the opportunity to exercise patience. We must give Him honor, bearing everything with peace, just as Jesus does. Our patience will snatch from His hands the chastisements which other creatures draw from

Him, because He will exercise His own Divine Patience within us. The same with all the other virtues, just as with patience. In the Sacrament, loving Jesus exercises all virtues; from Him we will draw fortitude, docility, patience, tolerance, humility, obedience.

Good Jesus gives us His flesh for food, and we will give Him our love, will, desires, thoughts and affections for His nourishment. In this way, we will compete with the love of Jesus. We will let nothing enter into us which is not Him; therefore, everything we will do - everything must serve to nourish our beloved Jesus. Our thought must feed the divine thought - that is, thinking that Jesus is hidden in us, and wants the nourishment of our thought. So, by thinking in a saintly way, we nourish the divine thought. Our words, heartbeats, affections, desires, steps, works - everything must serve to nourish Jesus. We must place the intention of feeding the creatures in Jesus.

+ O my sweet Love, in this hour You transubstantiated Yourself into bread and wine. Please, O Jesus, let all that I say and do be a continuous consecration of Yourself in me and in souls.

+ Sweet Life of mine, when You come into me, let my every heartbeat, desire, affection, thought and word feel the power of the sacramental consecration, so that, being consecrated, all my little being may become as many hosts in order to give You to souls.

+ O Jesus, sweet Love of mine, may I be your little host in order to enclose all of Yourself in me, like a living Host.