



Seventh Hour: 11 PM to Midnight

Third Hour of Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani

My sweet Good, my heart can no longer bear it; I look at You and I see that You continue to agonize. Blood flows, in torrents, from all your body, and with such abundance, that unable to keep standing, You have fallen into a pool of it. O my Love, my heart breaks in seeing You so weak and exhausted! Your adorable Face and your creative hands lean into the ground and are smeared with blood. It seems to me that to the rivers of iniquities that creatures send You, You want to answer with rivers of blood, so that these sins may be drowned in it, and with it You may give to each one the deed of your forgiveness. But, please, O my Jesus, rise; what You suffer is too much. Let it be enough for your Love!

And while my lovable Jesus seems to be dying in His own Blood, Love gives Him new life. I see Him move with difficulty. He stands up, and soaked as He is with blood and mud, He seems to want to walk, but not having strength, He can barely drag Himself. Sweet Life of mine, let me carry You in my arms. Are You perhaps going to your dear disciples? But what is not the sorrow of your adorable Heart in finding them asleep again!

And You, with trembling and feeble voice, call them: "My sons, do not sleep! The hour is near. Do you not see how I have reduced Myself? Oh please, help Me, do not abandon Me in these extreme hours!"

And almost staggering, You are about to fall near them, while John extends his arms to sustain You.

You are so unrecognizable that, if it wasn't for the tenderness and sweetness of your voice, they would not have recognized You. Then, recommending vigil and prayer to them, You return to the Garden, but with a second piercing to your Heart. In this piercing, my Good, I see all the sins of those souls who, in spite of the manifestations of your favors, in gifts, kisses and caresses, in the nights of trial, forgetting about your love and your gifts, have

remained as though drowsy and sleepy, therefore losing the spirit of continuous prayer and of vigil.

My Jesus, it is yet true that after having seen You, after having enjoyed your gifts, when one is deprived of them, it takes great strength in order to persist. Only a miracle can allow these souls to endure the trial.

Therefore, as I compassionate You for these souls, whose negligences, fickleness and offenses are the most bitter for your Heart, I pray that, if they came to taking one single step which might slightly displease You, You will surround them with so much Grace as to stop them, so as not to lose the spirit of continuous prayer!

My sweet Jesus, as You return to the Garden, it seems You cannot take any more. You raise your face, soaked with Blood and earth, to Heaven, and You repeat for the third time: "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me. Holy Father, help Me! I need comfort! It is true that because of the sins which weigh upon Me, I am nauseating, repugnant, the least among men, before your infinite Majesty; your Justice is angry with Me – but look at Me, O Father, I am always your Son, who forms one single thing with You. Oh please, help - pity, O Father! Do not leave Me without comfort!"

Then, O my sweet Good, I seem to hear You call your dear Mama to your help: "Sweet Mama, hold Me in your arms, as You did when I was a Child! Give Me that milk which I suckled from You, to refresh Me and to sweeten the bitternesses of my agony. Give Me your Heart, which formed all my contentment. My Mama, Magdalene, dear Apostles, all of you who love Me – help Me, comfort Me! Do not leave Me alone in these extreme moments; gather all around Me like a crown; give Me the comfort of your company, of your love!"

Jesus, my Love, who can resist in seeing You in these extreme conditions? What heart would ever be so hard as not to break in seeing You so drowned in Blood? Who would not pour bitter tears in torrents, upon hearing your sorrowful accents, looking for help and comfort?

My Jesus, be consoled, I now see that the Father sends You an Angel as comfort and help, that You may leave this state of agony and give Yourself into the hands of the Jews. And while You are with the Angel, I will go around Heaven and earth. You will allow me to take this Blood that You have shed, that I may give It to all men, as pledge of salvation for each one, and bring You as comfort and in exchange, their affections, heartbeats, thoughts, steps and works.

My Celestial Mama, I come to You in order to go to all souls, to give to them the Blood of Jesus. Sweet Mama, Jesus wants comfort, and the greatest comfort we can give Him is to bring Him souls.

Magdalene, accompany us! All of you, Angels, come and see how Jesus is reduced! He wants comfort from all, and His state of exhaustion is such that He refuses no one.

My Jesus, while You drink the chalice full of intense bitternesses, which the Celestial Father has sent You, I hear You sigh, moan, rave more, and with suffocated voice, You say: "Souls, souls, come, relieve Me! Take a place in my Humanity; I want you, I long for you! O please, do not be deaf to my voices; do not render vain my ardent desires, my Blood, my Love, my pains! Come, souls, come!"

Delirious Jesus, each one of your moans and sighs is a wound to my heart, which gives me no peace. So I make your Blood, your Will, your ardent zeal, your Love, my own, and wandering around Heaven and earth, I want to go through all souls, to give them your Blood as a pledge for their salvation, and bring them to You, to calm your restlessness, your delirium, and to sweeten the bitternesses of your agony. And while I do this, You, accompany me with your gaze.

My Mama, I come to You, because Jesus wants souls – He wants comfort. Therefore, give me your maternal hand, and let us go around together, throughout the whole world, searching for souls. Let us enclose in His Blood the affections, the desires, the thoughts, the works, the steps of all creatures, and let us throw the flames of His Heart into their souls, that they may surrender, and so, enclosed in His Blood and transformed within His flames, we will bring them around Jesus, to soothe the pains of His most bitter agony.

My guardian Angel, precede us; go and dispose the souls who must receive this Blood, so that not one drop may remain without its abundant effect. My Mama, hurry, let us go around! I see the gaze of Jesus that follows us; I hear His repeated sobs, pushing us to hasten our task.

And here we are, Mama, at the first steps, already at the door of the houses where the sick are lying. How many tormented limbs; how many, in the atrocity of the spasms, burst into blasphemies and try to take their own lives away. Others are abandoned by all, and have no one who would offer them a word of comfort, the most necessary aids, and so they swear and despair even more.

Ah, Mama, I hear the sobs of Jesus, who sees, repaid with offenses, the dearest predilections of love, which make the souls suffer in order to render them similar to Him. O please, let us give them His Blood, that It may administer to them the necessary aids, and with Its light, It may make them understand the good which is in suffering and the likeness to Jesus they acquire. And You, my Mama, place Yourself near them, and as affectionate mother, touch their suffering limbs with your maternal hands; soothe their pains; take them in your arms, and pour from your Heart torrents of graces over all of their pains.

Keep company with the abandoned; console the afflicted. For those who lack the necessary means, dispose generous souls to help them; for those who find themselves under the atrocity of the spasms, impetrate respite and rest, so that, relieved, they may bear with more patience whatever Jesus disposes for them.

Let us continue to go around, and let us enter into the rooms of the dying. My Mama what terror! How many souls are about to fall into hell! How many, after a life of sin, want to give the last sorrow to that Heart, repeatedly pierced, by crowning their last breath with an act of desperation. Many demons are around them, striking into their hearts terror and fright of the divine judgments, and therefore wage against them the final assault, to lead them to hell. They would want to unleash the infernal flames in order to enwrap them, and therefore prevent the rising of hope. Others, entangled by the bonds of the earth, are unable to resign themselves to take the last step.

Please, O Mama, these moments are extreme, they need much help. Don't You see how they tremble, how they wriggle about in the midst of the spasms of agony, how they ask for help and for pity? The earth has already disappeared for them! Holy Mama, place your maternal hand upon their ice-cold forehead; receive their last breaths. Let us give the Blood of Jesus to each of the dying, so that, putting the demons to flight, It may dispose them all to receive the last Sacraments, and to a good and holy death.

For comfort, let us give them the agonies of Jesus, His kisses, His tears, His wounds. Let us tear the laces which keep them entangled; let us make everyone hear the word of forgiveness, and let us place such confidence in their hearts, as to make them fling themselves into the arms of Jesus. When Jesus judges them, He will find them covered with His own Blood, abandoned in His arms, and so He will give His forgiveness to all.

Let us continue to go around, O Mama. Let your maternal gaze look with love upon the earth, and be moved to compassion for many poor creatures who need this Blood. My Mama, I feel pushed to run by the searching gaze of Jesus, because He wants souls. I hear His moans in the depth of my heart, repeating to me: "My child, help Me, give Me souls!"

But see, O Mama, how the earth is filled with souls who are about to fall into sin, and Jesus bursts into crying in seeing His Blood suffer new profanations. It would take a miracle to prevent their fall; therefore, let us give them the Blood of Jesus, that they may find in It the strength and the grace not to fall into sin.

One more step, O Mama, and here are the souls already fallen into guilt, who would like a hand in order to stand up again. Jesus loves them, but He looks at them with horror, because they are covered with mud, and His agony becomes more intense. Let us give them the Blood of Jesus, that they may find the hand which raises them up again.

See O Mama, these are souls who need this Blood – souls who are dead to grace. Oh, how deplorable is their state! Heaven looks at them and cries with sorrow; the earth fixes on them with disgust; all the elements are against them and would want to destroy them, because they are enemies of the Creator. Please, O Mama, the Blood of Jesus contains life, so let us give It to them, so that, at Its touch, these souls may rise again - and may rise again more beautiful, so as to make all Heaven and all earth smile.

Let us continue to wander, O Mama. See, there are souls who carry the mark of perdition; souls who sin and run away from Jesus; who offend Him and despair of His forgiveness.

These are the new Judases, spread throughout the earth, who pierce that Heart, so embittered. Let us give them the Blood of Jesus, that It may erase from them the mark of perdition, and impress that of salvation. May It place in their hearts such confidence and love after sin, as to make them run to the feet of Jesus, and cling to those divine feet, never to detach from them again.

See, O Mama, there are souls who are hurling themselves toward perdition, and there is no one to arrest their race. O please, let us place this Blood before their feet, so that, at Its touch, at Its light, and at Its supplicating voices which want to save them, they may draw back and place themselves on the path of salvation!

Let us continue to go around, O Mama. See, there are good souls, innocent souls, in whom Jesus finds His delights and His rest in creation. But creatures are around them with many snares and scandals, to snatch this innocence away, and to turn the delights and rest of Jesus into crying and bitternesses, as if they had no other aim than to cause continuous sorrows to that Divine Heart. So, let us seal and surround their innocence with the Blood of Jesus, like a wall of defense, so that sin may not enter into them. With It, put to flight whomever wanted to contaminate them, and preserve them spotless and pure, so that Jesus may find, through them, His rest in creation and all His delights; and for love of them, He may be moved to pity for many other poor creatures. My Mama, let us place these souls in the Blood of Jesus; let us bind them, and bind them all over, with the Holy Will of God; let us place them in His arms, and let us bind them to His Heart with the sweet chains of His love, in order to soothe the bitternesses of His mortal agony.

But listen, O Mama, this Blood cries out and wants yet more souls. Let us run together, and let us go to the regions of the heretics and of the unbelievers. How much sorrow does Jesus not feel in these regions. He, who is the life of all, receives not even a tiny act of love in return; He is not known by His very creatures. Please, O Mama, let us give them this Blood, that It may cast away the darkness of ignorance and of heresy. Let them comprehend that they have a soul, and open the Heavens for them. Then, let us place them all in the Blood of Jesus; let us lead them around Him, like many orphaned and exiled children, who find their Father; and so Jesus will feel comforted in His most bitter agony.

But Jesus seems to be not yet satisfied, because He wants yet more souls. He feels the dying souls of these regions being snatched from His arms, to fall into hell. These souls are now about to breathe their last and fall into the abyss. No one is near them to save them. Time is short, the moments are extreme – they will certainly be lost! No, Mama, this Blood will not be shed uselessly for them; therefore, let us quickly fly to them; let us pour the Blood of Jesus over their heads, that It may serve them as baptism and infuse in them faith, hope and love. Place Yourself near them, O Mama; make up for all that they lack. Even more, make Yourself seen. On your face shines the beauty of Jesus; your manners are all similar to His; and so, in seeing You, they will certainly be able to know Jesus. Then, press them to your maternal Heart; infuse in them the life of Jesus, which You possess; tell them that, as their Mother, You want them to be happy forever, with You in Heaven; and as they breathe their last, receive them into your arms, and let them pass from yours into those of

Jesus. And if Jesus, according to the rights of Justice, will show He does not want to receive them, remind Him of the love with which He entrusted them to You at the foot of the Cross. Claim your rights as mother, so that He will not be able to resist your love and prayers, and while making your Heart content, He will also content His ardent desires.

And now, O Mama, let us take this Blood and let us give It to all: to the afflicted, that they may receive comfort; to the poor, that they may suffer resigned to their poverty; to those who are tempted, that they may obtain victory; to the disbelieving, that the virtue of Faith may triumph in them; to the blasphemers, that they may turn the blasphemies into benedictions; to the priests, that they may understand their mission and be worthy ministers of Jesus. With this Blood, touch their lips, that they may say no words which are not of glory to God; touch their feet, that they may let them fly to go in search for souls to lead to Jesus.

Let us give this Blood to the leaders of the peoples, that they may be united among them, and feel meekness and love for their subjects.

Let us fly now into Purgatory, and let us give It also to the purging souls, because they so much cry for and claim this Blood for their liberation. Don't You hear, O Mama, their moans, the fidgets of love, the tortures, and how they feel continuously drawn to the Highest Good? See how Jesus Himself wants to purge them more quickly in order to have them with Himself. He attracts them with His love, and they requite Him with continuous surges toward Him. But as they find themselves in His presence, unable to yet sustain the purity of His divine gaze, they are forced to draw back and to plunge again into the flames!

My Mama, let us descend into this profound prison, and pouring this Blood over them, let us bring them light; let us calm their fidgets of love; let us dampen the fire that burns them; let us purify their stains; and so, free of every pain, they will fly into the arms of the Highest Good. Let us give this Blood to the most abandoned souls, that they may find in It all the suffrages that creatures deny to them. To all, O Mama, let us give this Blood; let us not deprive any of them, so that, by virtue of It, all may find relief and liberation. Be Queen in these regions of crying and of lamentations; extend your maternal hands and, one by one, take them out of these ardent flames, and allow them all to take flight toward Heaven.

And now, we too, let us fly toward Heaven; let us place ourselves at the gates of eternity and allow me, O Mama, to give this Blood also to You, for your greater glory. May this Blood inundate You with new light and with new contentments. And let this light descend for the good of all creatures, to give graces and salvation to all.

My Mama, give this Blood also to me; You know how much I need It. With your own maternal hands, retouch me completely with this Blood; and while retouching me, purify my stains, heal my wounds, enrich my poverty; let this Blood circulate in my veins and give me again all the life of Jesus. May It descend into my heart, and transform it into His very Heart; may It embellish me so much that Jesus may find all His contentments in me.

Finally, O Mama, let us enter the celestial regions, and let us give this Blood to all the Saints, to all the Angels, that they may receive greater glory, burst into thanksgivings to Jesus, and pray for us, that we may reach them, by virtue of this Blood. And after having given this Blood to all, let us go to Jesus again. Angels, Saints, come with us. Ah, He sighs for souls; He wants to let them all enter His Humanity, to give to all the fruits of His Blood. Let us place them around Him, and He will feel restored to life, and repaid for the most bitter agony He has suffered. And now, Holy Mama, let us call all the elements to keep Him company, that they too may give honor to Jesus.

O light of the sun, come to dispel the darkness of this night, to give comfort to Jesus. O stars, with your flickering rays, descend from heaven; come and give comfort to Jesus. Flowers of the earth, come with your fragrances; birds, come with your warblings; all elements of the earth, come to comfort Jesus. Come, O sea, to refresh and wash Jesus. He is our Creator, our life, our All; come all of you to comfort Him, to pay Him homage as our Sovereign Lord. But – ah, Jesus does not look for light, stars, flowers, birds...He wants souls – souls!

Here they are, O my sweet Good, all together with me. Your dear Mama is close to You - please rest in Her arms; She too will receive comfort by pressing You to Her womb, because She greatly shared in your sorrowful agony. Magdalene also is here; Mary is here, and all the loving souls of all centuries. Please, O Jesus, accept them, and say a word of forgiveness and of love to all. Bind them all to your love, so that not one more soul may escape You!

But – ah, it seems to me that You say: “O child, how many souls escape Me by force, and fall into eternal ruin! So, how can my sorrow ever be soothed, if I love one single soul so much - as much as I love all souls together?”

Agonizing Jesus, it seems that your life is extinguishing. I already hear the rattle of agony, your beautiful eyes eclipsed by the nearness of death, all of your limbs abandoned; and often it seems that You no longer breathe. I feel my heart burst with pain. I hug You and I feel You ice-cold. I shake You and You give no sign of life! Jesus, are You dead? Afflicted Mama, Angels of Heaven, come to cry over Jesus, and do not permit that I continue to live without Him. Ah, I cannot! I press Him more tightly to myself, and I hear Him taking another breath - and then, again, He gives no sign of life! I call Him: “Jesus, Jesus, my Life, do not die!”

But I already hear the clamor of your enemies, who are coming to take You. Who will defend You in your state? But here You are, stirring Yourself as though rising again from death to life, looking at me, saying: “O soul, are you here? Have you then been spectator of my pains and of the so many deaths I suffered? Know that in these three hours of most bitter agony in the Garden, I enclosed in Myself all the lives of creatures, and I suffered all of their pains, and their very death, giving my own life to each one of them. My agonies will sustain theirs; my bitternesses and my death will turn into a fount of sweetness and life for them. How much souls cost Me! Were I at least requited! You have seen that while I

was dying, I would return to breathe again: those were the deaths of the creatures that I felt within Me!"

My panting Jesus, since You also wanted to enclose my life in You, and therefore also my death, I pray You, for this most bitter agony of yours, to come to my assistance at the moment of my death. I have given You my heart as refuge and rest, my arms to sustain You, and all of my being at your disposal; and – oh, how gladly I would give myself into the hands of your enemies, to die in your place! Come, O life of my heart, at that moment, to return to me all I have given You: your company, your Heart as bed and rest, your arms as support, your labored breath to alleviate my labors; in such a way that, in breathing, I will breathe through your breath which, like purifying air, will purify me of any stain, and will dispose me to enter the eternal beatitude.

Even more, my sweet Jesus, then You will give your very Most Holy Humanity to my soul, so that, in looking at me, You may see me through Yourself; and in looking at Yourself, You may find nothing for which to judge me. Then You will bathe me in your Blood; You will clothe me with the candid garment of your Most Holy Will; You will adorn me with your Love, and giving me the last kiss, You will let me take flight from earth unto Heaven. And what I want for myself, do it for all the agonizing; clasp them all in your embrace of love, and giving them the kiss of their union with You, save them all and allow no one to be lost!

My afflicted Good, I offer You this holy Hour in memory of your Passion and Death, to disarm the just wrath of God for the so many sins, for the triumph of the Holy Church, for the conversion of all sinners, for peace among peoples, especially our country, for our sanctification, and in suffrage for the purging souls.

But I see that your enemies are near, and You want to leave me in order to go toward them. Jesus, allow me to offer You all the holy kisses of your Most Holy Mother; let me kiss those lips, which Judas is about to dare to kiss with his infernal kiss. Let me dry your Face, wet with Blood, and upon which slaps and spit are about to pour. I cling tightly to your Heart, I do not leave You – I will follow You. And You, bless me and assist me. Amen.

Reflections and Practices

In this third hour of Gethsemani, Jesus asked for help from Heaven. His pains were so many that He also asked for the comfort of His disciples. And we - do we always ask for help from Heaven in any painful circumstance? And if we turn also to creatures, do we do this with order, and with those who can comfort us in a saintly way? Are we at least resigned, if we do not receive those comforts which we were hoping for, using the indifference of creatures to abandon ourselves more in the arms of Jesus?

Jesus was comforted by an Angel. And we - can we say that we are the angels of Jesus by remaining around Him to comfort Him and share in His bitterness? However, in order to be as a true angel for Jesus, it is necessary to take sufferings as sent by Him, and therefore as divine sufferings. Only then can we dare to console a God so embittered. Otherwise, if we take pains in a human way, we cannot use them to comfort this Man-God, and therefore we cannot be His angels.

In the pains which Jesus sends to us, it seems that He sends us the chalice in which we must place the fruit of those pains. These pains, suffered with love and resignation, will turn into a most sweet nectar for Jesus. In every pain we will say: 'Jesus is calling us around Him to be His angel. He wants our comforts, so He makes us share in His pains.'

+ My love, Jesus, in my pains I look for your Heart to rest, and in your pains I intend to give You shelter with my pains, so that we may exchange them, and I may be your consoling angel.