

Third Hour of Agony on the Cross.

Fifth, sixth and seventh word of Jesus. The death of Jesus

Fifth word on the Cross.



O my dying Crucified, clinging to the Cross, I feel the fire that burns all of your Most Holy Person. Your Heart beats so strongly that, pushing out your ribs, it torments You in such a harrowing and horrible way, that all your Most Holy Humanity undergoes a transformation which renders You unrecognizable. The love that enflames your Heart withers You and burns You completely; and You, unable to contain it, feel the intense torment, not only of the corporal thirst, but of the shedding of all your Blood – and even more, of the ardent thirst for the salvation of our souls. You would want to drink us like water, in order to place us all in safety within Yourself; therefore, gathering your weakened strengths, You cry out: *"I thirst"*. Ah, You repeat this voice to every heart:

"I thirst for your will, for your affections, for your desires, for your love. A water fresher and sweeter than your soul you could not give Me. O please, do not let Me burn. My thirst is ardent, such that I not only feel my tongue and my throat burn, to the point that I can no longer utter a word, but I also feel my Heart and bowels wither. Have pity on my thirst – have pity!" And as though delirious from the great thirst, You abandon Yourself to the Will of the Father.

Ah, my heart can no longer live in seeing the evil of your enemies who, instead of water, give You gall and vinegar; and You do not refuse them! Ah, I understand – it is the gall of the many sins, it

is the vinegar of our untamed passions that they want to give You, which, instead of refreshing You, burn You even more. O my Jesus, here is my heart, my thoughts, my affections – here is all of my being, to quench your thirst and give a relief to your mouth, dried and embittered.

Everything I have, everything I am – everything is for You, O my Jesus. Should my pains be necessary in order to save even one soul alone – here I am, I am ready to suffer everything. I offer myself wholly to You - do with me whatever You best please.

I intend to repair for the sorrow You suffer for all the souls who are lost, and for the pain You receive from those who, while You allow sadnesses and abandonments, instead of offering them to You as relief for the burning thirst that devours You, abandon themselves to themselves, and make You suffer even more.

Sixth word on the Cross.

My dying Good, the endless sea of your pains, the fire that consumes You, and more than anything, the Supreme Will of the Father which wants You to die, no longer allow us to hope that You may continue to live. And I - how shall I live without You? Your strengths are now leaving You, your eyes become veiled, your face is transformed and covered with mortal paleness; your mouth is half-open, your breath is labored and interrupted, to the point that there is no more hope that You may revive. A chill and a cold sweat which wets your forehead, take over the fire that burns You. Your muscles and nerves contract more and more because of the bitterness of the pains and the piercings of the nails; the wounds rip open more; and I tremble – I feel I am dying. I look at You, O my Good, and I see the last tears descend from your eyes, bearers of your nearing death; while You, with difficulty, let another word be heard: *"All is consummated."*

O my Jesus, You have now exhausted Yourself completely; You have nothing left – love has reached its end. And I – have I consumed myself completely in your love? What thanksgiving shall I not render to You? What shall my gratitude not be for You? O my Jesus, I intend to repair for all – repair for the lack of correspondence to your love, and console You for the offenses You receive from the creatures, while You are consuming Yourself with love on the Cross.

Seventh word on the Cross.

My dying Crucified, Jesus, You are now about to give the last breaths of your mortal life; your Most Holy Humanity is already stiffened; your Heart seems to beat no longer. With Magdalene I cling to your feet and, if it were possible, I would like to give my life to revive Yours.

Meanwhile, O Jesus, I see that You open your dying eyes again, and You look around from the Cross, as though wanting to give the last good-bye to all. You look at your dying Mama, who no longer has motion or voice, so many are the pains She feels; and You say: *"Good-bye Mama, I am leaving, but I will keep You in my Heart. You, take care of my children and yours."* You look at crying Magdalene, faithful John and your very enemies, and with your gazes You say to them: *"I forgive you; I give you the kiss of peace."* Nothing escapes your gaze; You take leave of everyone and forgive everyone. Then, You gather all your strengths, and with a loud and thundering voice,

You cry out: "*Father, into your hands I commend my spirit*". And bowing your head, You breathe your last.

My Jesus, at this cry all nature is shaken and cries over your death – the death of its Creator! The earth trembles strongly; and with its trembling, it seems to be crying and wanting to shake up souls to recognize You as true God. The veil of the Temple is torn, the dead are risen; the sun, which until now had cried over your pains, has withdrawn its light with horror. At this cry, your enemies fall on their knees, and beating their breasts, they say: "*Truly He is the Son of God.*" And your Mother, petrified and dying, suffers pains harder than death.

My dead Jesus, with this cry You also place all of us into the hands of the Father, because You do not reject us. Therefore You cry out loudly, not only with your voice, but with all your pains and with the voices of your Blood:

"Father, into your hands I commend my spirit and all souls." My Jesus, I too abandon myself in You; give me the grace to die completely in your love - in your Will, and I pray that You never permit me, either in life or in death, to go out of your Most Holy Will.

BEGINNING OF NINE DAY NOVENA OF DIVINE MERCY

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