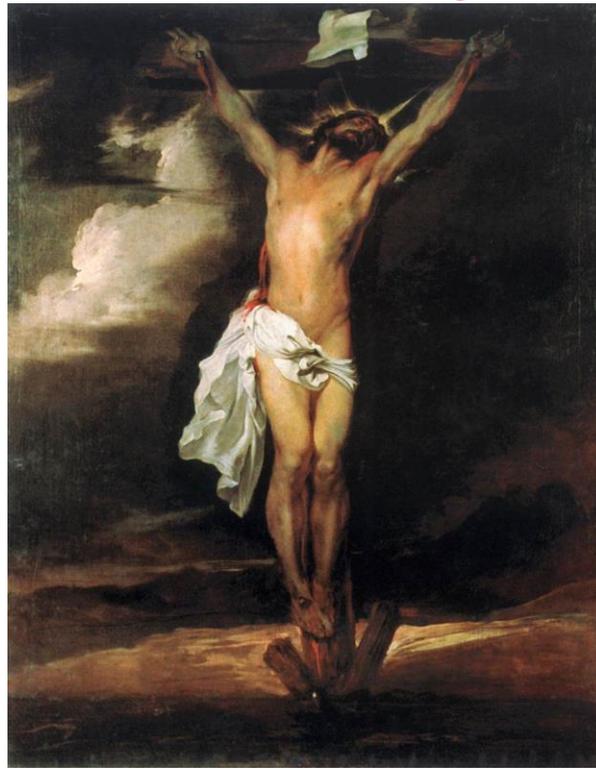


Jesus Offers His Blood to the Father to Cover the Sins of Man



Paragraph 602 - II. Christ's Redemptive Death in God's Plan of Salvation

602 Consequently, St. Peter can formulate the apostolic faith in the divine plan of salvation in this way: "You were ransomed from the futile ways inherited from your fathers... with the precious blood of Christ, like that of a lamb without blemish or spot. He was destined before the foundation of the world but was made manifest at the end of the times for your sake."⁴⁰²

Man's sins, following on original sin, are punishable by death.⁴⁰³ By sending his own Son in the form of a slave, in the form of a fallen humanity, on account of sin, God "made him to be sin who knew no sin, so that in him we might become the righteousness of God."⁴⁰⁴ (400, 519)

Luke 22:20

In like manner the chalice also, after he had supped, saying: This is the chalice, the new testament in my blood, which shall be shed for you.

From the Book of Heaven

V17 – July 1, 1924 - How beautiful and touching it was to hear Jesus pray! And since I was accompanying Him in the Sorrowful Mystery of the Scourging, He Made Himself seen Pouring Out Blood, and I heard Him Say: "My Father, I Offer You this

Blood of Mine. O Please, Let It Cover all the intelligences of creatures, rendering vain all their evil thoughts, dimming the fire of their passions, and Making Holy intelligences Rise again. May this Blood Cover their eyes and be a Veil to their sight, so that the taste of evil pleasures may not enter them through their eyes, and they may not get dirty with the mud of the earth. May this Blood of Mine Cover and Fill their mouths, and Render their lips dead to blasphemies, to imprecations, to all of their bad words. My Father, May this Blood of Mine Cover their hands, and Strike terror in man for so many evil actions. May this Blood Circulate in Our Eternal Will in order to Cover all, to Defend all, and to be a Defending Weapon for the creature Before the Rights of Our Justice."

V33 – July 21, 1935 - I was delirious, not being able to endure anymore, my Always Lovable Jesus Returned to His little daughter, Making Himself Seen with a Wound in His Heart that Poured Blood and Flames, as if He Wanted to Cover all souls with His Blood and Burn them with His Love. And all Goodness He Told me: "My daughter, Courage, your Jesus also Suffers, and the Sufferings that Give Me More Sorrow are Intimate Sufferings that Make Me Shed Blood and Flames. But My greater Suffering is the continuous waiting. My Gazes are Always Fixed on souls, and as I see that a creature is fallen into sin, then I wait, and I wait again, for her Return to My Heart in order to Pardon her. And not seeing her come, I wait with the Pardon in My Hands. That waiting embitters the Suffering and forms such a torment for Me, as to make Me shed Blood and Flames from My Transfixed Heart. The hours, the days, that I wait, seem years to Me. O! how hard it is to wait.

From the Twenty Four Hours of the Passion of Jesus Christ Nineteenth Hour

The Soul Prays and Repairs with the Blood of Jesus

My Love, please, hold me to Yourself; I want to kiss, one by one, the drops of Blood which flow down your Most Holy Face, and I pray You that each one of these drops may be light for every mind of creature, so that no one may offend You with evil thoughts.

As many drops of Blood as You shed, so many souls do I beg You to wash in this most precious Blood of Yours.

O Jesus, for the Blood You shed from this hand, I beg You to extinguish the flames that burn these souls. May this Blood be refreshment and a healthy bath for all, such as to purge them from any stain and dispose them to the beatific vision.

My Jesus, I place the world and all generations into your arms, and I beg You, O my sweet Love, with the voices of your own Blood, to deny no one your forgiveness, and by the merits of your most precious Blood, to concede to all the salvation of their souls! Do not exclude anyone, O Jesus!

Blessed feet of my Jesus, I kiss you, I adore you, I thank you; and for the most bitter pains you suffer, for the tearing and for the Blood you shed, I beg you to enclose all souls in your most sacred wounds.

...Oh my crucified Jesus, I see You all bleeding, as though swimming in a bath of Blood, which asks continuously for souls. By the power of this Blood, I ask You, O Jesus, that not one of them may escape You ever again!

O Jesus, for the sake of your most precious Blood, ask You for sanctity for these souls. O please, do not allow them ever to go out from your Heart, and with your grace, multiply the vocations of victim souls, who may continue your life upon earth.

You wanted to give a distinct place in your Heart to the loving souls; let them never lose this place. Oh Jesus, may the flames of your Heart burn me and consume me; may your Blood embellish me; may your love keep me always nailed to It through suffering and reparation.