

# *The Holy Angels in the Twenty-Four Hours of the Passion*



*Christ "with all His Angels"*

*From the Catechism of the Catholic Church*

**331** Christ is the center of the angelic world. They are his angels: "When the Son of man comes in his glory, and all the angels with him. . . ."191 They belong to him because they were created through and for him: "for in him all things were created in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or authorities—all things were created through him and for him."192 They belong to him still more because he has made them messengers of his saving plan: "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to serve, for the sake of those who are to obtain salvation?"193

**333** From the Incarnation to the Ascension, the life of the Word incarnate is surrounded by the adoration and service of angels. When God "brings the firstborn into the world, he says: 'Let all God's angels worship him.'"196 Their song of praise at the birth of Christ has not ceased resounding in the Church's praise: "Glory to God in the highest!"197 They protect Jesus in his infancy, serve him in the desert, strengthen him in his agony in the garden, when

he could have been saved by them from the hands of his enemies as Israel had been.<sup>198</sup>  
Again, it is the angels who “evangelize” by proclaiming the Good News of Christ’s  
Incarnation and Resurrection.<sup>199</sup> They will be present at Christ’s return, which they will  
announce, to serve at his judgment.<sup>200</sup>

*Hebrews 1:7 [Knox Bible]*

What does he say of the angels? He will have his angels be like the winds, the servants that  
wait on him like a flame of fire. ✽

*Psalms 90:11 [Knox Bible]*

He has given charge to his angels concerning thee, to watch over thee wheresoever thou  
goest;

*Matthew 4:11 [Knox Bible]*

Then the devil left him alone; and thereupon angels came and ministered to him. ✽

I too unite myself to You, O sweet Mama. Upon the wings of the winds I want  
to go around the heavens to ask the Father, the Holy Spirit and all the Angels, for  
an “I bless You” for Jesus, so that, as I go to Him, I may bring Him their blessings.

O sweet Mama, after going round and round, to ask the Sacrosanct Trinity,  
the Angels, all the creatures, the light of the sun, the fragrance of the flowers, the  
waves of the sea, every breath of wind, every spark of fire, every moving leaf, the  
twinkling of the stars, every movement of nature, for an “I bless You”, I come to  
You and I place all my blessings together with Yours.

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.

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.”

*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 beg 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.*

*Jesus, my Life, I want to impress a more fervent kiss on Your face, whose beauty has no equal. Ah, this is the face on which the Angels, like cupids, desire to fix, for the great beauty that enraptures them.*

*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.*

*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.*

*Afflicted Mama, Angels of Heaven, come to cry over Jesus, and do not permit that I continue to live without Him.*

*My Good and my All, the sorrow I feel for Your pains is so great, that I would like to shout so loudly as to be heard up there in Heaven, and call the Father, the Holy Spirit and all the Angels;*

***"My Kingdom is not of this world; otherwise, thousands of legions of Angels would defend Me."***

*The pains, the ignominies, the humiliations they inflict on You, are so great and so many that the Angels weep, and cover their face with their wings in order not to see them.*

*My Life, Jesus, I see You tremble. The cry of death descends into Your Heart, and among these voices, You recognize the voice of Your dear Father, which says: "My Son, I want You dead, and dead crucified!" Ah, You hear also Your Mama who, though pierced and desolate, echoes Your dear Father: "Son, I want You dead!" The Angels, the Saints, hell – everyone, in one voice cries out: "Crucify Him, Crucify Him!"*

*On the contrary, with bestial fury they put the crown of thorns on You again. They beat it on well, and the torture they cause You because of the lacerations and the tearing of Your hair clotted in the coagulated Blood, is such that only the Angels could tell what You suffer, while, horrified, they turn their celestial gaze away, and weep!*

*My dead Jesus, all nature has sent out a cry of sorrow at Your last breath, and has cried over Your sorrowful death, recognizing You as its Creator. The Angels, thousands upon thousands, hover around the Cross, and cry over Your death. They adore You as our true God, and accompany You to Limbo, where You go to beatify many souls who have been ardently longing for You for centuries upon centuries.*

*Poor Mama, how shall You go on? How much compassion I feel for You! O please, Angels of Heaven, come to raise Her from the stiffened Limbs of Jesus, otherwise She will die!*

*Poor Mama, how much compassion I feel for You! My Angels, come to Comfort my Mama; Her sorrow is immense – it inundates Her, it suffocates Her, and leaves Her no more life or strength.*

*In crossing Your gaze, the gaze of Jesus looked for pity; but the soldiers, pushed Him and made Him fall to deny You this Comfort, making Him shed new Blood. You see the ground soaked with It; You throw Yourself to the ground, and as You kiss that Blood, I hear You say: "My Angels, come to place Yourselves as guardians of this Blood, so that not one drop of It may be tread upon and profaned."*

*Crucified Mama, as I look at You, I compassionate Your sorrows – they are unspeakable. I would like to transform my being into tongue and voice in order to compassionate You; but before so much pain, my compassion is nothing. Therefore*

*I call the Angels, the very Sacrosanct Trinity, and I pray Them to place their harmonies, their contentments and their beauty around You, to soothe and compassionate Your intense sorrows; to sustain You in their arms, and to requite all of Your pains with love.*