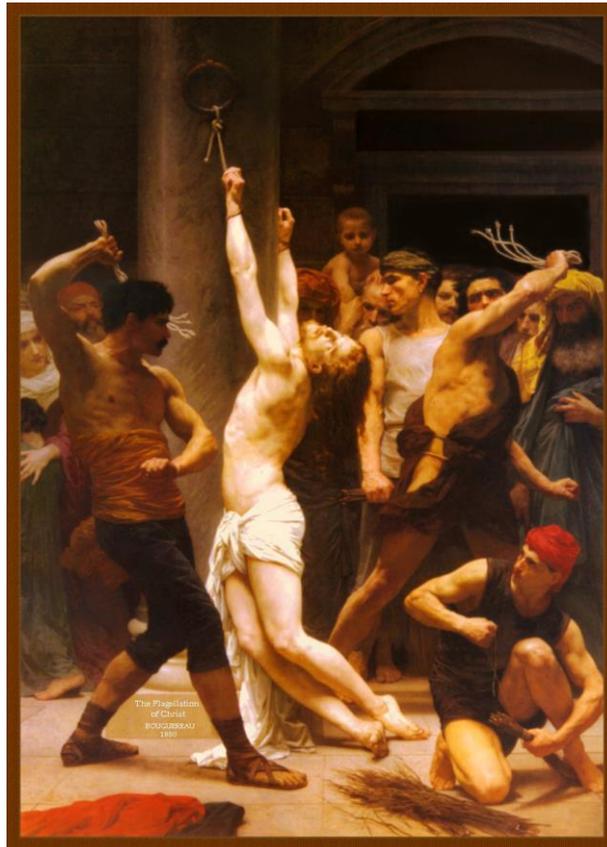


With the Scourges Jesus Repairs for Our sins

June 25



Article 4 JESUS CHRIST SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE, WAS CRUCIFIED, DIED AND WAS BURIED

*Jesus' sufferings took their historical, concrete form from the fact that he was "rejected by the elders and the chief priests and the scribes," who handed "him to the Gentiles to be mocked and scourged and crucified."*³¹⁵

Mark 10:34

And they shall mock him, and spit on him, and scourge him, and kill him: and the third day he shall rise again.

From the Twenty-Four Hours of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ

Sixteenth Hour

Scourged Jesus, your Love moves from one excess to another. I see that the executioners take the ropes, and beat You without pity, to the point of bruising all of your Most Holy Body. Their fierceness, their fury in beating You is such that they are already tired. But two more take their place; they take thorny rods, and they beat You so much that, soon, rivers of Blood begin to pour from your Most Holy Body. Then they lash it all over, forming furrows, and filling it with wounds. But this is not all; two more take their turn, and with hooked iron chains, they continue the excruciating massacre. At the first blows, that flesh, beaten and wounded, rips open even more, and falls to the ground, torn into pieces. The bones are uncovered, the Blood pours down – so much, as to form a pool of Blood around the pillar.

My Jesus, my stripped Love, while You are under this storm of blows, I cling to your feet, to take part in your pains and be covered completely by your most precious Blood. But each blow You receive is a wound to my heart; more so, since in pricking up my ears, I hear your moans. But they are not heard, because the storm of the blows deafens the air all around. And in those moans, You say: "All of you who love Me, come to learn the heroism of true love! Come to dampen in my Blood the thirst of your passions, your thirst for so many ambitions, for so many intoxications and pleasures, for so much sensuality! In this Blood of Mine you will find the remedy for all of your evils."

Your moans continue to say: "Look at Me, O Father, all wounded under this storm of blows. But this is not enough; I want to form so many wounds in my Body as to give enough rooms to all souls within the Heaven of my Humanity, in such a way as to form their salvation within Myself, and then let them pass into the Heaven of the Divinity.

My Father, may each blow of these scourges repair before You for each kind of sin – one by one. And as they strike Me, let them justify those who commit them. May these blows strike the hearts of the creatures, and speak to them about my Love, to the point of forcing them to surrender to Me."

Fifth Hour

Prayer of Luisa: *I implore You, O Jesus, to scourge my soul, my body, my powers, my feelings, my desires, my affections – in sum, everything, with the scourge of love; so that, in everything, I may be scourged and sealed by love. Oh endless Love, let there be nothing in me which does not take life from love.*

FIAT!