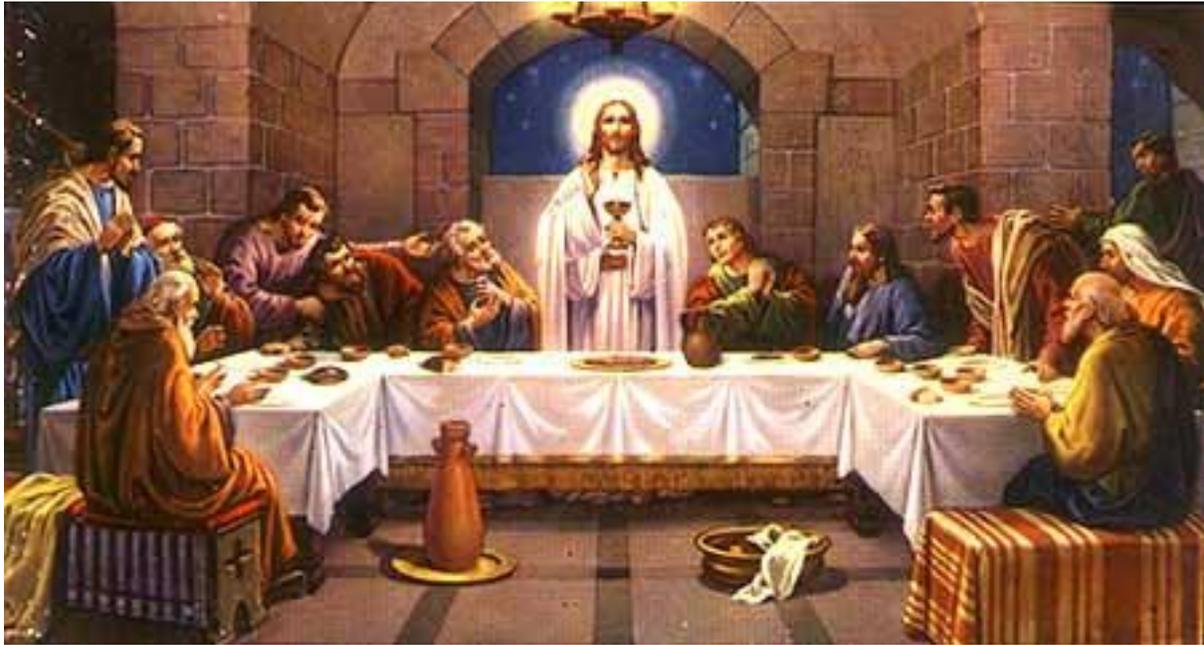


Sacrifice of Thanksgiving

August 20



V. The Sacramental Sacrifice: Thanksgiving, Memorial, Presence (CCC) ***Thanksgiving and praise to the Father***

1360 *The Eucharist is a sacrifice of thanksgiving to the Father, a blessing by which the Church expresses her gratitude to God for all His benefits, for all that He has accomplished through Creation, Redemption, and Sanctification.*

Eucharist means first of all “thanksgiving.”

Psalms 94:2

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving; and make a joyful noise to Him with psalms.

From the Book of Heaven

V9 – April 10, 1910 - *...I prepare myself and thank blessed Jesus at Communion. I don't know how to say anything about it, because my sweet Jesus, in seeing my incapacity and that I am good at nothing, does everything Himself: He prepares my soul, and He Himself administers the thanksgiving to me; and I follow Him.*

Now, the way of Jesus is always immense, and together with Jesus, I too feel immense, and as if I were able to do something. Then Jesus withdraws, and I remain always the stupid one that I am, the little ignorant one, the little cattiva [bad,

naughty]. And it is exactly because of this that Jesus loves me – because I am ignorant, and I am no one, and I can do nothing. Knowing that I want to receive Him at any cost, so as not to receive dishonor in coming into me, but rather, highest honor, He Himself prepares my poor soul. He gives me His own things, His merits, His clothing, His works, His desires – in sum, all of Himself. If necessary, also that which the Saints did, because everything is His own; if necessary, also that which the Most Holy Mama did. And I too say to all: ‘Jesus, give honor to Yourself in coming into me. My Queen Mama, Saints, all Angels, I am so very poor; everything that is yours – put it in my heart, not for me, but for the honor of Jesus.’ And I feel that all of Heaven contributes to preparing me. And after Jesus has descended within me, I seem to see Him all pleased, seeing Himself honored by His own things; and sometimes He tells me: "Brava, brava, my daughter, how happy I am – how pleased I am. Everywhere I look within you, I find things worthy of Me. Everything that is Mine, is yours; how many beautiful things you made Me find!"

Knowing that I am so very poor, that I have done nothing, and that nothing is mine, I laugh at the contentment of Jesus, and I say: ‘Thank goodness Jesus thinks like this! It is enough that He came – this is enough for me. It doesn’t matter that I have used His own things – the poor must receive from the rich.’ Now, it is true that a few glimmers here and there remain in me about the way Jesus has at Communion, but I am unable to reunite these glimmers together, and form a preparation and a thanksgiving. I lack the capacity; it seems to me that I prepare Myself in Jesus Himself, and that I thank Him with Jesus Himself.

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

Fourth Hour

The Eucharistic Supper

My sweet Love, always insatiable in your love, I see that as You finish the legal supper together with your dear disciples, You stand up, and united with them, You raise the hymn of thanksgiving to the Father for having given you food, wanting to repair for all the lack of thanksgiving of the creatures, and for all the means He gives us for the preservation of corporal life. This is why, O Jesus, in anything You do, touch or see, You always have on your lips the words, "Thanks be to You, O Father".

I too, Jesus, united with You, take the words from your very lips, and I will say, always and in everything: "Thank You for myself and for all", in order to continue the reparations for the lack of thanksgiving.

Institution of the Eucharist

But while they are all around You, oh insatiable Love, I see that You take the bread in your hands; You offer it to the Father, and I hear your most sweet voice say: "Holy Father, thanks be to You, for always answering your Son.

Thirteenth Hour

"Holy Father, I give You thanks for all I have suffered and for all that is left for Me to suffer..."

My Jesus, Love with no boundaries, I unite myself to You, and I too thank You for all that You have made me suffer, and for all that is left for me to suffer. And I beg You to make the dawn of Grace arise within all hearts, so that You, Divine Sun, may rise again in all hearts and reign over them.

Nineteenth Hour

Blessed right hand of my Jesus, I kiss you, I compassionate you, I adore you and I thank you for myself and for all.

Left hand of my Jesus, I kiss you, I compassionate you, I adore you, I thank you,...

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,...

My Jesus, I hug You, I kiss You, I compassionate You, I adore You and I thank You for myself and for all....

Twentieth Hour

My sweet Jesus, I thank You for the many thorns that pierced your adorable head, for the drops of Blood shed by It, for the blows You received on It, and for the hair they tore from You. I thank You for all the good You have done and impetrated for all, for the enlightenments and the good inspirations You have given us, and for all the times You have forgiven all of our sins of thought, of pride, of conceit and of self-esteem.

O my Jesus, I adore your Most Holy Eyes, and I thank You for all the tears and the Blood they have shed, for the cruel pricks of the thorns, for the insults, the derisions and the contempts You bore during all of your Passion.

I adore your Most Holy Ears; I thank You for all that You suffered while those wicked people on Calvary deafened them with shouts and mockeries.

O my Jesus, I adore and I kiss your Most Holy Face, and I thank You for all that You suffered from the spit, the slaps and the mockeries received, and for all the times You allowed Yourself to be trampled by your enemies.

I adore your Most Holy Mouth, and I thank You for your first wails, for the milk You suckled, for all the words You said, for the ardent kisses You gave to your Most Holy Mother, for the food You took, for the bitterness of the gall and of the ardent thirst You suffered on the Cross, and for the prayers You raised to the Father.

O Jesus, I thank You for everything, and in the name of all, I raise to You a hymn of eternal and infinite thanksgiving. O my Jesus, I intend to offer You everything You have suffered in your Most Holy Person, to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You, had they conformed their lives to Yours.

I thank You, O Jesus, for everything You have suffered in your Most Holy Shoulders, for all the blows You have received, for all the wounds You have allowed them to open on your most sacred Body, and for all the drops of Blood You have shed.

My Jesus, I kiss your left foot; I thank You for all the steps You took during your mortal life, and for all the times You tired your poor limbs, going in search of souls to lead to your Heart.

O my Jesus, I kiss your right foot, and I thank You for all You have suffered and do suffer for me, especially in this hour, in which You are hanging on the Cross. I thank You for the excruciating crafting that the nails are making in your wounds, which rip open more and more at the weight of your most sacred Body.

O my Jesus, I kiss your most holy left hand; I thank You for all that You have suffered for me, for all the times You have placated the Divine Justice, satisfying for everything! I kiss your right hand, and I thank You for all the good You have done, and You do, for all. In a special way, I thank You for the works of Creation, of Redemption and of Sanctification.

O my Jesus, I kiss your Most Sacred Heart, and I thank You for all You have suffered, desired and yearned for, for love of all and for each one in particular.

Twenty First Hour

We thank You, O blessed Virgin, and in order to thank You as You deserve, we offer You the very thanksgivings of your Jesus.

Twenty Fourth Hour

And now, desolate Mama, I thank You in the name of all for everything You have suffered;

Thanksgiving after each Hour

I tried to follow You in everything; and now, having to leave You for my usual occupations, I feel the duty to say to You, 'Thank You' and 'I bless You.'

Yes, O Jesus, I repeat to You 'Thank You' thousands and thousands of times, and 'I bless You' for all that You have done and suffered for me and for all. I thank You and I bless You for every drop of Blood You shed, for every breath, for every heartbeat, for every step, word, glance, bitterness and offense which You endured. In everything, O my Jesus, I intend to seal You with a 'Thank You' and an 'I bless You.'

Please, O Jesus, let my whole being send You a continuous flow of thanks and blessings, so as to draw upon me and upon everyone the flow of your blessings and thanks. Please, O Jesus, press me to your Heart, and with your most holy hands seal every particle of my being with your 'I bless you', so that nothing other than a continuous hymn to You may come from me.

FIAT!