

Repaying Jesus for the Sorrow He Suffered when He Encountered His Mother on the Way of the Cross

CCC

I. *Mary's Motherhood with Regard to the Church Wholly united with her Son . . .*

964 *Mary's role in the Church is inseparable from Her Union with Christ and flows directly from it. "This Union of the Mother with the Son in the Work of Salvation is made manifest from the time of Christ's Virginal Conception up to His Death";⁵⁰⁴ it is made manifest above all at the Hour of His Passion: Thus the Blessed Virgin advanced in her pilgrimage of faith, and faithfully persevered in Her Union with Her Son unto the Cross. There She stood, in keeping with the Divine Plan, enduring with Her only begotten Son the intensity of His Suffering, joining Herself with His Sacrifice in Her Mother's Heart, and Lovingly consenting to the Immolation of this Victim, Born of Her: to be given, by the same Christ Jesus dying on the Cross, as a Mother to His disciple, with these words: "Woman, behold Your son."⁵⁰⁵*

John 19:26 - *"When Jesus therefore had seen His Mother and the disciple standing whom He Loved, He saith to His Mother: Woman, behold Thy son."*

From the Book of Heaven

V6 – 3.28.05 - *Then I continued my usual interior work on the Passion, and as I reached the point of the encounter of Jesus and Mary on the Way of the Cross, He made Himself seen again and told me: "My daughter, the soul also I encounter continuously, and if in the encounter I make with the soul I find her in the act of exercising virtues, and united with Me, she repays Me for the Sorrow I suffered when I encountered My Mother, so Sorrowful because of Me."*

From the Eighteenth Hour of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ The Painful Way to Calvary

My Life, Jesus, making You suffer unheard-of spasms, your enemies have managed to put You on Your Feet, and as You walk, staggering, I hear Your panting Breath. Your Heart Beats more Strongly and New Pains Pierce It intensely. You shake Your Head in order to clear Your Eyes from the Blood that fills them, and You Gaze anxiously. Ah, my Jesus, I understood everything - Your Mama, Who is searching for You like a Moaning Dove, wants to tell You one last word, and receive Your last Gaze; and You feel Her Pains, Her Heart Lacerated in Yours, Moved and Wounded by Her Love and by Yours. You see Her pushing Her Way through the crowd, wanting at any cost to see You, to hug You, to give You the last good-bye.

But You are more transfixed in seeing Her mortal paleness, and all of Your Pains reproduced in Her by force of Love. If She Lives, it is only by a Miracle of Your Omnipotence. You move Your Steps toward Hers, but you can hardly exchange a glance!

Oh, pang of Your two Hearts! The soldiers notice it, and with blows and shoving prevent Mama and Son from exchanging the last good-bye. The torment of both is such that your Mama remains petrified by the Pain, and is about to die. Faithful John and the pious women sustain Her, while You fall again under the Cross. Then, Your Sorrowful Mama does with Her soul that which She cannot do with Her Body, because She is prevented: She Enters into You, makes the Will of the Eternal One Her own, and associating Herself in All Your Pains, performs the Office of Your Mother, Kisses You, Repairs You, Soothes You, and Pours the Balm of Her Sorrowful Love into All Your Wounds!

My Suffering Jesus, I too Unite with the Pierced Mama. I make All Your Pains, and every Drop of Your Blood my own; in each Wound I want to act as a mama for You, and together with Her, and with You, I repair for all the dangerous encounters, and for those who expose themselves to occasions of sin, or, forced by necessity to be exposed, remain entangled in sin.

FIAT!!!