

PRAYER TO DISARM DIVINE JUSTICE

My good Jesus, I see that your enemies lift the heavy wood of the Cross and let It drop into the hole they had prepared; and You, my sweet Love, remain suspended between Heaven and earth. In this solemn moment, You turn to the Father, and with weak and feeble voice, You say to Him:

“Holy Father, here I am, loaded down with all the sins of the world. There is not one sin which does not pour upon Me; therefore, no longer unload the scourges of your Divine Justice upon man, but upon Me, your Son. O Father, allow Me to bind all souls to this Cross, and to plead forgiveness for them with the voices of my Blood and of my wounds. O Father, do You not see how I have reduced Myself? By this Cross, by virtue of these pains, concede true conversion, peace, forgiveness and sanctity to all. Arrest your fury against poor humanity, against my children. They are blind, and know not what they are doing. Look well at Me, how I have reduced Myself because of them; if You are not moved to compassion for them, may You at least be softened by this Face of mine, dirtied with spit, covered with Blood, bruised and swollen by the so many slaps and blows received. Have pity, my Father! I was the most beautiful of all, and now I am all disfigured, to the point that I no longer recognize Myself. I have become the abject of all; and so, at any cost, I want to save the poor creature!”

My Jesus, how is it possible that You love us so much? Your love crushes my poor heart. Oh, I would want to go into the midst of all creatures to show this Face of Yours, so disfigured because of them, to move them to compassion for their own souls and for your love; and with the light which emanates from your Face, and with the enrapturing power of your love, make them understand who You are, and who they are, who dare to offend You, so that they may prostrate themselves before You, to adore You and glorify You.

My Jesus, adorable Crucified, the creature continues to irritate Divine Justice, and with her tongue, she makes resound the echo of horrible blasphemies, voices of curses and maledictions, and evil discourses. Ah, all these voices deafen the earth, and penetrating even into the Heavens, while deafening the divine hearing, they curse and ask for revenge and justice against her! Oh, how Divine Justice feels pressed to hurl Its scourges! Oh, how the many horrendous blasphemies ignite Its fury against the creature!

But You, O my Jesus, loving us with highest love, face these deadly voices with your omnipotent and creative voice, and cry out for mercy, graces and love for the creature. In order to appease the indignation of the Father, all love, You say to Him:

“My Father, look at Me once again, do not listen to the voices of the creatures, but to mine; I am the One who satisfies for all. Therefore, I pray You to look at the creature, and to look at her in Me; if You look at her outside of Me, what will happen to her? She is weak, ignorant, capable only of doing evil, and full of miseries. Have pity – pity on the poor creature. I answer for her with my tongue embittered by bile, parched by thirst, dried and burned by love.”

My embittered Jesus, my voice in Yours wants to face all these offenses, all the blasphemies, in order to change all human voices into voices of blessings and praises. My Crucified Jesus, at so much love and pain of yours, the creature does not yet surrender; on the contrary, she despises You and adds sins to sins, committing enormous sacrileges, murders, suicides, duels, frauds, deceits, cruelties and betrayals. Ah, all these evil works weigh on the arms of your Celestial Father; so much so, that unable to sustain their weight, He is about to lower them and pour fury and destruction upon the earth. And You, O my Jesus, to snatch the creature

from the divine fury, fearing to see her destroyed - You stretch out your arms to the Father, You disarm Him, and prevent Divine Justice from taking Its course. And to move Him to compassion for miserable Humanity and to soften Him, You say to Him with the most persuasive voice:

“My Father, look at these hands, ripped open, and the nails that pierce them, which nail them together with all these evil works. Ah, in these hands I feel all the spasms that these evil works give to Me. Are You not content, O my Father, with my pains? Am I perhaps not capable of satisfying You? Yes, these dislocated arms of mine will always be chains to hold the poor creatures tightly, so that they may not escape from Me, except for those who wanted to struggle free by sheer force. These arms of mine will be loving chains that will bind You, my Father, to prevent You from destroying the poor creature. Even more, I will draw You closer and closer to her, that You may pour your graces and mercies upon her!”

My Jesus, your love is a sweet enchantment for me, and pushes me to do what You do. So, together with You, at the cost of any pain, I want to prevent Divine Justice from taking Its course against poor Humanity. With the Blood that pours out of your hands I want to extinguish the fire of sin that ignites It, and to calm Its fury. Allow me to place in your arms, the sufferings and the torments of all men, and the many hearts, grieving and oppressed. Allow me to go among all creatures and press them all into your arms, so that all of them may return to your Heart. By the power of your creative hands, allow me to stop the current of so many evil works, and to hold everyone back from doing evil. My lovable crucified Jesus, the creature is not yet content in offending You. She wants to drink, to the bottom, all the filth of sin, and she runs almost wildly along the path of evil. She falls from sin to sin, disobeys all of your Laws, and denying You, rebels against You, and almost out of spite, she wants to go to hell. Oh, how indignant becomes the Supreme Majesty! And You, O my Jesus, triumphing of everything, even over the obstinacy of creatures, in order to appease the Divine Father, show Him all of your Most Holy Humanity, lacerated, dislocated, tortured in a horrible way. You show your most holy feet, pierced, twisted by the atrocity of the spasms, and I hear your voice, more moving than ever, as though in act of breathing its last, wanting to conquer the creature by force of love and pain, and to triumph over the Paternal Heart:

“My Father, look at Me, from head to foot; there is not one part of Me which is left whole. I do not know where else to let them open more wounds and to procure more sufferings. If You do not placate Yourself at this sight of love and suffering, who will ever be able to appease You? O creatures, if you do not surrender to so much love, what hope remains for you to convert? These wounds and Blood of Mine will be voices that constantly call from Heaven to earth, graces of repentance, forgiveness and compassion for you!”

My Jesus, Crucified Lover, I see that You can take no more. The terrible tension that You suffer on the Cross, the continual creaking of your bones that dislocate more and more at every tiny movement, your flesh that rips more and more, the ardent thirst that consumes You, the interior pains that suffocate You with bitterness, pain and love - and, in the face of so many martyrdoms, the human ingratitude that insults You and penetrates, like a mighty wave, into your pierced Heart, oppress You so much that your Most Holy Humanity, unable to bear the weight of so many martyrdoms, is about to end, and raving with love and suffering, cries out for help and pity! Crucified Jesus, is it possible that You, who rule everything and give life to all, ask for help? Ah, how I wish to penetrate into each drop of your most precious Blood, and to pour my own in order to soothe each one of your wounds, to lessen and render less painful the pricks of each thorn, and into every interior pain of your Heart to relieve the intensity of your bitternesses. I wish I could give You life for life. If it were possible, I would want to unnailed You from the Cross and put myself in your place; but I see that I am nothing and can do nothing - I am too insignificant. Therefore, give me Yourself; I will take life in You, and in You, I will give You Yourself. In this way You will satisfy my

yearnings. Tortured Jesus, I see that your Most Holy Humanity is ending, not because of You, but to fulfill our Redemption in everything. You need divine aid, and so You throw Yourself into the Paternal arms and ask for help and assistance. Oh, how moved is the Divine Father in looking at the horrible torture of your Most Holy Humanity, the terrible crafting that sin has made upon your most holy members! And to satisfy your yearnings of love, He holds You to His Paternal Heart, and gives You the necessary helps to accomplish our Redemption; and as He holds You tightly, You feel again in your Heart, more intensely, the blows of the nails, the lashes of the scourging, the tearing of the wounds, the pricking of the thorns. Oh, how the Father is struck! How indignant He becomes in seeing that all these pains are given to You, up into your inmost Heart, even by souls consecrated to You! And in His sorrow, He says to You:

“Is it possible, my Son, that not even the part chosen by You is wholly with You? On the contrary, it seems that these souls ask for refuge and a hiding place in your Heart in order to embitter You and give You a more painful death. And even more, all these pains they give to You, are hidden and covered by hypocrisy. Ah, Son, I can no longer contain my indignation at the ingratitude of these souls, who grieve Me more than all the other creatures together!”

But You, O my Jesus, triumphing of everything, defend also these souls, and with the immense love of your Heart, form a shield to the waves of bitternesses and piercings that these souls give You. And to appease the Father, You say to Him: *“My Father, look at this Heart of Mine. May all these pains satisfy You; and the more bitter they are, the more powerful may they be over your Heart of Father; to plead graces, light and forgiveness for them. My Father, do not reject them; they will be my defenders who will continue my life upon earth.”*

My Life, Crucified Jesus, I see You still agonizing on the Cross, because your love is not yet satisfied in order to give completion to all. I too, yes, agonize together with You. And all of you, Angels and Saints – come to Mount Calvary, to admire the excesses, and the follies of the love of a God!

Let us kiss His bleeding wounds; let us adore them; let us sustain those lacerated limbs; let us thank Jesus for the accomplished Redemption. Let us turn our gaze to the pierced Mother, who feels pains and deaths in Her Immaculate Heart, for as many pains as She sees in Her Son God. Her own clothes are soaked with His Blood; Mount Calvary is all covered with It. So, all together, let us take this Blood, let us ask the sorrowful Mother to unite Herself to us; let us divide ourselves throughout the whole world, and let us go to the help of all.

Let us help those who are in danger, that they may not perish; those who have fallen, that they may stand up again; those who are about to fall, that they may not fall. Let us give this Blood to the many poor blind, that the light of truth may shine in them. In a special way, let us go into the midst of the poor soldiers, to be their vigilant sentries, and if they are about to be struck by the lead of the enemy, let us receive them into our arms, to comfort them. And if they are abandoned by all, if they are desperate with their sad destiny, let us give them this Blood that they may be resigned, and the atrocity of the pain lessened. And if we see that there are souls who are about to fall into hell, let us give them this Divine Blood, which contains the price of Redemption - let us snatch them from Satan! And while I hold Jesus tightly to my heart in order to defend Him and shelter Him from everything, I will hold everyone to this Heart, so that all may obtain effective grace of conversion, strength and salvation.

Meanwhile, O Jesus, I see that your Blood flows in torrents from your hands and from your feet. The Angels, weeping, surrounding You like a crown, admire the portents of your immense love. I see your sweet Mama, pierced by pain, at the foot of the Cross; your dear Magdalene, beloved John – all taken by ecstasy of awe, love and pain! O Jesus, I unite myself to You and I cling to your Cross; I take all the drops of your Blood and I pour them into my heart. When I see your Justice

irritated against sinners, I will show You this Blood in order to appease You. When I want the conversion of souls obstinate in sin, I will show You this Blood, and by virtue of It You will not reject my prayer, because I hold It's pledge in my hands. And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: *"We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world."*