

Meditation upon Jesus in Gethsemane, the Fifth Hour of His Passion

Luisa Piccarreta, Servant of God, Little Daughter of the Divine Will

Ah, it seems that blessed Jesus opens His lips, faint and dying, and says to me: *My child, do you want to know what it is that torments Me more than the very executioners? Rather, those are nothing compared to this! It is the Eternal Love, which, wanting primacy in everything, is making Me suffer, all at once and in the most intimate parts, what the executioners will make Me suffer little by little. Ah, my child, it is Love which prevails in everything, over Me and within Me. Love is nail for Me, Love is scourge, Love is crown of thorns. Love is everything for Me. Love is my perennial passion, while that of men is in time. Ah, my child, enter into my Heart, come to be dissolved in my love, and only in my love will you comprehend how much I suffered and how much I loved you, and you will learn to love Me and to suffer only out of love.*

O my Jesus, since You call me into your Heart to show me what love made You suffer, I enter into It. But as I enter, I see the portents of love, which crowns your head, not with material thorns, but with thorns of fire; which scourges You, not with lashes of ropes, but with lashes of fire; which crucifies You with nails, not made of iron, but of fire. Everything is fire, which penetrates deep into your bones and into your very marrow; and distilling all of your Most Holy Humanity into fire, it gives You mortal pains, certainly greater than the very Passion, and prepares a bath of love for all the souls who will want to be washed of any stain and acquire the right of children of love.

Oh, Love without end, I feel like drawing back before such immensity of love, and I see that in order to enter into love and to comprehend it, I should be all love! O my Jesus, I am not so! But since You want my company, and You want me to enter into You, I pray You to make me become all love.

And so, I supplicate You to crown my head and each one of my thoughts with the crown of love. 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.

O Jesus, center of all loves, I beg You to nail my hands and my feet, with the nails of love, so that, completely nailed by love – love I may become, love I may comprehend, with love I may be clothed, with love I may be nourished, and love may keep me completely nailed within You, so that nothing, inside and outside of me, may dare to divert me and take me away from Love, O Jesus!

Reflections and Practices

In this hour, abandoned by His Eternal Father, Jesus Christ suffered such a burning fire of love as to be able to destroy all possible and imaginable sins, and to enflame with His love all creatures, even from millions and millions of worlds, and the lost souls of hell if they were not eternally obstinate in their evil. Let us enter into Jesus, and after we have penetrated into His whole interior, in His most intimate fibers, in those heartbeats of fire, in His intelligence which was as though enflamed, let us take this love and clothe ourselves inside and out with the fire that burned Jesus. Then, coming out of Him and pouring ourselves into His Will, we will find there all creatures. Let us give the love of Jesus to each one of them, and touching their hearts and minds with this love let us try to transform them completely into love. Then, with the desires, with the heartbeats, with the thoughts of Jesus, let us form Jesus in every creature's heart. And then we will bring to Him all creatures who have Jesus in their hearts, and we will place them around Him, saying: O Jesus, we bring You all creatures with as many Jesuses in their hearts to give You relief and comfort. We have no other way to give relief to your love other than to bring every creature into your Heart! By doing this, we will give true relief to Jesus, since the flames that burn Him are such that He keeps repeating: "I burn, and there is nobody who takes my love. O please, give Me relief, take my love and give Me love!"

In order to conform to Jesus in everything, we must go back into ourselves, applying these reflections to ourselves: in all that we do, can we say that there is a continuous flow of love running between us and God? Our life is a continuous flow of love which we receive from God; if we think, there is a flow of love; if we work, there is a flow of love. The word is love; the heartbeat is love; we receive everything from God. But do all these actions run toward God with love? Does Jesus find in us the sweet enchantment of His love running toward Him, so that, enraptured by this enchantment, He may overflow with us with more abundant love?

If we have not placed the intention of running together in the love of Jesus in all that we have done, we will enter into ourselves and ask Him forgiveness for causing Him the loss of the sweet enchantment of His love toward us.

Do we let ourselves be worked by the divine hands, as the Humanity of Jesus Christ let Himself be worked? We must take everything that happens within ourselves, which is not sin, as divine crafting. If we do not do so, we deny the glory to the Father, we make divine life escape, and we lose sanctity. Everything we feel within ourselves – inspirations, mortifications, graces – is nothing other than a crafting of love. Do we take those things as God wants? Do we give Jesus the freedom to work, or by taking everything in a human manner and as meaningless, do we rather reject the divine crafting, forcing Him to bend His arms? Do we abandon ourselves in His arms as though we were dead in order to receive all the blows which the Lord will dispose for our sanctification?

My Love and my All, may your love inundate me everywhere, and burn all that is not yours. Let my love run always toward You, to burn away all that may sadden your Heart.