

Prayer to disarm the Divine Justice



Jesus' own prayers at the hour of the crucifixion

**“The Hours of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ”
from Servant of God, Luisa Piccarreta.**

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From 11 AM to 12 PM, Jesus is Crucified.

PRAYER TO DISARM THE DIVINE JUSTICE

My good Jesus, I see that your enemies raise the heavy wood of the cross and let it fall into the hole which they have prepared. And you, my dear love, remain suspended between heaven and earth.

In this solemn moment you turn to the Father; and with your weak and feeble voice, you say to him:

“Holy Father, here I am, burdened with all the sins of the world. There is no sin which is not laid upon me. For this reason, do not pour out the punishments of your divine justice upon men, but upon me, your Son. O Father, let me bind all souls to this cross, and implore forgiveness for them with the voices of my blood and of my wounds. O Father, don't you see how I have been reduced? By this cross, in virtue of these sufferings, grant true conversion, peace, forgiveness and holiness to everyone.”

O Jesus, You are nailed to the Cross. But your soul is no longer on earth. It is in the Heavens with your Divine Father—to defend and plead the cause of our souls. My crucified love, I too want to follow you before the throne of the Eternal One, and together with you I want to disarm the **divine justice**. Joined with your Will, I make your most holy humanity mine. Together with you I want to do whatever you do. My life, permit me to make my thoughts flow in yours; my love, my will and my desires in yours; my heartbeat in your heart; and all my being in you, so that nothing can escape me, and I can repeat all that you do, act for act and word for word.

My crucified Jesus, seeing your divine Father extremely angered with creatures, I see that you prostrate yourself before him and hide all creatures in your most holy humanity. With this, you make us safe, so that by looking at us in you, for your love, the Father won't drive the creature away from himself. And if he looks at it with anger, it is because so many souls have disfigured the beautiful image created by him, and have set their thoughts only on offending him. And instead of using their intelligence to understand him, as it was meant to be, they convert it into a den where they hide all their sins.

O my Jesus, to appease him, you call the attention of your divine Father to your most holy head, to see it pierced by thorns that cause you atrocious agonies. These torments

have all the intelligences of creatures nailed, as it were, in your mind, for which, one by one, you offer an expiation to satisfy the divine justice. Oh, how these thorns are compassionate voices before the divine majesty that excuse all the evil thoughts of creatures! My Jesus, my thoughts are one with yours. So, together with you before the divine majesty, I pray, implore, make reparation, and excuse all the evil that is done by all the intelligences of creatures. Let me take your thorns and your own intelligence, and go around together with you to all creatures, to join your intelligence to theirs. And with the holiness of your intelligence I want to return to them the original intelligence you created them with. With the holiness of your thoughts, let me set all the thoughts of creatures in order in you, and with your thorns pierce all the minds of creatures, giving back to you dominion and rule over everyone. Yes, my Jesus, you alone be the ruler of every thought, of every affection, and of all the peoples. You alone rule everything. Only in this way will the face of the earth—which causes horror and terror—be changed. Crucified Jesus, I notice that you continue to see the divine Father angered, for he looks at poor creatures and finds them all stained with sins and covered with the ugliest filth, which causes revulsion to all heaven. Oh, how the purity of the divine gaze is horrified, almost to the point of no longer recognizing the poor creature as the work of his most holy hands! Indeed, creatures seem to be as so many monsters that inhabit the earth, drawing upon themselves the just anger of the paternal gaze. O my Jesus, to appease him you try to soothe his gaze by exchanging your eyes with his, making him see yours covered with blood and swollen with tears. You weep before the divine majesty, to move him to compassion for the misfortune of so many creatures. And I hear your voice that says:

“My Father, it is true that the ungrateful creature is defiling itself ever more with sins, so that it doesn't merit your paternal gaze any more. But look at me, O Father. I want to weep enough before you, to form a bath of tears and of blood to wash this filth with which creatures are covered. My Father, do you perhaps want to reject me? No, you cannot: I am your Son. And while I am your Son I am also the head of all creatures, and they are my members. Let us save them, O Father, let us save them.”

My Jesus, boundless love, I would like to have your eyes to cry before the supreme majesty over the loss of so many poor creatures, and for times so sad as these! Let me take your tears and your very gazes, which are one with mine, and go around to all creatures. To move them to compassion for their souls and for your love, I will make them see that you weep for them, and that while they are dirtying themselves, you have your tears and blood ready to wash them. Then, seeing you cry, they will surrender. Yes,

with these tears permit me to wash all the filthiness of creatures. Let me make these tears descend into their hearts, soften so many souls hardened in sin, and overcome the obstinacy of all hearts. With your gazes, let me penetrate them so as to make all eyes look up to heaven to love you, and no longer roam over the earth to offend you. With this, the divine Father will not refuse to look at poor humanity.

Crucified Jesus, I see that the anger of the divine Father still has not calmed down, because, while his paternal goodness, moved by so much love for the poor creature, has filled heaven and earth with so many proofs of love and of benefits for it, that at almost every step and act it feels the love and the graces of that paternal heart flowing, the creature, always ungrateful, despising this love, does not want to recognize it. Indeed, it faces so much love by filling heaven and earth with insults, contempt and outrages, going so far as to trample it under its impure feet, even wanting to destroy it by making an idol of itself. Oh, all these offenses even penetrate the heavens and come before the divine majesty. Oh, how he is angered, seeing that the wretched creature goes so far as to insult him and offend him in every way! O my Jesus, always intent on defending us, with the enrapturing force of your love, you compel the Father to look at your most holy face covered with all these insults and contempt; and you say to him:

“My Father, do not despise poor creatures. If you reject them you reject me. Please, be appeased! I have all these offenses on my face, which responds to you for everyone. My Father, stop your fury against poor humanity. They are blind and don't know what they are doing. So, observe me well: see how I am reduced for their cause. If you are not moved to compassion for miserable humanity, be moved to pity by this face of mine, all soiled with spit, covered with blood, pale and swollen by all the slaps and blows received. Have mercy, my Father! I was the most beautiful of all, and now I am so disfigured that I no longer recognize myself. I have become the most repugnant, despised and rejected of all. So, at any cost I want the poor creature saved!”

My Jesus, is it possible for you to love us so? Your love crushes my poor heart. I want to follow you in everything, so let me take your most holy face to have it in my power to continually show it so disfigured to the Father, to move him to compassion for poor humanity, which is so oppressed under the scourge of the divine justice that it lies nearly dead. Let me go into the midst of creatures and show them this face of yours so disfigured for their sake, to move them to compassion for their souls and for your love. With the light that radiates from your face, and with the enrapturing force of your love, let me make them understand who you are and who they are, who dare to offend you. This will make their souls rise from so many sins in which they live dead to grace, and

make them all prostrate themselves before you, in the act of adoring you and glorifying you. My crucified, adorable Jesus, the creature always continues to irritate the divine justice, and from its tongue there sounds the echo of horrendous blasphemies, swearing and cursing voices, evil discourses, plots to kill and to massacre. All these voices deafen the earth and even penetrate the heavens, deafening the divine ears. Weary of this poisonous echo that it sends him, the Creator would like to get rid of the creature, banishing it from himself. All these poisonous voices curse, and cry vengeance and justice against themselves. Oh, how the divine justice feels compelled to discharge punishments! Oh, how so many horrendous blasphemies arouse its fury against the creature! O my Jesus, loving us with supreme love, you face these deadly voices with your allpowerful and creative voice, in which you gather up all these voices. You make your gentle voice resound in the ears of the Father to compensate him for the annoyances that creatures cause him, and you give him as many more voices of blessings and praises. Then you cry: *“Mercy, graces and love for the poor creature!”* To appease him even more you show him your most holy mouth, and say to him:

“My Father, look at me again. Do not hear the voices of creatures, but mine. I am the one who is satisfying for everyone. So, I pray you to look at the creature, but to do so in me. If you look at it outside of me, what will become of it? It is weak, ignorant, capable only of doing wrong, and full of all miseries. Mercy! Have mercy on the poor creature! I will answer for them with this tongue of mine embittered by gall, parched by thirst, burnt and scorched by love.”

My embittered Jesus, my voice in yours wants to face all these offenses. Let me take your tongue and your lips, and go around to all creatures, touching your tongue to theirs, so that in the act of offending you, by feeling the bitterness you are suffering, if not for love, at least for the bitterness they feel, they may no longer blaspheme. Let me touch their lips with yours, so that with the fire caused by sin upon everyone lips, and with your almighty voice ringing in every breast, the current of all evil voices may be stopped, and all human voices may be transformed into voices of blessings and praises. O holy, crucified Jesus, the creature still does not surrender to so much love and pain. Indeed, despising you, it continues to add sin to sin, committing enormous sacrileges, homicides, suicides, duels, frauds, deceits, cruelties and betrayals. Oh, how all these evil works weigh on the paternal arms. So, unable to sustain their weight, the Father is about to lower them, pouring out fury and destruction upon the earth.

O my Jesus, to snatch the creature from the divine fury, fearing to see it destroyed, you extend your arms to the Father so that he will not lower his to destroy the creature.

Helping to sustain the weight with your arms, you disarm him and keep the divine justice from taking its course. Then, to move him to compassion and pity for miserable humanity, you say to him with the most persuasive voice:

“My Father, look at these torn hands and at these nails piercing them, that nail all these evil works to me. Yes, it is in these hands that I feel all the agonies which these evil works give me. Aren't you content, O my Father, with my pains? Aren't they, perhaps, capable of satisfying you? Yes, these dislocated arms of mine will always be chains that will keep the poor creature bound, so that it may not escape me—except someone who wants to tear himself from me by way of force. Besides this, these arms of mine will be loving chains that will bind you, my Father, to keep you from destroying the poor creatures. What is more, I will always draw you toward the creature so that you may pour out your graces and mercies on it.”

My Jesus, your love is a sweet enchantment for me, and it drives me to do what you are doing. So, give me your arms, for, together with you, at the cost of any pain, I want to prevent the divine justice from taking its course against poor humanity. With the blood that is flowing from your hands, I want to put out the fire of sin that enkindles it, and calm its fury. And to move the Father to compassion for creatures, let me put in your arms so many torn members, the groanings of so many poor wounded, and so many suffering and oppressed hearts. Let me go around to all creatures and embrace everyone in your arms so that all may return to your heart. With the power of your creative hands, permit me to stop the current of so many evil works and to make everyone turn away from working evil.

My lovable, crucified Jesus, the creature is still not tired of offending you. It wants to drink to the dreges, all the scum of sin, and it runs almost madly along the ways of evil, falling headlong into sin time and again. It disobeys your laws; and refusing to recognize you, it rebels against you. Almost to spite you, it wants to go to hell. Oh, how the supreme majesty is angered! O my Jesus, triumphing over everything, even over the obstinacy of creatures, to appease the divine Father, you show him all your most sacred humanity, horribly lacerated, dislocated and torn. You show him your most holy feet pierced. In them, you have all the steps of creatures, which give you such mortal pains that your feet are contorted by the atrocious spasms. I hear your voice, more touching than ever, as if in the act of dying, that wants to overcome the creature by way of love and of pain, and triumph over the heart of your Father.

You say:

“My Father, look at me from head to foot: there is no whole part left in me. There is no place where I can still be wounded, in order to suffer more pains. If you are not appeased by this spectacle of love and of pain, who will ever be able to calm you? O creatures, if you do not surrender to so much love, what hope do you have of converting? These wounds and this blood will always be voices which will call down from heaven to earth, graces of repentance, forgiveness and compassion for poor humanity!”

My Jesus, I see you in a state of violence, wanting to appease the Father and to overcome the poor creature. So, let me take your most holy feet and go around to all creatures to tie their steps to your feet, so that if they should want to walk the way of evil, by feeling the chains with which you have them bound to yourself, they won't be able to do it. Yes, with your feet make them withdraw from the way of evil, and put them on the path of good, making them more docile to your laws. And with your nails, close hell so that no one else will fall into it. My Jesus, crucified lover, I see that you can't take it any more. The terrible tension you suffer on the cross; the continual grinding of your bones which are dislocated ever more at every little movement; your flesh which is torn more and more; the repeated offenses you receive, which give you a more painful passion and death; the burning thirst that consumes you; the interior pains that suffocate you with bitterness, pains and love; and all your martyrdoms, for the human ingratitude which comes before you like a violent wave, even penetrating your pierced heart. . . Yes, all these things crush you so much that your most holy humanity, unable to withstand the weight of so many martyrdoms, is about to succumb. Delirious with love and pains, it asks for help and pity.

Crucified Jesus, is it possible that you who maintain everything and give life to everyone, are asking for help? Oh, how I would like to penetrate each drop of your blood and pour out mine to soothe each of your wounds, and lessen the pain of each thorn, making their punctures less painful, and to relieve each interior pain of your heart and so lessen the intensity of your bitterness. I would like to give you life for life. And if it were possible, I would unnailed you from the cross to take your place myself. But I see that I am nothing and that I can do nothing. I am too insignificant. So, give me yourself. I will take life in you, and in you I will give you to yourself. With this, you will content my longings. Lacerated Jesus, I see that your most holy humanity is coming to an end, not for your sake, but to bring our redemption to perfect fulfillment. You need divine help, and so you throw yourself into the paternal arms, asking for help and relief. Oh, how the divine

Father is moved to compassion as he observes the horrendous destruction of your most holy humanity, the terrible work which sin has done to your most holy members. To satisfy your longings of love, he presses you to his paternal heart and gives you the helps necessary to complete our redemption. As he is clasping you, in your heart you feel repeated with even more severely, the blows of the nails, the lashes of the scourging, the tearing of the wounds, the punctures of the thorns. Oh, how the Father is struck! How indignant he becomes, seeing that all these pains are produced even in your heart, even by souls consecrated to you! And in his sorrow he says to you:

“My Son, is it possible that not even all of those whom you have chosen are with you? Indeed, it seems as though these souls ask refuge and hiding in your heart to embitter you and give you a more painful death. And what is worse, all these pains they give you are hidden and covered by hypocrisy. No, Son, I cannot contain my indignation any longer for the ingratitude of these souls, who cause me more sorrow than all the other creatures together.”

O my Jesus, triumphing over everything, you defend these souls. With the immense love of your heart you protect yourself from the waves of bitterness and the transfixions that these souls give you. And to appease the Father, you say to him:

“My Father, look at my heart. Let all these sorrows satisfy you. And the more bitter they are, so much more powerful may they be over your paternal heart to obtain graces, light and forgiveness for these souls. My Father, do not reject them. They will be my defenders who will continue my life on earth. O most loving Father, consider that if my humanity has now reached the extreme of its sufferings, my heart as well bursts for the bitterness and the intimate pains and unheard-of agonies which it has suffered for the duration of thirty-four years, beginning from the first instant of my incarnation. O Father, you know the intensity of these interior bitteresses which would have been capable of making me die of pure agony in every moment, if our omnipotence had not sustained me to prolong my suffering up to this extreme agony. Yes, if until now I have offered you all the pains of my most holy humanity to appease your justice which is hanging over everyone and to draw upon everyone your triumphant mercy, now, in a particular way for the souls consecrated to us that have gone astray, I present my heart to you, crushed, pressed and broken under the press of all the moments of my mortal life. Yes, my

Father, observe this heart which has loved you with infinite love and has always burned in me with love for my brothers and your children. This is the generous heart with which I have longed to suffer, to give you complete satisfaction for all the sins of men. Have pity on its desolations, its continual sorrows, its anguishes, its tediums and its sadnesses in the face of death. O my Father, was there, perhaps, ever a single beat of my heart that did not seek your glory and the salvation of my brothers, at the cost of pains and of blood? Didn't there come forth from this ever-oppressed heart of mine the ardent entreaties, the groanings, the sighs and the resounding cries with which for thirty-four years I have wept and cried out for mercy in your presence?"

"O my Father, you have heard me for an infinite number of times and for an infinite number of souls, for which I thank you infinitely. But look, O my Father: See how my heart cannot be calmed in its pains if even a single soul is to escape from its love, because we love each individual soul as much as all souls together. Will it be said that I had to give my last sigh on this painful instrument of execution, even seeing souls consecrated to us, perish miserably? I am dying in an ocean of anguish and pain for the wickedness and the eternal loss of perverse Judas, who was so hard and thankless that he rejected all my loving and delicate ways. I graced him so, even to the point of making him priest and bishop, as my other apostles. Please, Father, let this abyss of pains be enough! How many souls I see, chosen by us for the double sacred vocation, who, to a greater or lesser degree, want to imitate Judas! Help me, my Father, help me! I cannot bear all these pains. See if there is one fiber of my heart which is not tormented more than my divine body with all the rents it has received. See if all the blood I am shedding does not gush more from my heart — which is destroyed by love and by pain— than from all my wounds. Have pity, my Father, have pity! Not on me, for I want to suffer even infinitely for poor souls; but have pity on all souls, especially on those, both men and women, who have been called to my holy service and to my nuptials of love. Listen, O Father, for my heart, soon to die, accelerates its inflamed heartbeats, and cries: 'For all these pains, I ask of you efficacious graces of repentance and true conversion for these unhappy souls! Do not let even one of them escape us!' I thirst, my Father. I thirst for all souls, especially for these. I thirst for more suffering for each of these souls. My Father, I have always done your Will. Now, this Will of mine which is also yours,

please let it be perfectly fulfilled for love of me, your most beloved Son in whom you have found all your good pleasure!”

My Jesus, I can't stand it any longer! I unite myself to your entreaties, to your pains, to your suffering love. Give me your heart so that I may feel your own thirst for the souls consecrated to you, and with my heartbeats, return to you the love and the affections of them all. Let me go around to everyone and put your heart into them. By its contact may the cold be warmed; the lukewarm shaken; the wayward called back, to receive once again all the graces they have rejected. Your heart is suffocated by the sorrow and the bitterness of seeing that the designs you had on these consecrated souls were not realized because of their incorrespondence, and that so many other souls, which, through them, were to have life and salvation, suffer the sad consequences. I will show them your heart so embittered for their sake, I will hurl darts of fire from your heart into them, and I will present all your entreaties and all your sufferings for them [to the Father]. It won't be possible for them not to surrender to you, and so they will return repentant to your feet. Your loving designs on them will be re-established, and they will be in you and around you, no longer to offend you, but to make reparation to you and to console and defend you.

Crucified Jesus, my life, I see that you are still agonizing on the cross, for your love is not yet satisfied in its desire to give fulfillment to everything. Yes, I too agonize together with you. And I call everyone, angels and saints: Come to Mount Calvary to contemplate the excesses and the follies of the love of a God! Let us kiss his bleeding wounds and adore them, let us support those lacerated members, let us thank Jesus for the completed redemption. Let us give a glance to the transfixed mother, who feels as many pains and deaths in her Immaculate Heart for as many pains she sees in her Son-God. Her very garments are spattered with blood, and Mount Calvary is all showered with it. So, all together, let us take this blood. And praying the sorrowful mother to join with us, let us go out to all the world to help everyone. Let us help the endangered that they may not perish, the fallen that they may rise again, and those who are about to fall that they may not.

Let us give this blood to so many poor blind creatures so that the light of the truth may shine in them. In a particular way, let us go into the midst of the poor combatants to be watchful guards over them. And if they are about to be hit by bullets, let us receive them in our arms to comfort them. If they are abandoned by everyone and then are despairing for their sad lot, let us give them this blood, so that they may become resigned, and to calm the fierceness of their pains. Then, if we should see souls that are about to fall into hell, let us give them this divine blood which contains the price of redemption, to snatch them from Satan.

While I have Jesus pressed to my heart to keep him defended and sheltered from everything, I will press everyone to his heart so that all may receive the efficacious grace of conversion, and strength and salvation. O Jesus, I see blood streaming from your hands and your feet. The weeping angels, gathered around you like a crown, admire the wonders of your immense love. I see your tender mother at the foot of the cross, pierced by sorrow. Your dear Mary Magdalene and beloved John are all wrapped in an ecstasy of wonder, of love and of sorrow. O Jesus, I unite myself to you, and I embrace your cross; and taking all the drops of your blood, I pour them into my heart. When I see your justice armed against sinners, I will appease you by showing you this blood. When I want the conversion of souls set in sin, I will show you this blood. And in virtue of it you will not reject my prayer, because I have the token in my hands.

And now, my crucified Jesus, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with your mother and 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.”