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VIII

*Holy Hour***In Reparation for Public and Official
Outrages to Our Lord Jesus Christ
and for the First Friday of July***(Slowly)*

How blessed and really happy were the unhappy ones in Judea who met Jesus at the turn of a narrow path and for a moment found themselves alone with Him! . . . How privileged were those fortunate sufferers of Naim, of Jerusalem, and of Bethany, who on meeting Jesus were free to pray and to weep on His Divine Heart! . . . It is thus, O Jesus of Nazareth—our Jesus of the Tabernacle—it is thus, we have met Thee during this Holy Hour . . .

Look at us, adorable Master, and Thou wilt recognize among us the same happy and blessed unfortunate ones of Palestine . . . Yes, like those of Judea and Galilee and Samaria we also have confidently sought a meeting . . . But less

interested in our own concerns than were they, we come this evening for Thy sake and glory. Here at Thy Feet in the shadow of this altar we come to reflect on the great interests of Thy social reign.

We are here, Lord, only because of Thee, only for the defense of Thy cause, O Jesus! . . . We hasten to Thee because outcries of rage and blasphemy warn us that Thy enemies give themselves no respite in carrying out their determination to drive Thee from souls and to exile Thee from society.

And if the hour of Calvary is come again, if Thou must suffer, if Thou must agonize, if Thou must die, behold King of Love this little flock who asks the favor of suffering for the cause of and by the side of its Shepherd. Thou hast said to Thy confidante, Margaret Mary, with deep sorrow in Thy soul: "I need victim souls to share My agony." Do as Thou wilt with us, Lord . . . we all love Thee . . . We love Thee ardently.

(Pause)

Rend the veil of Thy sacred Side, O well-beloved Jesus, and permit us entrance to the Holy of Holies of Thy adorable Heart . . . Permit

Thy children to contemplate there during this Holy Hour the outrages of Thy Passion . . . and the cruelty of that sentence passed on Thee by the very ones whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Blood . . . From Thy Tabernacle give us light to follow step by step that sorrowful way which began on the dark night of Gethsemane only to finish on the last day of the world . . .

Despite our unworthiness permit Thy consolers to share Thy chalice of opprobrium and agony. Give us, lovable Prisoner of the Altar, one sole favor, one unique right: to love Thee in the ignominy of Thy Cross and to unite ourselves to Thine agony through Holy Mass and the Holy Hour . . . And, finally, and above all, give us the right and favor to love Thee dearly unto death . . . O yes, the right and privilege to die while loving intensely Thy Eucharistic Heart . . .

(Ask for light and love to contemplate Jesus Christ in the Mysterious Sacrifice of the Eucharist)

(Pause)

Jesus: Beloved soul, here in the Host where you see Me, I live silent, mute, perpetually bound

before the modern Herods. Do you not hear, rising to Heaven, the insolent questioning which they make Me undergo, I Who am sovereign Power, Truth, and the sole Master of the world? I keep silence for love of you, for you whom I save by enduring the ignominious condemnation of the rulers of the world, judges of men but never of My doctrine . . . They seek authority and use it against Me, . . . and behold Me perpetually the Victim of their abuse of power. For them, thrones; for Me, the prisoner's bench . . . for them, the golden scepter; for Me, always the reed of mockery! . . . for them, a retinue which applauds and flatters them; for Me, jeering cohorts and executioners! . . . For them, diadems and homage . . . for Me, the crown of thorns! . . . For Me, forgetfulness, always forgetfulness! . . .

And if at times those worldly powers evoke, in spite of themselves, the remembrance of My Sovereignty, My Name alone is enough to cause a tempest of hatred, of legal persecution, and of blasphemy to break forth . . . Thus am I judged and condemned by the world which lives only by Me . . . I keep silence because in the Holy Eucharist I am the incarnation of a

merciful love . . . but this revolt against My Sovereignty, this ignoring of My Majesty in the laws which rule nations is a direct outrage against Me, the Almighty Who dwells among men, reduced to nothingness in the Sacrament of Love . . . Is not this wrong, a real defiance of the Eucharistic God . . . an insult to Him Who speaks to you from the depths of His Tabernacle which often indeed becomes Pilate's Praetorium? Here, consoling soul, meek and humble, I bear the affronts of slaves and the contempt of the vilest of men . . . I am taken out of this prison, only when earthly tribunals order Me to be scourged, and then to be shown, covered with blood, to the angry mob.

O how consoled My Divine Heart feels by your reparation . . . The ardent love of My own makes up for the scoffing of the powerful. You who are rich make reparation for that insult by your humility; you who are poor, by your resignation . . . From here, from My Tabernacle, I bless you, My very faithful friends. Speak, then, My children. Ask miracles, you, the elect of My Heart . . . Speak, I am the King of infinite mercy.