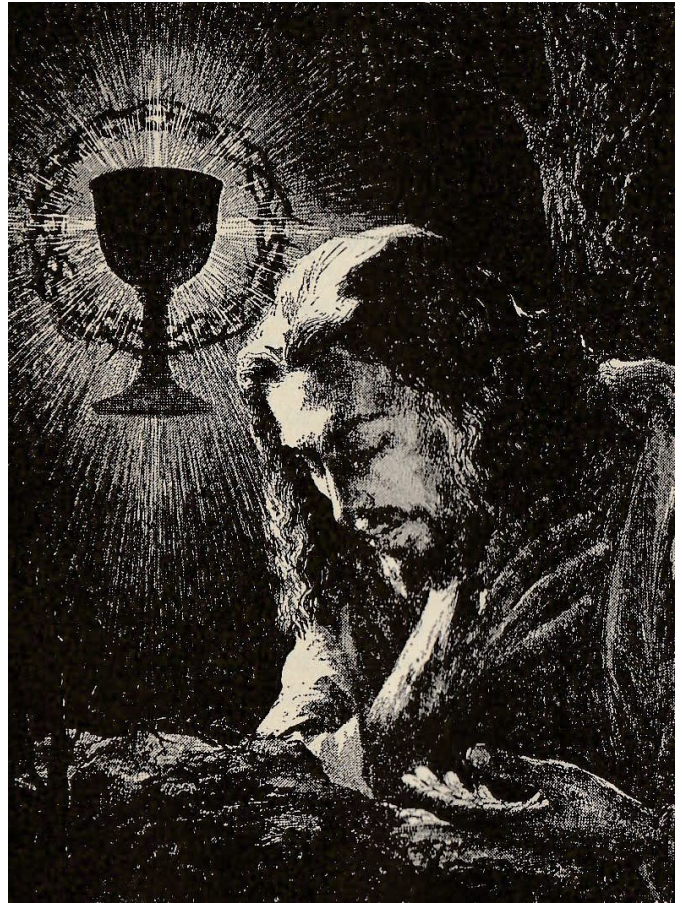


21 Holy Hours by Fr. Mateo Crawley-Boevey – Chapter 10 – For the First Friday of September and for Holy Thursday in Lent

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And finally, like thousands of arrows, sacrilegiously striking His Face and transpiercing His Heart, the names of the damned have come, that innumerable legion of reprobates, who, marked with His Blood and redeemed by His death, nevertheless choose for themselves eternal death and malediction! ... O! then this Divine Heart breaks under the oppression of an infinite sorrow, His veins burst open with violent grief. Jesus staggers ... an instant after, His Features livid, His Hair disheveled, His whole Body trembling and covered with blood, He falls on His Face to the ground and utters a cry: **“Father, I have come into this world to accomplish Thy Will! ... If it be possible let this chalice pass from Me, but not My Will but Thine be done!”** ...



He was still prostrate on the ground when the names of each one of us, yes, our own names resounded in the depths of His agonizing Heart ... In that Holy Hour He saw us, all of us here present, bringing to Him a sweet consolation. He saw us come with the Angel to strengthen Him ... He felt that we were sustaining His fainting Body between our arms, against our hearts. He felt that we were comforting Him by our sacrifices, our tenderness, and our love ... Since then He continues to regard us through His tears and from the depths of His Prison, as His friends, as the confidants of His grief-stricken Heart, for it is this same Heart which beats here in the mysterious tomb of His altar.