

THE PROMISES OF JESUS FOR WHOEVER MEDITATES ON THE HOURS OF THE PASSION

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The Hours of the Passion**

From the writings of Luisa Piccarreta

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“Tell me, my Good Lord, what will You grant in return to those who will make the Hours of your Passion on which You had instructed me?”

And He: *“My daughter, I shall not regard these Hours as ‘your things, but as things done by Me, and I shall grant to you my very own merits, as if I, Myself, were, in actuality, suffering my Passion. I shall, thereby, make you obtain the effects of my Passion, according to the soul’s disposition. This, I shall accomplish on earth: Of Myself, I could not have offered you more; and in Heaven: I shall place these souls at the front, shooting them with arrows of love and of happiness for the many hours they spent in making the Hours of my Passion. And they shall shoot Me with arrows as well. What a sweet enchantment for all the blessed this shall be!”*

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I was thinking about the Hours of the written Passion. how they have no indulgences; and therefore, whoever does them cannot gain any

indulgences, as they can with so many other prayers enriched with so many indulgences. While I was thinking of this, my always amiable Jesus, all mildness, said to me:

“My daughter, with indulgenced prayers, one can gain something. Instead, the Hours of my Passion, which are my very own prayers, my reparations, and complete love, have truly issued from my Heart. Have you, perhaps, forgotten how many times I united Myself with you, in order to make these Hours together, and how I changed scourges into graces for the entire earth? Therefore, my enjoyment is so great, that instead of indulgences, I give you a handful of love which contains inestimable coins of infinite value. Then, when things are [able to be] accomplished [by the soul] with pure love, my Love discovers for you the vent, for my Love desires that the creature give relief and vent to the Creator’s Love.”

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As I was writing the Hours of the Passion, I thought to myself: “How many sacrifices there are in writing these blessed Hours of his Passion, especially when having to write down certain interior acts that passed only between Jesus and myself! What will be the recompense that Jesus shall offer me for them? And Jesus, making me hear his sweet and tender voice, said to me: *“My daughter, as a recompense for having written the Hours of my Passion, for every word that you have written, I will give you a kiss, a soul.”* And I: “My Love, this is for me. What will you give, instead, to those who shall make them?” And He: *“If they shall make them together with Me and with my own Will, for every word that they make, I shall give them a soul, because the greater or lesser efficacy of these*

Hours of my Passion is determined by the greater or lesser union they have with Me. And by making these Hours with my Will, the creature therein hides himself, whereby, my Will doing the acting, I am thus able to do all the good I want, even through the use of a single word. And I shall do this every time they make them.” On another occasion, I was complaining to Jesus, that after so many sacrifices in writing these Hours of the Passion, there were so few souls who made them. And He: *“My daughter, do not complain. Even if there were but only one soul, you should be happy. Would I not have suffered my entire Passion for the sake of saving only one soul? The same applies to you; good must never be omitted simply because there are few who make use of it. All evil, however, is reserved for him who does not take advantage of so much good. And so, just as my Passion applied to my Humanity the merit of saving all, which was what I desired and merited according to my desires, and not according to the desires of such creatures who would make poor use of It, therefore impeding my design of saving all, so it should likewise be with you: According to the measure in which your will is assimilated to Mine in desiring to do good to all, in that measure will you be rewarded. All evil is reserved for those, who while being able to do good, do not do so. These Hours are the most precious of all, for they are none other than the repetition of what I did in the course of my mortal Life and of what I continue to do in the Most Blessed Sacrament. When I hear these Hours of my Passion [recited], I hear my own voice and my own prayers. I see my Will in that soul who desires the good of all and who wants to make reparation for all, and I feel transported; whence, I take up my dwelling within her, so as to do within her that which she herself does. Oh, how I would love it if only one soul in every town were to*

make these Hours of my Passion! I would feel my own presence in each town, and my Justice, greatly disdained in these times, would be placated in part.” Also, one day while I was making the **Hour (4 PM)** in which our Heavenly Mother gave Jesus over to be buried, I followed Her closely in order to keep Her company throughout Her bitter desolation, so as to offer Her my compassion. It was not my custom to always act in this way, but only sometimes. And so, as I was undecided as to whether or not I should continue to act in this manner, Blessed Jesus appeared in all of his Love, and as if beseeching me, He said:

“My daughter, I bid you not to leave Her; you shall accompany Her for my Love’s sake, in honor of my Mother. Know, that every time you accompany Her, my Mother feels as if She Herself were on earth in person, repeating Her life and experiencing the glory and love which She had offered Me while on earth. Wherefore, I, feeling as if my Mother were on the earth again, experience Her Motherly tenderness, Her love, and all the glory that She gave Me. Therefore, I will consider you as a Mother.”

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I was making the Hours of the Passion, and Jesus, taken up with great pleasure, said to me: “My daughter, if you knew the great pleasure I experience whereupon seeing you repeat, repeat again, and thus always repeat these Hours of my Passion, you would rejoice. It is true that my Saints have meditated upon my Passion and have understood how much I suffered, whence they burst into tears of compassion, to the point of experiencing themselves being consumed for love of my pains; but whereas, their meditations were not made in such an orderly and continually repeated way.

Therefore, I can say that you are the first to give Me the great and special pleasure of subacting within yourself, hour by hour, my Life and that which I suffered, wherein I experience Myself being so drawn, that hour by hour, I give to you my food, which food I, Myself, partake of, thereby doing together with you that which you do. **Know, however, that I shall reward you abundantly for them [these Hours] with new light and new graces; and even after your death, every time these Hours of my Passion will be made by souls on this earth, I, in Heaven, will continue to embellish you with new light and new glory.”**

Volume 11 – 6th November, 1914

While continuing the customary Hours of the Passion, my loving Jesus said to me:

“My daughter, the world is in the continual act of renewing my Passion, and since my Immensity envelops everything, internally and externally with regard to the creature, I am therefore compelled, in virtue of their association, to receive nails, thorns, scourges, contempt, spit, and all else that I suffered during my Passion, and yet more. Now, whenever the creature makes the Hours of my Passion while associating himself with these souls, I feel the nails being removed, the thorns shattered, the wounds cauterized, and the spit removed. I feel the evils that others inflict upon Me transformed into good; and whereby, I feeling that their association does Me no harm, but good, lean on them all the more.” Thereafter, when returning, Blessed Jesus began to speak of these Hours of his Passion. He said:

“My daughter, know, that in making these Hours, the soul takes my thoughts and makes them her own; she takes my reparations, my

prayers, my desires, my affections, even my most intimate fibers, and makes them her own. And whereby, raising herself up between Heaven and earth, she performs my own office, and as co-redemptrix, says together with Me: 'Ecce ego, mitte me' [Here I am, Lord; send me out]. I want to make reparation to You for everyone, to respond to You for everyone, and to intercede for the good of everyone."

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I was making "The Hours of his Passion, and Blessed Jesus said to me:

"My daughter, in the course of my mortal Life, thousands of Angels courted my Humanity and gathered together what I did: my words, steps, even breaths, pains, drops of my Blood, in a word, everything. They were Angels deputed to my care, to render Me honor, obedient to my every gesture; they descended and ascended to Heaven, as to present what I did to the Father.

Now, these Angels have a special office: As the soul recalls my Life, my Passion, my prayers, they place themselves round her, thus gathering together her words, her prayers, the compassion she shows Me, her tears, her offenses; whereby, uniting them to Mine, they carry them off to my Majesty, as to renew for Me the glory of my own Life. And the Angels enjoy it so much that they reverently stand in attention as to hear what the soul is saying, and they pray together with her. Therefore, with attention and respect, the soul ought to make these Hours, while remembering that the Angels hang upon her every word, as to repeat after her what she says!"....

Volume 12 – March 16, 1917

“Moreover, do you not see that if I have not said anything to you in the morning, I am waiting for the night to say a word to you? Furthermore, when they read the applications of the [Hours of] My Passion, I, being in you, overflow the brim of your soul and speak to you of the most intimate things, which up to now I have not manifested. Then, since the soul must follow Me in this work of Mine, these applications [of the Hours] will be the mirror of My internal Life, and who will model herself on It will reproduce in herself My same Life. Oh, how they reveal My Love’s thirst for souls in every fiber of My Heart, in every breath of Mine, [in every] thought, etc.! “That is why I speak to you more than ever, but when I finish I hide Myself and you, not seeing Me, tell Me that I have changed. Rather I tell you [that] when you do not want to repeat with your voice what I tell you in your interior, you impede My outlet of Love.”

Volume 12 – May 16, 1917

Then I found myself outside of myself. I found myself among many souls—it seemed as though they were the souls of Purgatory and the Saints—who named a person I knew who died not long ago, and they said to me: *“He feels as happy in seeing that there is no soul who enters into Purgatory who does not carry the imprint of the Hours of the Passion. Further, helped and escorted by these Hours, he takes his position in a secure place. Moreover, there is not a soul that flies into Paradise who is not accompanied by these Hours of the Passion. These Hours rain continuous dew from Heaven onto the earth, into Purgatory, and even into Heaven.”* Upon hearing this I said to myself: *“Perhaps my beloved Jesus, in order to keep His word given—that for every word of The Hours of the Passion He*

would save a soul—(grants that) there be no soul saved who would not have made use of these Hours.” Afterwards, I returned into myself, and, having found my sweet Jesus, I asked Him if this were true.

And He: *“These Hours are the order of the universe and put Heaven and earth into harmony, as well as keep Me from destroying the world. I feel My Blood, My Wounds, My Love, and all that I did, put into circulation; and they flow upon all to save all. Further, as souls do these Hours of the Passion, I feel My Blood, My Wounds, and My anxieties to save souls come to life, and I feel My Life repeated to Me.*

“How can creatures obtain any good, if not by means of these Hours? Why do you doubt it? The thing is not yours, but Mine. You have been the constrained and weak instrument.”

Volume 12 – July 12, 1918

I was praying with a certain fear and anxiety for a dying soul, and my amiable Jesus, coming, said to me: *“My daughter, why are you afraid? Do you not know that for every word on My Passion—for every thought, compassion, reparation, [and] memory of My pains—so many (ways like) electrical communications open themselves between Me and the soul, and therefore so many various beauties adorn the soul? She did the Hours of My Passion and I will receive her as a daughter of My Passion, dressed with My Blood and adorned with My wounds. This flower has grown in your heart, and I bless it and receive it into Mine as a predilect flower.”* Then, while He said that, a flower went out from my heart and took flight toward Jesus.

Volume 22 – June 17, 1927

After this, I found myself outside of myself, and while looking for my sweet Jesus I encountered Father Di Francia. He was all cheerful, and he told me: *“Do you know how many beautiful surprises I found? I did not think it would be so when I was on earth, though I thought I had done good by publishing the Hours of the Passion. But the surprises I found are marvelous, enchanting, of a rarity never before seen: all the words regarding the Passion of Our Lord changed into light, one more beautiful than the other – all braided together; and these lights grow more and more as creatures do the Hours of the Passion, so more lights add to the first. But what surprised me the most were the few sayings published by me about the Divine Will: each saying changed into a sun, and these suns, investing all the lights with their rays, form such a surprise of beauty that one remains enraptured, enchanted. You cannot imagine how surprised I was at seeing myself in the midst of these lights and these suns – how content I was; and I thanked our Highest Good, Jesus, who had given me the occasion and the grace to do it. You too, thank Him on my behalf.”*