

**THE HOURS OF THE PASSION  
OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST**



**LUISA PICCARRETA**

**The little daughter of the Divine Will**

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Ad usum privatum  
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## **Ecclesiastical seals of approval of the original Italian editions of this book**

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### **Introductory note**

St. Hannibal of Francia, Luisa's extraordinary confessor affirms that her method is a "totally new approach," and she was the first to introduce this way of contemplating the Lord's passion:

I was doing the Hours of the Passion and Jesus, all pleased, told me: "My daughter, if you knew what great satisfaction I feel in seeing you repeating these Hours of my Passion - always repeating them, over and over again - you would be happy. It is true that my Saints have meditated on my Passion and have comprehended how much I suffered, melting in tears of compassion, so much so, as to feel consumed for love of my pains; but not in such a continuous way, and repeated many times in this order. Therefore I can say that you are the first one to give Me this pleasure, so great and special, as you keep fragmenting within you - hour by hour - my life and what I suffered. And I feel so drawn that, hour by hour, I give you this food and I eat the same food with you, doing what you do together with you. Know, however, that I will reward you abundantly with new light and new graces; and even after your death, each time souls on earth will do these Hours of my Passion, in Heaven I will clothe you with ever new light and glory."<sup>1</sup>

## **Preface**

**by Saint Annibale M. di Francia**

Messina, October 29, 1926

*Intelligentes quae sit voluntas Dei.*

We begin, with this first printing, the publication of more than 20 handwritten volumes of sublime revelations which, always excepting the judgments of the Holy Church, we piously believe to have been given by Our Lord Jesus Christ to a soul, a dearest daughter and disciple of His, who is the pious author of the Hours of the Passion.

Even now we make known that these revelations, which are continuing and will continue, we don't know for how much longer, have as their goal the establishment of the complete Triumph of the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon earth.

(...) This solitary soul is a most pure virgin, wholly of God, who appears to be the object of singular predilection of Jesus, Divine Redeemer. It seems that Our Lord, who century after century increases the wonders of His Love more and more, wanted to make of this virgin with no education, whom He calls the littlest one that He found on earth, the instrument of a mission so sublime that no other can be compared to it - that is, the triumph of the Divine Will upon the whole earth, in conformity with what is said in the 'Our Father': *Fiat Voluntas Tua sicut in Coelo et in terra.*

## **The Hours of the Passion**

At the same time as the sublime revelations about the virtues in general, and about the Divine Will in particular, for many years, at nighttime, this soul has entered the contemplation of the sufferings of Our Lord Jesus Christ, with the addition of distinct information about many scenes of the Passion.

The method was that of going through the 24 hours of the Adorable Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, which begin with the Legal Supper and end with His death on the Cross. These visions were sometimes accompanied by corresponding revelations of Our Lord.

Since nothing was published of the visions and revelations of this soul, in her excessive desire to keep everything hidden, fearing that a publication, even anonymous, might uncover her, she wanted to bury this Treasure of divine knowledges, of superhuman compassion, of a superhuman fount of the most loving affections within herself.

But her Spiritual Father placed the majestic Lady Obedience, the strong Warrior armed from head to foot, before her; and Our Lord Himself pushed her to manifest them for the good of many souls.

She surrendered, and to the author of this Preface was entrusted the printing of the writings which she put on paper regarding this topic so important.

As the first Edition of this admirable Treatise of the 24 Hours of the Passion of Our Lord appeared, the blessing of God seemed evident. In a short time all copies were depleted, which at that time were 5,000, without being sent to specific addresses. It was enough to send one copy to some devout person, that requests would begin to arrive. An announcement was placed in the periodical of our

Anthonian Orphanages "Dio e il Prossimo" ["God and Neighbor"] under the name of a Book of Gold, and immediately the requests increased, in such a way that the Edition was soon exhausted.

Most Eminent Cardinal Cassetta, to whom nothing had been sent directly, requested 50 copies at once.

Then came the 2nd Edition, a larger one, and then the 3rd. Both of them were rapidly depleted.

For the purpose of promotion, sales were made at moderate prices, just to cover the expenses.

At that time a pleasant circumstance occurred, which we remember with pleasure. A letter, addressed directly to me, arrived from the Vatican, written by that angelic Bishop - today Apostolic Nuncio of Venezuela, at that time the Secretary of Bishop Msgr. Tacci (who is today an emeritus Cardinal) - Msgr. Cento, who was then appointed Bishop of Acireale, and will perhaps be a Cardinal of the Holy Church. There had been no previous contacts between this lovable person and myself. In this letter he appeared enthusiastic from the reading of the Hours of the Passion by an "unknown author", and he prayed me to reveal to him her name and address, because he wanted to correspond with her about things of the spirit. (...)

## **THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF THE PASSION**

### **Preparation before each hour**

O my Lord Jesus Christ, prostrate in your divine presence, I implore your most loving Heart to admit me to the sorrowful meditation of the 24 hours in which for love of us You wanted to suffer so much, in your adorable body and in your most holy soul, unto death on the Cross. O please, give me help, grace, love, deep compassion and understanding of your sufferings, as I now meditate the \_\_ Hour.

And for those which I cannot meditate, I offer You my will to meditate them, and I willingly intend to meditate them in all the hours in which I have to apply myself to my duties, or sleep.

Accept, O merciful Lord, my loving intention, and let it be beneficial for me and for all, as if I effectively and in a saintly way accomplished what I wish to practice.

Meanwhile, I give You thanks, O my Jesus, for calling me to union with You by means of prayer. And to please You more, I take your thoughts, your tongue, your Heart, and with this I intend to pray, fusing all of myself in your Will and in your love; and stretching out my arms to hug You, I place my head on your Heart, and I begin.

### **Thanksgiving after each hour**

My lovable Jesus, You have called me in this hour of your Passion to keep You company, and I have come. I seemed to hear You praying, repairing and suffering, in anguish and sorrow, pleading for the salvation of souls in the most touching and eloquent voices.

I tried to follow You in everything; and now, having to leave You for my usual occupations, I feel the duty to say to You,

‘Thank You’ and ‘I bless You.’

Yes, O Jesus, I repeat to You ‘Thank You’ thousands and thousands of times, and ‘I bless You’ for all that You have done and suffered for me and for all. I thank You and I bless You for every drop of Blood You shed, for every breath, for every heartbeat, for every step, word, glance, bitterness and offense which You endured. In everything, O my Jesus, I intend to seal You with a ‘Thank You’ and an ‘I bless You.’

Please, O Jesus, let my whole being send You a continuous flow of thanks and blessings, so as to draw upon me and upon everyone the flow of your blessings and thanks. Please, O Jesus, press me to your Heart, and with your most holy hands seal every particle of my being with your ‘I bless you’, so that nothing other than a continuous hymn to You may come from me.

## **First Hour**

From 5 to 6 PM

### **Jesus takes leave of His Most Holy Mother**

O Celestial Mama, the hour of the separation is approaching, and I come to You. O Mother, give me your love and your reparations; give me your sorrow, because together with You I want to follow, step by step, adored Jesus.

And now Jesus comes to You, and You, with heart overflowing with love, run toward Him and in seeing Him so pale and sad, your Heart aches with pain, your strengths leave You and You are about to fall at His feet.

O my sweet Mama, do You know why adorable Jesus has come to You? Ah, He has come to say the last good-bye, to tell You the last word, to receive the last embrace!

O Mother, I cling to You with all the tenderness of which my poor heart is capable, so that clinging and bound to You, I too may receive the embraces of adored Jesus. Will You perhaps disdain me? Isn't it rather a comfort for your Heart to have a soul near You, who would share its pains, affections and reparations?

O Jesus, in such a harrowing hour for your most tender Heart, what a lesson of filial and loving obedience to your Mama You give us! What a sweet harmony passes between You and Mary! What a sweet enchantment of love rises up to the throne of the Eternal One and extends for the salvation of all creatures of the earth!

O my Celestial Mama, do You know what adored Jesus wants from You? Nothing but your last blessing. It is true that from every particle of your being nothing but blessings and praises come out for your Creator; but Jesus, in taking leave of You, wants to hear the sweet word: "I bless You, O Son". And that "I bless You" removes all the blasphemies from His hearing, and descends, sweet and gentle, into His Heart. Jesus wants your "I bless You", almost to place it as a shelter from all the offenses of creatures.

I too unite myself to You, O sweet Mama. Upon the wings of the winds I want to go around the heavens to ask the Father, the Holy Spirit and all the Angels, for an "I bless You" for Jesus, so that, as I go to Him, I may bring Him their blessings. And here on earth, I want to go to all

creatures and ask, from every lip, from every heartbeat, from every step, from every breath, from every gaze, from every thought - blessings and praises for Jesus. And if no one wants to give them to me, I intend to give them for them.

O sweet Mama, after going round and round, to ask the Sacrosanct Trinity, the Angels, all creatures, the light of the sun, the fragrance of the flowers, the waves of the sea, every breath of wind, every spark of fire, every moving leaf, the twinkling of the stars, every movement of nature, for an "I bless You", I come to You and I place all my blessings together with yours.

My sweet Mama, I see that You receive comfort and relief, and that You offer Jesus all my blessings in reparation for the blasphemies and the maledictions which He receives from creatures. But as I offer You everything, I hear your trembling voice saying: "Son, bless me too!"

O my sweet Love, Jesus, bless me also, together with your Mama; bless my thoughts, my heart, my hands, my works, my steps, and with your Mother, all creatures.

O my Mother, in looking at the face of sorrowful Jesus, pale, sad, harrowing, the memory of the pains which He is about to suffer awakens in You. You foresee His face covered with spit and You bless it, His head pierced by the thorns, His eyes blinded, His body tortured by the scourges, His hands and feet pierced by the nails; and wherever He is about to go, You follow Him with your blessings. And I too will follow Him together with You. When Jesus is struck by the scourges, crowned with thorns, slapped, pierced by the nails, everywhere He will find my "I bless You" together with yours.

O Jesus, O Mother, I compassionate You. Immense is your pain in these last moments. The Heart of one seems to tear

the Heart of the other.

O Mother, snatch my heart from the earth and bind it tightly to Jesus, so that, clinging to Him, I may share in His pains, and as You cling to each other, as You embrace, as You exchange the last glances, the last kisses, being in-between your two Hearts, may I receive your last kisses, your last embraces. Don't You see that I cannot be without You, in spite of my misery and my coldness?

Jesus, Mama, keep me close to You; give me your love, your Will. Dart through my poor heart, hold me tightly in your arms; and together with You, O sweet Mother, I want to follow, step by step, adored Jesus, with the intention of giving Him comfort, relief, love and reparation for all.

O Jesus, together with your Mama, I kiss your left foot, asking You to forgive me and all creatures, for all the times we have not walked toward God.

I kiss your right foot: forgive me and all for all the times we have not followed the perfection You wanted from us.

I kiss your left hand: communicate to us your purity.

I kiss your right hand: bless all of my heartbeats, thoughts, affections, so that, given value by your blessing, they all may be sanctified. And with me, bless all creatures, and seal the salvation of their souls with your blessing.

O Jesus, I embrace You together with your Mama, and kissing your Heart, I pray You to place my heart between your two Hearts, that it may be nourished continuously by your love, by your sorrows, by your very affections and desires, and by your own Life. Amen.

**REFLECTIONS AND PRACTICES**  
**by St. Hannibal di Francia**

Before giving start to His Passion, Jesus goes to His Mother to ask for Her blessing. In this act Jesus teaches us obedience, not only external but also interior, which we must have in order to reciprocate the inspirations of grace. Sometimes we are not ready to put into practice a good inspiration, either because we are held back by love of self united to temptation, or because of human respect, or in order not to use holy violence on ourselves.

But rejecting the good inspiration of exercising a virtue, of accomplishing a virtuous act, of doing a good work, or of practicing a devotion, makes the Lord withdraw, depriving us of new inspirations.

On the other hand, the prompt correspondence, pious and prudent, to holy inspirations attracts more lights and graces upon us.

In the cases of doubt, one should turn promptly and with righteous intention to the great means of prayer and to upright and experienced advice. In this way, the good God will enlighten the soul to execute the healthy inspiration, increasing it for her greater benefit.

We must do our actions, our acts, our prayers, the Hours of the Passion, with the same intentions of Jesus, in His Will, sacrificing ourselves as He did, for the glory of the Father and for the good of souls.

We must place ourselves in the disposition of sacrificing ourselves in everything for love of our lovable Jesus, conforming to His spirit, operating with His own sentiments, and abandoning ourselves in Him, not only in all the external sufferings and adversities, but much more in all that He will dispose in our interior. In this way, at any time, we will find ourselves ready to accept any suffering. By doing this, we will give sweet sips to our Jesus. Then, if

we do all this in the Will of God which contains all sweetnesses and all contentments in immense proportion, we will give to Jesus large sweet sips, so as to mitigate the poisoning which other creatures cause Him, and to console His Divine Heart.

Before starting any action, let us always invoke the blessing of God, so that our actions may have the touch of the Divinity, and may attract His blessings not only on us, but upon all creatures.

My Jesus, may your blessing precede me, accompany me and follow me, so that everything I do may carry the seal of your 'I bless you.'

## **Second Hour**

From 6 to 7 PM

### **Jesus departs from His Most Holy Mother and sets out for the Cenacle**

My adorable Jesus, as I have shared in your sufferings together with You, and in those of your afflicted Mama, I see that You are about to leave to go there, where the Will of the Father calls You. The love between Son and Mother is so great as to render You inseparable, so You leave Yourself in the Heart of your Mama, and the Queen and sweet Mama places Herself into yours; otherwise it would have been impossible for You to separate. But then, blessing each other, You give Her the last kiss to strengthen Her in the bitter pains She is about to suffer; and giving Her your last good-bye, You leave.

But the paleness of your face, your trembling lips, your suffocated voice, as though wanting to burst into tears in saying good-bye - ah, everything tells me how much You love Her and how much You suffer in leaving Her!

But to fulfill the Will of the Father, with your Hearts fused into each other, You submit Yourselves to everything, wanting to repair for those who, unwilling to overcome the tendernesses of relatives and friends, and bonds and attachments, do not care about fulfilling the Holy Will of God and corresponding to the state of sanctity to which God calls them. What sorrow do these souls not give You, in rejecting from their hearts the love You want to give them, contenting themselves with the love of creatures!

My lovable Love, as I repair with You, allow me to remain with your Mama in order to console Her and sustain Her, while You leave. Then I will hasten my steps to come and reach You. But to my greatest sorrow, I see that my anguishing Mama shivers, and Her pain is such that, as She tries to say good-bye to Her Son, Her voice dies on Her lips, and She is unable to utter a word. She is about to faint, and in Her swoon of love, She says: "My Son, my Son! I bless You! What a bitter separation - more cruel than any death!" But the pain yet prevents Her from uttering a word, and makes Her mute!

Disconsolate Queen, let me sustain You, dry your tears and compassionate You in your bitter sorrow! My Mama, I will not leave You alone; and You - take me with You and teach me, in these moments so painful for You and for Jesus, what I have to do, how to defend Him, repair Him and console Him, and whether I must lay down my life to defend His.

No, I will not move from under your mantle. At your wish, I will fly to Jesus; I will bring Him your love, your affections, your kisses together with mine, and I will place them in

each wound, in every drop of His Blood, in every pain and insult, so that, in feeling the kisses and the love of His Mama in each pain, His sufferings may be sweetened. Then I will come again under your mantle, bringing You His kisses to sweeten your pierced Heart. My Mama, my heart is pounding, I want to go to Jesus. And as I kiss your maternal hands, bless me as You blessed Jesus, and allow me to go to Him.

My sweet Jesus, love directs me toward your steps and I reach You, as You walk along the streets of Jerusalem together with your beloved disciples. I look at You and I see You still pale. I hear your voice, sweet, yes, but sad - so much as to break the heart of your disciples, who feel troubled.

“This is the last time”, You say, “that I walk along these streets by Myself. Tomorrow I will walk through them, bound and dragged among a thousand insults”. And pointing out the places where You will be most insulted and tortured, You continue: “My life down here is about to set, just as the sun is now setting, and tomorrow at this hour I will no longer be here! But, like sun, I will rise again on the third day!”

At your words, the Apostles become sad and taciturn, not knowing what to answer. But You add: “Courage, do not lose heart; I will not leave you, I will be always with you. But it is necessary that I die for the good of you all.”

In saying these words, You are moved, but with trembling voice You continue to instruct them. And before enclosing Yourself in the cenacle, You look at the sun which is setting, just as your life is setting; You offer your steps for those who find themselves at the setting of their lives, giving them the grace to let them set in You, and repairing for

those who, in spite of the sorrows and disillusionings of life, are obstinate in not wanting to surrender to You.

Then You look at Jerusalem again, the center of your prodigies and of the predilections of your Heart - Jerusalem which, in return, is preparing your cross and sharpening the nails to commit the deicide; and You tremble, your Heart breaks - and You cry over its destruction.

With this, You repair for many souls consecrated to You, whom You tried to form with so much care as portents of your love, but ungrateful and unrequiting, they make You suffer more bitternesses! I want to repair together with You, to sweeten the stabbing of your Heart.

But I see that You are horrified at the sight of Jerusalem, and withdrawing your gaze, You enter the cenacle. My Love, hold me tightly to your Heart, that I may make your bitternesses my own, to offer them together with You. And You, look with pity upon my soul, and pouring your love into it - bless me.

## **REFLECTIONS AND PRACTICES** **by St. Hannibal di Francia**

Jesus promptly departs from His Mother, although His most tender Heart undergoes a shock.

Are we ready to sacrifice even the most legitimate and holy affections in order to fulfill the Divine Volition?

(Let us examine ourselves especially in the cases of separation from the sense of the Divine Presence and from sensible devotion).

Jesus did not take His last steps in vain. In them, He glorified the Father and asked for the salvation of souls. We must place in our steps the same intentions which Jesus

placed - that is, to sacrifice ourselves for the glory of the Father and for the good of souls. We must also imagine placing our steps in those of Jesus Christ; and as Jesus Christ did not take them in vain, but enclosed in His steps those of creatures, repairing for all their missteps, to give the glory due to the Father, and life to all the missteps of creatures so that they might walk along the path of good - we should do it in the same way, placing our steps in those of Jesus Christ with His own intentions.

Do we walk on the street modest and composed, so as to be an example for others? As the afflicted Jesus walked, He talked to the Apostles every once in a while, speaking to them about His imminent Passion. What do we say in our conversations?

When the opportunity arises, do we make the Passion of the Divine Redeemer the object of our conversations?

In seeing the Apostles sad and discouraged, loving Jesus tried to comfort them. Do we place in our conversations the intention of relieving Jesus Christ? Do we try to do them in the Will of God, infusing in others the spirit of Jesus Christ? Jesus goes to the Cenacle. We must enclose our thoughts, affections, heartbeats, prayers, actions, food and work in the Heart of Jesus Christ in the act of operating. By doing this, our actions will acquire the divine attitude. However, since it is difficult to always keep this divine attitude, because it is hard for the soul to fuse her acts continuously in Him, the soul can compensate with the attitude of her good will. Jesus will be very pleased. He will become the vigilant sentry of each of her thoughts, words and heartbeats. He will place these acts as cortege inside and outside of Himself, watching them with great love, as the fruit of the good will of the creature. When then the soul, fusing herself in Him, does her immediate acts[1] with Jesus, good Jesus will feel so attracted toward that soul that He will do what she does together with her, turning the

work of the creature into Divine work. All this is the effect of the Goodness of God which takes everything into account and rewards everything, even a tiny act in the Will of God, so that the creature may not be defrauded of anything.

O my Life and my All, may your steps direct mine, and as I tread the earth, let my thoughts be in Heaven!

### **Third Hour**

From 7 to 8 PM

#### **The Legal Supper**

O Jesus, You now arrive at the cenacle together with your beloved disciples and You begin your supper with them. How much sweetness, how much affability You show through all your person, as You lower Yourself to taking material food for the last time! Everything is love in You; also in this, You not only repair for the sins of gluttony, but You impetrate the sanctification of food.

Jesus, my life, your sweet and penetrating gaze seems to search all of the Apostles; and also in this act of taking food your Heart remains pierced in seeing your dear Apostles still weak and listless, especially the perfidious Judas, who has already put a foot in hell. And You, from the bottom of your Heart, say bitterly: "What is the utility of my Blood? Here is a soul so favored by Me - yet, he is lost!"

And You look at him with your eyes refulgent with light and love, as though wanting to make him understand the great

evil he is about to commit. But your supreme charity makes You bear this sorrow and You do not make it manifest even to your beloved disciples.

And while You grieve for Judas, your Heart is filled with joy in seeing, on your left, your beloved disciple John; so much so, that unable to contain your love any longer, drawing him sweetly to Yourself, You let him place his head upon your Heart, letting him experience paradise in advance.

It is in this solemn hour that the two peoples, the reprobate and the elect, are portrayed by the two disciples: the reprobate in Judas, who already feels hell in his heart; the elect in John, who rests and delights in You.

O my sweet Good, I too place myself near You, and together with your beloved disciple I want to place my weary head upon your adorable Heart, praying You to let me experience the delights of Heaven, also on this earth; so that, enraptured by the sweet harmonies of your Heart, the earth may no longer be earth for me, but Heaven.

But in the midst of those most sweet and divine harmonies, I hear sorrowful heartbeats escaping You: these are for lost souls! O Jesus, o please, do not allow any more souls to be lost. Let your heartbeat, flowing through them, make them feel the heartbeats of the life of Heaven, just as your beloved disciple John felt them; so that, attracted by the gentleness and sweetness of your love, they may all surrender to You.

O Jesus, as I remain upon your Heart, give food also to me, as You gave it to the Apostles: the food of love, the food of the divine word, the food of your Divine Will. O my Jesus, do not deny me this food, which You so much desire to give me so that your very Life may be formed in me.