

Words from Jesus

Stages of Jesus Passion

My child, as I wandered into the garden My soul was again inundated with tremendous suffering. I knew that My fate was coming yet the suffering in which I endured at the sight of each and every soul that would reject Me throughout the course of time.

My child, so much blood that I sweat and yet each drop of blood represents each and every soul that ever walked the face of the earth. I saw within the cup every soul that would deny Me. Every soul that would kill, commit abortion, worship money, worship power; every soul that would suffer because of the injustice of his fellow man; every family that would be divided; every priest that would turn away because of his own selfish desires.

All that you see upon this world today, and what is to come, I saw before Me in the chalice. Oh how the blood would drip from My head, yet more from My Most

Words from Jesus

Sacred Heart, for I knew that few would be saved. I pleaded with My Father for I knew that it was His will, yet in My human form I knew that the suffering would be tremendous.

Each time that the Roman soldiers lashed at Me during My scourging I again could see the faces of the souls who would scourge Me throughout history. As I walked back to the disciples, I could see them sleeping. I pleaded, "Could you not stay awake with Me for one hour?" I could see how throughout history those who would be sleeping at the suffering of their Master. Those who are sleeping with their faith, their love and devotion to Me. They become asleep to the truth and without Me man cannot see truth.

Yet the disciples did not take heed for I knew this, I would suffer alone. I could see those who would turn away for their souls were consumed with such evil that I wanted to spurn these souls. I could see the lukewarm and these were the souls who caused My greatest suffering. They are the souls who have full knowledge of My presence yet turn away because of their own pride. Those souls that believe they have the ability to pacify their Master yet their prayers have no merit due to their prideful hearts. The devil appeared to Me and again the blood began to pour out for within this chalice I could not see the worthiness in which I had to suffer for each soul that I knew would turn away for all eternity.

My agony in the garden was the greatest suffering I endured in My entire passion. So I began to pray again for I knew that only My Father could provide the strength for Me and yet the angels too would comfort Me. I knew that this was a suffering that must be endured. I could see in the chalice again and what followed was a profound strength that allowed Me to cast away Satan and his temptations for he knew that My passion would claim all the souls which he had taken. This strength was the souls who would come and comfort Me throughout eternity, the souls that had only purity of heart, the souls that recognize their weakness yet trust in My mercy and divine will.

Then they came for Me, the Roman soldiers. The disciples were caught off guard even though I had prepared them with words of warning. They did not see that My time on this earth was quickly coming to expire for I was sent here on a mission and My mission was soon to be fulfilled. I saw before Me the one who would soon also meet his fate, the one who represented a large number to follow who would reject Me throughout history for the false god of money.

As I was approached by the one who would betray Me, I could see the evil that had consumed him. I spoke and said, "Judas, why is it that you betray your Master with a kiss?" The light, My child, had shined into the darkness that had consumed his soul. I spoke no words for they summoned and asked for the one who claims to be the true Messiah. I heard the words, "The so called chosen one," and after these words followed great laughter.

Words from Jesus

There were no words in which I could speak for the ideologies of those who were sent to claim Me. One after another they would take turns at beating My face, My back. My hands were not free yet, again, I knew this was My fate and this torture that I must go through with My body did not suppress the agony that I had come to face in My soul.

As I looked upon these soldiers who believed that I was the foolish one amongst them, they were following the orders given to them to silence the one who would in turn silence them. There were many times that I felt I had no strength for the devil told Me that one man could not save the entire world yet the divine plan was being unfolded each stage that I had to suffer.

I had to surrender My will completely to My Father for if I had not suffered in the garden I would not have had the strength to be able to sustain all that was to follow. I was brought into the courtyard where many of the high priests were gathered. As I stood there I saw the faces of those I had seen in the chalice. I knew the state of the souls of each and everyone of them and their children, their mothers and fathers.

As they questioned Me I spoke no words, I came to only respond with small phrases for again it was the only means in which salvation could come for mankind. One after another they would take turns spitting at Me and yet My heart was overcome with profound love even in the midst of utter rejection.

As I stood there, four soldiers grabbed hold of Me and were ushering Me out of the courtyard to go before Pilate. My body was becoming weak and My spirit was growing weary at what I knew was to come. As I was walking, I saw the face of the one who would deny Me three times. His face looked lost for he was seeing the words in which I had spoken to him unfold. I gazed at him and My heart was again overcome with profound love for the mission that Peter was about to fulfill. I was again surrounded with profound peace at the sight of My Mother.

I could only offer her the eyes of love for in her heart she knew that I must face the greatest agony a human being could go and endure. My Mother was suffering for every child that would be rejected, most especially in the womb. She could see how only I could retain a soul from being lost forever by My Divine Mercy. I knew that it was only by My mercy that mankind could be granted eternal salvation.

As I was being led to Pilate the crowds of My people were growing louder and louder. As I was led into this room above the courtyard he stood there, Pilate did, as an emperor to a throne. He questioned Me but again I did not respond with words, but words of truth. I could not reason with him nor did he see reason to prosecute Me.

Words from Jesus

I was suffering for all the false judgments in the world. Those who seek to find reason to silence the truth and yet what they did not know was the truth was prevailing for the Son of God can never be silenced. I was again grabbed by the Roman soldiers and told to go before Herod at the orders of Pilate. As I was led to the place where Herod was, I again was encountered by the devil for the evil works of Herod. He spoke words to Me but in My silence I dismissed them for again I could see the chalice overflowing with the souls that would purely reject Me by the consumption of evil.

As I stood before Herod, the room in which he dwelled was filled with others who had become subdued to this evil. I saw before Me the full rejection of My Commandments, each and everyone of them, and how many throughout eternity would follow in these same footsteps. I was then led back before Pilate who brought Me before the crowd who had gathered. As I stood and looked upon My people shouting for My crucifixion, I was inundated with great love for them, for all mankind. Even though mankind did not see it, their rejection of Me became their means for salvation. Their rejection of My words, My hands, My love, became their purpose in justifying them putting Me to death. Yet like Pilate, the one who stood before them, they would in turn stand before at judgment.

My love for them was overflowing like lava from a mountaintop. As the soldiers released Barabbas I was then led to face the moment of scourging. As they tied Me to the pillar I began to see the face of My Mother, this granted Me unsurpassed strength for the torture that was about to come. I began to pray yet My prayers brought no comfort to Me for I felt deserted amongst mankind. They began to whip Me as I could feel pieces of My flesh being ripped apart. And as they would swing at Me, one after another, I could feel the whip coming back over My open wounds. When they stopped, at the order of the head soldier, they untied Me from the pillar, placed the reed of thorns on My head and said, "I was, Crowned like a king".

As they placed My robe back over Me I was overcome with such pain that the only means of consolation in which I had was the souls that I knew would remain faithful. The souls that would see My true presence in the tabernacle. The souls that would witness My words in the world and would be willing to sacrifice everything for Me.

During My scourging the greatest agony was not the continuous blows to My flesh, it was the faces of many of My priests sons who would pierce Me, scourge Me, by their lack of devotion to their vocations, by their lack of seeking to bring souls closer to Me. So many of My people have been misguided by some of My chosen sons for My mercy is open to all who seek it.

As I was led back to Pilate I could feel the blood drip from My head. The wounds so deep that the wind would pierce them like driving salt into an open wound. Pilate spoke to Me yet even in the truth that he knew he turned away from it in

Words from Jesus

order to please his fellow man. He said, "Do you not see that I have the power to release you?" As I looked up at him, blood running down My face, I struggled to open My one eye. I said, "You have no power over Me unless it was given to you from above." As he received My words, his eyes pierced at Me and he ordered crucifixion.

The soldiers led Me away and placed upon My back a wooden beam that was My stake of death. As I moved through the streets with the heavy wooden beam I felt that My body could give no more. I was suffering in My soul at the voices that I heard coming from the crowds. They were not cheers of victory rather cheers of an unjust execution. My knees began to tremble for I felt My strength dissipating and I fell on the stone street. That would be the first of three times that I would fall. As I stood up, I felt that My body could give no more. I could hear the crowds laughing and yet in the laughter I was given the interior strength in My soul to continue for I was seeing within the chalice the need of My people for My mercy.

There were few amongst them who brought Me consolation. I pleaded with My Father and then as I looked up I saw My Mother and My heart began to rejoice for in an instant I was reminded, through seeing My Mother, how this suffering must be endured. I could hear one of the soldiers summon a man from the crowd yet he did not seek to assist Me with an open heart. He could see that I was trembling yet because of the crowds did not want to make it known that he assisted the Son of God.

The blood and sweat began to cover My face and I could not see for My eyes began to swell from the beatings which I endured. A woman came over to Me and offered to wipe My face from the blood and the sweat. Yet what she did not know was that her kindness brought profound consolation for it was not her willingness to wipe My face, but her faith in knowing that My crucifixion was her means of salvation. A simple cloth in one's hand became an imprint of My mercy and true presence for all of humanity. The cross again is unbearable for even the one who has been chosen to assist Me grows tired and realizes that it is an unprecedented suffering.

I could hear Simon struggling not only physically also interiorly at what his soul was speaking to him. I fell again a second time for this cross was great yet the crowds reminded Me how I must carry on in order for My mercy to be poured out. As I regained My strength and continued on, a woman spoke to Me with her tears. "My daughter, My daughter, do not weep for Me rather weep for yourselves, for your children, for I soon will be with My Father."

So many tears that I could see the tears of sadness for what was happening to Me for yet if they only knew what would happen to them if I did not subject My body and soul to this suffering. As I continued to walk towards Calvary, the pain in My side pushed down into My legs and feet and I fell a third time. The soldiers

Words from Jesus

continued to shout at Me to get up yet I dismissed their words and continued on in silence. As I reached the top, I was immediately stripped of My robe and pushed down onto the cross which I had carried. My eyes swollen yet I could see within the chalice all the offenses that mankind would pierce Me with.

My arms were tied tightly with rope so that I did not move as the nails were being driven through My hands and feet. I could see the prideful hearts of many of the soldiers. Their mission was one of execution. The more they executed, the greater the mission they believed they were fulfilling for mankind. They believed they were bringing the world justice by putting Me to death yet in turn My death was giving the world mercy. As one soldier would come on the right side of Me, another would come to the left side and one at My feet. They began simultaneously to drive the nails in My hands and feet.

I felt My body begin the stages to expire. Each time they pounded the nails I could see the number of times the lukewarm souls would fail to recognize My true presence in the tabernacle. The number of times My people would fail to come to Mass, would fail to cleanse their soul and be open to My mercy. I then felt tremendous pain as the soldiers began to lift the cross and place it in a hole that had been dug.

The top of the crucifix on which I hung was mounted to a beam that connected Me to the others who were being put to death for their crimes. As the crowds below Me continued to shout blasphemies against Me, I spoke to My Father and said, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." And as I said these words I could see before Me the three offenses within the chalice that would greatly pierce Me.

I could see My people venerating the cross without the presence of My body for the cross is not the means of mercy for mankind, rather the one who gave His life for I am Jesus. I could then see before Me many of My chosen sons who would fail to recognize the feast day of My Divine Mercy and its many promises. I could see before Me My little ones who would face their crucifixion in the womb.

As I looked down upon the crowd gathered, I saw My Mother. Her eyes filled with suffering that only spoke of the agony she endured in her soul. One of the criminals spoke and said, "If you are who you say you are then save yourself; come down off of the cross." "Do you not see who this is?" said the other criminal. "We are deserving of the punishment for our crimes yet He has done nothing wrong."

He then turned to Me and said, "Jesus will you remember Me when you come into your Kingdom?" As I struggled to speak I said to him, "My son, today you will be with Me in Paradise." John and Mary Magdalene were amongst those who had gathered. I could see them seeking to bring consolation to My Mother as she watched the world reject her son for she knew that My mission was great.

Words from Jesus

I looked at John and said, “My son, behold your Mother” for she was leaving one mission and moving to another as Mother to all. Darkness was moving in as I knew that My body was about to expire. I spoke My final words and My spirit went on to claim the lost souls who had gone before Me. For I had conquered sin and death and went to be with My Father in Paradise for today Divine Mercy was given to the world. And, My child, it will soon come to expire for I am Jesus and all will be done according to My will.