

**Promises of Jesus for Whoever Prays *The Hours of the Passion*
from the Writings of Luisa Piccarreta**

Volume 11 - April 10, 1913

“Tell me, my Good, what will You give as a reward to those who will do the Hours of the Passion the way You taught them to me?”

And He: "My daughter, I will not look at these Hours as your things, but as things done by Me. I will give you the same Merits, as if I were in the act of suffering My Passion. In this way, I will let you obtain the same Effects, according to the dispositions of the souls. This, while on earth - and I could not give you a greater thing from My own. Then, in Heaven, I will place these souls in front of Me, flashing them with Lightnings of Love and Contentment for as many times as they did the Hours of My Passion - while they will flash to Me as well. What a Sweet Enchantment this will be for all the Blessed!"

Volume 11 - September 6, 1913

I was thinking about the Hours of the Passion which have now been written, and how they are without any indulgence. So, those who do them do not gain anything, while there are many prayers enriched with many indulgences. While I was thinking of this, my always Adorable Jesus, all Kindness, told me: "My daughter, one gains something through the prayers with indulgences. But the Hours of My Passion, which are My own Prayers, My Reparations and all My Love, came really from the depth of My Heart. Did you perhaps forget how many times I united Myself with you to do them together, and I turned chastisements into Graces over the entire earth? So, My Satisfaction is such that, instead of the indulgence, I give the soul a handful of Love, which contains Infinite Love of Incalculable Price. Further, when things are done for pure love, My Love finds Its Outpouring - and it is not inconsiderable that the creature can give relief and expression to the Love of her Creator."

Volume 11 - October 1914

I was writing the *Hours of the Passion* and I thought to myself: “How many sacrifices in order to write these blessed *Hours of the Passion*, especially to put on paper certain interior acts which had passed only between me and Jesus! What reward will He give to me?”

Letting me hear His Tender and Sweet Voice, Jesus told me: “My daughter, as a reward for having written the *Hours of my Passion*, for each word you have written, I will give you a kiss - a soul.”

And I: “My Love, this is for me; and what will you give to those who will do them?”

And Jesus: "If they do them together with Me and with My own Will, I will give them a soul for each word they will recite, because the greater or lesser effectiveness of these *Hour of My Passion* is in the greater or lesser union that they have with Me. In doing them with My Will, the

creature hides inside My Volition; and since it is My Volition that is acting, I can produce all the Goods I want, even through one single word. This, for each time you will do them."

Another time I was lamenting with Jesus because, after so many sacrifices to write these *Hours of the Passion*, very few were the souls who were doing them. And He: "My daughter, do not lament. Even if there was only one, you should be happy. Wouldn't I have suffered all My Passion even to save only one soul? The same for you. One should never omit good only because few benefit from it; all the harm is for those who do not take advantage of it. Just as My Passion made My Humanity acquire the Merit as if all were being saved, although not all are saved (since My Will was to save everyone, and I received Merit according to what I wanted, not according to the profit which creatures would have drawn), the same is for you: you will be rewarded depending on whether your will identified itself with Mine, wanting to benefit all. All the evil remains to those who, although being able to, do not do it.

"These Hours are the Most Precious of all, because they are nothing other than the repetition of what I did in the course of My mortal Life, and what I continue to do in the Most Blessed Sacrament. When I hear these Hours of My Passion, I hear My own Voice, My own Prayers. In that soul I see My Will - that is, wanting Good for everyone and wanting to Repair for all - and I feel moved to dwell in her, in order to do whatever she does within her. Oh, how I would Love that even one single soul for each town did these Hours of My Passion! I would hear Myself in every town, and My Justice, greatly indignant during these times, would remain partly appeased."

Volume 11 - October 13, 1916

I was doing the Hours of the Passion, and Blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, in the course of My mortal Life, thousands and thousands of Angels were the cortege of My Humanity, gathering everything I did – My Steps, My Works, My Words, and even My sighs, My Pains, the drops of My Blood – in sum, everything. They were the Angels in charge of My Custody, and of paying Me honor; obedient to My every Wish, they would rise to and descend from Heaven, to bring to the Father what I was doing. Now these Angels have a special office, and as the soul remembers My Life, My Passion, My Blood, My Wounds, My Prayers, they come around this soul and gather her words, her prayers, her acts of compassion for Me, her tears and her offerings; they unite them to Mine, and they bring them before My Majesty to renew for Me the Glory of My own Life. The delight of the Angels is so great that, reverent, they listen to what the soul says, and pray together with her. So, with what attention and respect must the soul do these Hours, thinking that the Angels hang upon her lips to repeat after her what she says."

Volume 12 - May 16, 1917

Then, I found myself outside of myself. I was in the midst of many souls - they seemed to be purging souls and Saints - who were speaking to me and mentioning one person known to me, who died not too long ago. And they said to me: "He feels happy in seeing that there is not a soul who enters Purgatory without carrying the mark of the *Hours of the Passion*. Surrounded by the cortege of these *Hours* and helped by them, the souls take a safe place. And there is not a soul who flies into Heaven, without being accompanied by these *Hours of the Passion*. These *Hours* make a continuous dew pour down from Heaven to earth, into Purgatory, and even into Heaven."

On hearing this, I said to myself: “Maybe my Beloved Jesus, in order to keep the Word He had given - that for each word of the *Hours of the Passion* He would give a soul - is allowing that there be not a saved soul who does not benefit from these *Hours*.”

Afterwards, I returned into myself, and as I found my Sweet Jesus, I asked Him whether that was true. And He: "These *Hours* are the Order of the Universe; they put Heaven and earth in Harmony, and restrain Me from sending the world to ruin. I feel My Blood, My Wounds, My Love and all I did, being placed in circulation; and they flow over all to save all. As souls do these *Hours of the Passion*, I feel My Blood, My Wounds, My anxieties to save souls, being put in motion, and I feel My own Life being repeated. How could creatures obtain any Good if not by means of these *Hours*? Why do you doubt? This thing is not yours, but Mine. You have been the strained and weak instrument."

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.”