

LET US CONSOLE AND HEAL THE WOUNDS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST!

March 1, 2022



Contemplate the wounds of Christ!

Today, March 1, is the feast day of the Holy Face of Christ. What a symbolic and providential feast day on the eve of beginning the Holy Season of Lent in this year. Praying about what the Lord desires us to have as a guiding path for our time of Lent, I constantly received the wounds of the Face of the Lord and the five wounds that are the primary source of the contemplation of His passion. I also would like to include the contemplation of the wound of His shoulder, a wound that is mostly ignored, even though Jesus told St. Bernard of Clairvaux when he asked Jesus about which wound caused Him a cruel pain: *"The one I had on my shoulder while I bore My cross on the Way of Sorrows was a grievous wound which was more painful than the others, but men hardly speak of it."*

There is no true conversion unless we are deeply sorry for our own sins, our attachments and obstinacy in our attitudes that have caused so much suffering and so many pains for our Lord. Our hearts cannot enter deeply into the Passion and the great sufferings of the Lord for our salvation if we do not have a profound love for Him and for each of His Wounds. Each of His wounds has a whole story of love to tell us about the infinite love of Jesus for each one of us; they have much to say if we desire to listen. Each wound is the fruit of His choice to give His life freely and voluntarily to save us and deliver us from sin; each wound has the immense power to heal us, since love is the only power capable of changing, healing, and transforming the human heart. Each wound becomes a refuge where we can be covered with His Precious Blood and be exorcised, delivered and healed of the wounds of sin in our own souls, hearts, minds, wills, character, words, and ways of thinking—sins that we need to truly repent of and uproot with strength and determination from ourselves.

Veronica chose to love and console the Wounds of Christ's Face!

Yes, by His wounds we have been healed (Isaiah 53:5), but this healing is not an automatic action; it is the fruit of a serious and proactive action of love from our part, like the one we can contemplate in Veronica. This woman who, in the midst of the horror and ugliness of the sins of humanity that surrounded her, was able to discover in the wounded face of Christ, the beauty and splendor of His love. This love impelled her to run towards Him, to love Him in return. She chose to take a step forward to manifest her love and compassion for Christ amid the hatred and rejection of so many against Jesus, she chose to console His Wounds by making a simple gesture of kindly cleaning the Wounds of His Face. Human love is always met by the abundance of God's love; His measure is not ours... He rewards by giving one hundred-fold and to her gesture of using her own mantle to clean His wounded Face, He chose to give her the greatest reward: the face of Christ imprinted on the white mantle that a short time before had covered her own body. Her soul was represented in that mantle, and from that moment on the wounds of Christ's Face had cleansed, purified and healed the wounds of any sin that may have had possession of her heart. Love conquers sin! True love will always conquer our personal sin and also social sin!



What do we need to do to choose to be like Veronica in this Lenten season? How will we console the wounds of the Face of Christ in a concrete manner? By choosing to allow ourselves to be beautified by the virtues that are manifested in our own faces, such as gentleness, serenity in our gestures, a face that reflects His love to all. The mortification of our senses, eyes, ears, mouth, so as to allow the blows and beatings that He received to transform the way in which we use the gift of our senses. His eyes were filled with the blood drawn by the

crown of thorns piercing his forehead. His eyes could not see beyond what He chose to see. His Blood was the power that permitted Him to see in those who were manifesting hatred, rejection, and the ugliness of sin, the original beauty with which they were created and that His sacrifice was to return to them if they opened their hearts. Therefore, during this Lent, the only way we can console the suffering of His eyes is by transforming the power given to our eyes and ordering our gaze to be a gaze of love; disciplining our eyes to see only what truly belongs to me, to see so as to serve the Lord unconditionally and to serve our sisters and those whom we are called to serve. Our eyes are to be turned outward, meaning that we do not at ourselves but rather look



at the needs of others, just like Our Lady did in Cana. How do we use our eyes? Is curiosity a sin in my eyes? Are our eyes filled with criticism and judgment? Are they being wasted by looking at superficial things instead of using them to read the Word of God and to contemplate Him through reading, studying and looking at the Crucified Lord? There is so much penance to do because of the sins of our eyes. Are they covered in blood like the Lord's? That means, do I allow the Blood of Christ to purify our sense of pride, control, selfishness, and even envy that enter into our hearts

through our eyes? Do we keep silence in our mouth but speak louder with our gestures of complaint, irony, or judgment of others?

Is my face healed by the wounds of His Face?

Is my face a reflection of Our Lady's face? Is it a reflection of the face of Christ? Does my face show the world the power of love and the true beauty of a redeemed soul? Is our face one of peace, serenity, kindness, mature sorrow, and simplicity in gestures? Are my gestures in full harmony with the conversion of heart that we really seek to accomplish? The Wounds of His Face are to transform our own faces since we are called to be a living reflection of the face of Our Lady and of Jesus. Can anybody find Their faces in ours? Only penance and mortification in our eyes and gestures will accomplish this task.

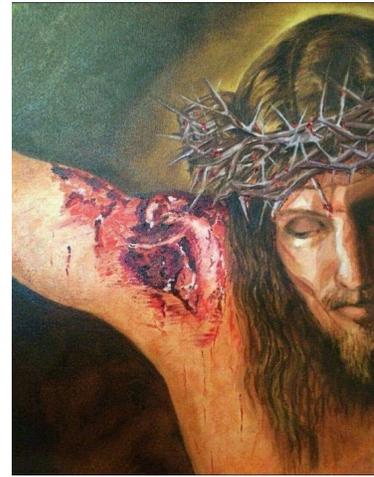
Our ears, created to hear God's voice and the voice of our brothers and sisters, have been tainted by sin. What do we hear? Do we really pay attention when I am being spoken to, or given an instruction? Do I really hear the Lord's Word when it is being proclaimed, allowing it to transform the interior realities of our being? Do I listen to what I want, being selective in my hearing? Do I hear what I want to hear, not the truth of what is being said to us? Faith comes by hearing and that means that hearing is a powerful tool to receive and to keep the Word that we receive in our hearts, just like Our Lady. Do we waste our time and our potentiality of hearing by speaking superficial things, or by listening to such, by not really paying full attention when we are being taught or the Truth is being proclaimed to us? Do we want to seek those who will tell me what I want to hear, or do we manipulate the information I communicate to obtain a selfish, self-seeking benefit even if it offends charity?

How do we use the gift of speaking? Is our mouth a channel of peace, wisdom, order, integrity, honesty, and sincerity? Or are our words wasted in superficiality, vanity, pride, rebelliousness, or passive or active resistance? How much penance is necessary for all the words that have demolished others, the community, or the Mystical Body of Christ, instead of building them up. Do we use this power, the power of the Word to allow good and wisdom to edify others, or do we seek attention for ourselves? Do we give a witness of vanity or use our words for self-defense or to blame others for my own faults? The silence of Christ is an exorcism very much needed for all our empty words and those words filled with duplicity. Lent is to be a time of profound silence; we need to quiet the voices of our flesh, the world, and the enemy within us and in the world. Only the silence of Christ in His Passion obtained the greatest victory among the many voices and noises of so many, the voice of sin... His silence crushed the so many vain words, jokes, blasphemies and false witnesses that came out of the mouth of humanity, and still do. Which of those areas in my words need to be exorcised by His powerful silence?

The Wound of His Shoulder

As I mentioned at the beginning of this letter, St. Bernard asked Jesus which was His most painful wound, to which He replied, "the wound of my shoulder, the one caused by carrying the cross throughout the Way of the Cross unto Calvary." The weight of that heavy wood cross was already opening deeply the wounds caused by the cruel scourging of His whole Body. The weight of the Cross opened deeply and wide the wound of his shoulder even hitting His bones. Forgive us, Oh Lord! According to St. Bernard, St. Mathilde and St. Gertrude, Jesus painfully explained that this wound has been ignored by men and they have not prayed or honored this wound that reminds us of the sacrifice of carrying the Cross upon which He would be crucified.

Just few months ago, we had the privilege of being in the room of St. Pio where most of his battles with the enemy took place, and where now the relic of his incorrupt heart is kept. To my surprise, I saw exposed an undershirt of the saint with lots of dried blood in the area of the shoulder. I asked the Franciscan Father who was leading us on this private journey into all the important places of Padre Pio, if the saint had the wound of Christ's shoulder. He responded that Padre Pio never spoke about it, but they discovered that he had carried this wound throughout the 50 years that he had born the visible five wounds and that they had come to find out days before his death. Prior to his death, Padre Pio confided to Brother Modestino Fucci at his friary in San Giovanni Rotondo, that his greatest pains happened when took off his shirt. At the time, Fucci believed it to be his chest wounds. When he was later assigned the task of inventorying all the items inside the cell of the late Padre Pio, he noticed his undershirts had blood stains on the right shoulder. That night, Brother Fucci prayed asking Padre Pio for a sign if he truly bore the shoulder wound of Christ. At 1 A.M., he awoke with an excruciating pain in his right shoulder and the room was filled with the aroma of flowers, the sign Padre Pio's spiritual presence, and he heard a voice call out: *"This is what I had to suffer!"*. Only one person knew, from the words of Padre Pio himself, about this wound that he also carried in his body: St. John Paul II. While still Fr. Wojtyla, he visited Padre Pio and asked the question about which wound was most painful for him -- much like the way that Saint Bernard had asked Christ. Father Wojtyla expected that it was Padre Pio's chest wound, but just as Christ told Saint Bernard, the saint replied: *"It is my shoulder wound, which no one knows about and has never been cured or treated."*



What does this wound have to deliver us from? The lack of radicality in the following of Christ. When Jesus called the disciples, called us, he said: *"Whoever wants to be my disciple must deny themselves and take up their cross and follow me."* (Lk 9:23) How do we live this calling to follow Christ in fidelity and in total disposition to carry our daily crosses in the same way that He carried His Cross for us? He never called attention to this cruel wound.... It is hard to imagine what it means to have a heavy cross laid and rub upon an open wound; and to fall, be thrown to the ground with the cross hitting that wound over and over. How much repentance is necessary for our lack of true discipleship, for the many ways, even subtly, that we refuse to carry the cross that the Lord presents to us through events or situations of life. How many times do we want others to carry our crosses instead of having enough love to embrace my own? How many times have we called a simple difficulty, an opposition to our will, or small persecutions a "cross"? How are we so prompt to use the word "cross" for the sufferings that we have caused ourselves because of our own sins, wrongful behavior, imprudence, lack of charity and even by a demeanor that is rejected by others? How much we carry in our hearts, like resentment, because someone did not treat us the way we expected or we wanted?

To carry the cross is a condition for being a disciple of Jesus. To deny ourselves is the path marked by this discipleship. How do we deny ourselves? How do we postpone our own interests for the common good? How do we resist changes when our plans are changed by circumstances? How attached are we to ourselves in all dimensions, instead of denying or forgetting about ourselves? Are we even capable of truly denying ourselves or do we enter into frustration, sadness, anger or rebelliousness when I am called to deny myself? Are we really radical in our following of Christ? Do we settle very comfortably in our life with the Lord even when is a life that is not truly radical and coherent with our calling? And if we carry our crosses, do we do it in silence? Do we know how to suffer without complaining or murmuring alone or with others? Are we willing to carry the cross to the point that it opens wide the wound of our shoulder? Or do we leave it as soon as it bothers us somehow? How can we truly console this wound? - by carrying our crosses as true disciples.



The wound on His shoulder has much to say to us and I hope we are willing to listen. Hear the cracks of the sound of the wood on His bones.... Hear the ripping, the rending of His human flesh at the weight of the Cross. Let that sound bring us to contrition and repentance for our lack of truly carrying with dignity and integrity the crosses He permits us to carry in our lives. Yes, we have many questions that should pierce our hearts, especially when we have not contemplated with humble and pure hearts the sufferings of His Sacred Wounds. This wound, the one of His Shoulder, has been ignored, Jesus said... I wonder if this is the only wound that has been ignored, or if because we do not want to pay the price that love demands, we are somehow ignoring the reality of each of His wounds. The sacred wound of His Shoulder teaches us to carry in silence the burdens of our lives, inconveniences and difficulties we find in our ministries... Lord,

you know the heavy burdens that sometimes we need to carry to fulfill your plan of salvation. Give us fidelity and fortitude to carry them and not run away from them, not to abandon them or to carry anger in our hearts because we have to carry the d heavy weight of those burdens that our lives bring about.

The Wounds of His Hands

Jesus' hands were so small in Bethlehem... so small that they could hold the finger of Our Lady and the finger of St. Joseph. Who could imagine that those were the hands that created all things and that now were going to be used to touch, to heal, to free, to deliver, to protect and to save humanity? How would His hands touch the face of Our Lady and touch the beauty of Her immaculate being? How many times did His hands touch the face of His virginal father and discover the beauty of a man totally given in generous love for His Mother and for Him? How many times did He touch the hands of St. Joseph the carpenter who brought bread to the table of the Holy Family by the integrity of his hard work? How did Jesus use His hands to learn the trade and work with His earthly father, like any human person; His hands built furniture that belonged to families in Nazareth; his hands carried wood for St. Joseph's carpentry.



These same hands would spend His time on earth doing good: his hands healed the sick, the blind, the paralyzed, the bleeding woman, the mute.... His hands raised the dead and exorcised the possessed. His hands multiplied the bread and the fish to feed thousands of hungry people. His hands humbly washed and dried the feet of His apostles; His hands held the bread and the wine that would be transformed into His Blood and His Body, the new covenant for the salvation of all. His hands blessed... His hands put back the ear of his enemy when it was cut by Peter's sword. His hands were cuffed like a criminal, scourged, crushed, and his hands received the wooden cross that He would have to carry to be crucified. With His hands he received the instrument of our salvation: the Cross.

He held on to the Cross... He embraced it with His hands; He held His whole being to the Cross without ever letting it go... never renouncing it... and when they called upon the Cyrene to help him, He did not separate from the Cross, He also carried it with him. His bloody hands were touching the streets of Jerusalem, like He had touched every sick and possessed person. He was touching the earth... the streets of humanity, to heal the many paths of history—past, present and future—with the power of His Precious Blood. His hands touched the face of His Mother when they encountered... the first face to be touched with the sacrificial Blood of the Lamb... because She was the Mother of the Lamb, who was consenting to His sacrifice for the salvation of many. His hands, almost without any strength, continued to climb Mount Calvary where they would be nailed to the cross, nailing the hands of the One that came to give us freedom. Yes, he had to be enslaved, nailed to the cross, to deliver us from all our attachments and all the nails that keep us enslaved to our sins, imperfections, and vices.

What did He think when He heard the sound of the nails and the hammer? Did He remember His time with His virginal father in the carpentry? They used nails to build... Sin, represented in those driving the nails into Him, were using the nails to break Him, to attach Him to the cross. How do we console the wounds of His Hands? By using them with the same purpose with which He used them: to serve unconditionally; not to grasp or possess, but to freely touch, give and heal. Do we use our hands with the same humble disposition of service? Or do we use them to possess things, people, positions, power, control, or riches? Do we use our hands to touch the sufferings of humanity, or do we preserve them in selfishness? Do we use our hands to work hard, or do we see this work as stifling our freedom and comfort? Do we understand that our hands are to build and create something good, not to destroy or to be used in mediocrity?



Are our hands nailed by the slavery of our own sins? Do we enslave the work of the Lord and Our Lady because of our lack of conversion? Do we free His hands and the hands of Our Lady to go about the urgent need of building a world of peace and love, truth and life, or are our hands too busy being used for the things we like to do, when we like to do them and for or with whom we like to do them?

Are our hands restrained by our lack of inner freedom? Are our hands scourged by the sins of laziness and pride? Are our hands nailed to the ways of the old self? Are our hands those of constant, simple, humble and unconditional service without counting the cost or the price we have to pay? Lord, forgive us for not kissing your wounded hands with the sincerity of our service, for not being servants according to your heart and your hands. For the times when we have complained about our work, our lack of time, the many things we have to do, when you call us to be co-creators with the work of your hands. Forgive us Lord, for the times that we have not sung a Magnificat for the many things you do for us with the power of your hands and the things you do through us with the simplicity of our hands. Forgive us, Mother, when we have not been attentive to the movements of your hand receiving all the graces that you communicate, or when we have not fixed our eyes to your finger, to know where you need us to open fountains of grace, as you did with Sr. Bernadette.



The Wounds of His Feet

“How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of those who bring good news, who proclaim peace, who bring good tidings, who proclaim salvation, who say to Zion, “Your God reigns!” (Is 52:7)

In the womb of Our Lady, the little feet of Jesus were placed on the mountain of humanity, bringing the good news of salvation. From the first moment of His birth, due to the sin of humanity, His little feet began journeying through so many places—exile, persecution, etc. Wherever He went, God was among the people in silence but in power, in the redeeming power of salvation. Then, in Nazareth when they could finally return, He walked among the people; He was one of them. He went to the synagogue, He served, He worked, He visited the children and families... He went to bring food to His virginal father, helped His Mother carry the water back home from the well.... How can we imagine all the places where His feet went?

All we know is that He walked a lot in His public ministry, from one place to another bringing the good news of the Kingdom of God: teaching in all the synagogues, walking through the desert, walking to be away in prayer and solitude, walking to meet the multitudes, walking and calling His disciples by name, teaching them while they walked... going all around the Sea of Galilee, even walking on the water... walking in the midst of the storm to calm it; walking among the realities of humanity to touch and to heal, to teach, and to deliver with the power of His Truth and the power of His Divinity. Christ’s way was to walk whenever and wherever He needed to go, or where others needed Him. This is so connected to the mission of the Visitation of Our Lady, going in haste to where She was needed. Like St. Joseph also, getting up in the middle of the night and walking through the desert to save the Mother and the Child. Christ lived walking to announce the good news of His Father’s love, the good news of the Kingdom of God, proclaiming salvation to all... that God had become man and had dwelt among them. He lived walking to teach the truth about love, discipleship, holiness and mission. He walked to so many places and He walked a lot to go to where humanity needed Him.

He walked to Jerusalem knowing the sufferings that awaited Him there... He walked to His Passion with determination and obedience to the Father’s will and with love for us, to save us through His death and resurrection. He walked to the Sanhedrin to be judged by men with false testimonies; He walked to the prison and to the hole through which He was thrown into the dungeon; He walked to the place of His scourging; He walked totally bound with chains to hear the verdict of the enraged people. He walked with the Cross on His shoulder to the place of His martyrdom. He walked out of the tomb by the power of His resurrection; He walked to meet His Mother and Mary Magdalene outside the tomb, and then went to the Cenacle to appear to the apostles; He asked them to go to Galilee where He would walk with them, reminding them of the grace of the beginning.

Jesus always walked because “beautiful on the mountains are the feet of those who bring good news” of salvation. But His feet were nailed to the Cross!... Nailed so as to immobilize Him. Yes, evil did not want Him walking, did not want Him proclaiming the good news of salvation to many. The devil did not want him free to walk, just as he does not want us to be free to walk and bring about the good work the Lord has entrusted to us to accomplish. How can we console the wounds of His feet? How can we not nail down His work by our own lack of movement? Are we attached to one place, one mission, to a certain people? Are we intrepid like Our Lady and always ready to go whenever and wherever the Kingdom of God needs



me? Are our feet nailed down by our own caprices and self-will? Are our feet immobilized by our own comfort and control? Jesus and Our Lady have always asked us to be free to go anywhere at any time. Are we ready to simply pack and go wherever they need us to go, to the new place in the geography of Their designs? Do we go in simplicity, or does a drama take place in our hearts when we are sent across the mountains and oceans to bring the good news? We have so much to ask forgiveness for! *His feet were nailed because Satan was bothered by His walking through all the places, He needed to go.... Are we allowing Satan to nail us down through our own attachment to places, missions or people? We need to ask the Lord true forgiveness when His missionary mandate has not been fulfilled because our feet are tied and nailed by ourselves. When the enemy wants to nail us, we need to be ready to wisely and opportunely fulfill the words of Jesus in Mark 6:11: "And if any place will not welcome you or listen to you, leave that place and shake the dust off your feet as a testimony against them."* What if we are the ones resisting the movement? Would Jesus shake His sandals and give the grace to someone else? His work will be realized with us if we are ready to go across the mountains and move; if we are always ready to go wherever He may need us. Let us ask forgiveness for the ways we have allowed our feet to be nailed by our own fault. We have so much to meditate upon and examine with true contrition our willingness to walk as He did to bring the salvation of the Lord to many.

The Wound of His Heart

"One soldier thrust a lance into His Heart and immediately blood and water flood out...." The eyewitness to this sorrowful event that gave us so much life calls us to *"look upon him whom they have pierced."*

Jesus took on our human nature; He took a human body, face, hands, feet, sentiments, love, thoughts... He had a human heart. He loved us with divine and human love; and St. John says in his Gospel chapter 13 that He loved us to the extreme. Love, true love, can only love in that way. Love has no limits in its self-giving, in its own oblation. The only limits to love we will find in our hearts are the ones we impose on it. Jesus did not close His Heart at the rejection, envy, traps, abandonment, betrayals, persecution, denials, etc, that he experienced throughout His life on earth. His love was above the deluge of evil; the ark of His Heart was over those muddy waters and was never tainted or diminished.



Love that is not willing to suffer is not worthy to be called love; love that is not constantly giving life becomes sterile and enclosed in itself, becoming dried-up and meaningless. Love is willing to give its own life for those it is to save, to protect, or to whom it is to give life by its self-donation. Love is the reason of the Cross and the Cross is the greatest symbol of love. Therefore, the Cross and Jesus crucified must be the source of our constant contemplation so as to sit at the school of love that is lived and given to the extreme. Do we spend time in prayer contemplating the wounds, the sufferings of love that Jesus endured on the Cross? All the saints have given us examples that it is only contemplating the Passion that we are delivered from our own sins, self-preservation and lack of generous love. Without contemplating His Sacred Wounds, our wounds created by our own sin or the sins of others, will not be able to be heal. We are called to contemplate the One who was pierced, not to contemplate ourselves. How much do we dwell in our past wounds instead of walking towards the Cross and uniting our wounds and sufferings to His to give them purpose and fecundity?

Jesus loved us to the extreme! Have we learned to love in this way? Is love a word that we use indiscriminately or lightly but without truly intending to live all the consequences that love will lead us to or demand from us? Are we willing to stand at the foot of the Cross in fidelity to Jesus, to His love and to His sufferings, or are we seeking to stay away, walk at a distance from the sorrowful mysteries of our own lives and not embrace them with the same love with which Jesus embraced His?

He loved us to the extreme! This is the only kind of love that will continue to give life in spite of any obstacle, opposition, and even death.... Love like this will continue to give the graces of salvation even after death. Are we so sensitive that we react to any difficulty creating unnecessary drama or issues, calling undue attention to our participation in the Cross of Christ? Are we before the Cross in reverent silence, so as to hear the few words that Jesus was able to utter from the Cross? Those words were the culmination of His work of salvation. Yes, after all we have done to Him, He was thinking of us while He was on the Cross. Do I think of others, beginning with our own religious family or our family when we are experiencing the sorrowful power of the Cross? Do we keep silence before the Crucified One like Our Lady, the Mother of the Redeemer, the Mother of the Crucified One? Do we keep the silence of St. John, whose silence allowed him to be an eyewitness with a deep contemplation of the mystery of the One who was pierced? The silence of St. Mary Magdalene was a reparation for all the words she had said in her life, which meant nothing to her as she stood in contemplation

of Love Incarnate. She was silent, purifying together with the tears of Our Lady, the hardness of the human heart, the indifference of so many, the cruelty of the soldiers, and the manipulation of the Jewish priests who wanted him dead. Silence surrounded the Heart of Jesus while His suffering became more acute and cruel... The few words He spoke while trying to get to breath to utter them, were the culmination of the mission of His life: to reconcile us with the Father, His vagrant brothers and sisters, and to guide us back to His Home, our Home. Do we allow those seven words spoken from the Cross to pierce our hardened hearts? Are we so blinded by selfishness that we do not stop before the Cross and see with our own eyes what love looks like? Do we hear the seven last words of Christ and respond to them with loving obedience?

The seven last words should become for us a source of contemplation and an examination of conscience:

- "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Luke 23:34
- "Amen, I say to you, today you will be with me in paradise." Luke 23:43
- "Woman, behold your son. Son, behold your mother." John 19:26-27
- "My God, My God, why have you forsaken me?" Matthew 27:46 & Mark 15:34
- "I thirst." John 19:28
- "It is finished." Matthew 27:46 & Mark 15:34
- "Father, into your hands I commend my spirit." Luke 23:4

Let us be silent before the Cross and listen to Jesus giving us His last testament of love.

Love conquered all the evil done to Him, Love incarnate. Love will always conquer! It is not sentimental or emotional love that have the power to conquer, but the love that Jesus taught us to imitate. The love that has the power to conquer is the love that is a conviction of the truth, a conviction of how I am supposed to protect my heart to be a pure and simple home; to form it to be wise and astute so as not to allow it to be tainted by the sin of the world, my flesh, or the temptations of the devil. The word love has been so misused in our culture saturated by hedonism and selfishness that we need to examine our own hearts to see if these vices have touched us, if my actions are moved by living in a self-referential manner or seeking comfort, pleasure, and all that satisfies my flesh, internally or externally. If love is the motor of our lives, everything that we are and everything that we do will be imbued with the power and the splendor of love. Love must explain everything to us! Do we discern with a mind of love to acquire true wisdom? Do we have a reflective mind filled with the love of Christ that allows us to reason in the order and logic of love? Are our choices and thought processes inspired by love and all that love implies, or rather by emotion, selfish reactions, fast solutions, a quick temper, or mediocrity?



Our Lord's Heart was pierced!! He was already dead; He did not need to have a soldier thrust that lance into His heart with a cruel force. No, none of that was necessary... unless they wanted to make sure that he was already dead. How did He respond to such hatred? From His Pierced Heart flowed blood and water, flowed the life of the Church.... Our lives. He allowed himself to be pierced for us to have life. This is our calling! Do we truly live it? Do we know that life requires the necessary piercing of our hearts to be able to be born? Do we know that giving the life of Christ to others will lead us to be like Him, persecuted, opposed, envied, and even imprisoned, through obstacles or doors that are closed in front of us. In all things, when the lance is thrust against us, do we respond with oblation love and life-giving purity like Jesus?

His Heart was pierced because He loved us! Are we willing to have our hearts truly pierced to be like Him? Do we even understand the meaning of being pierced, or do we call our purifications, necessary mortifications in all areas, penances that deliver us from sin, being pierced? I exhort all of you, to live this Lent in the profound contemplation of these Wounds and to make your path of life based on the questions or reflections that flow from each Wound. If we are to be healed and delivered by His Wounds, we must enter into them, into the school of each one, and learn what they have to teach us. We must repair and console them for what our sins have caused Him. Our sins are the reason of each of His Sacred Wounds.

May this Lent be a journey of consolation and conversion through the power of the Sacred Wounds of Christ and the power of His Precious Blood that flowed from these Wounds.

In His Wounds,

Mother Adela, SCTJM

Mother Adela, SCTJM
Foundress and Mother General