

Daily Passion Prayers

Before Being Arrested, Just Prior To His Passion, **Jesus** Prayed:

'O Sufferings Longingly Desired From My Inmost Soul, Ye Pains, Wounds, Affronts, Labors, Afflictions And Ignominious Death, Come, Come, Come Quickly, For The Fire Of Love Which Burns For The Salvation Of Men, Is Anxious To See You Meet The Innocent One Of All Creatures.

Well Do I Know Your Value O Sufferings, I Have Sought, Desired, And Solicited You And I Meet You Joyously Of My Own Free Will; I Have Purchased You By My Anxiety In Searching For You And I Esteem You For Your Merits.

O Sufferings, I Desire To Remedy And Enhance Your Value And Raise You To The Highest Dignity. Let Death Come, In Order That By My Accepting It, Without Having Deserved It, I May Triumph Over It And Gain LIFE For Those Who Have Been Punished By Death For Their Sins.'

O Christ, Son Of God, As I Contemplate The Great Sufferings You Endured For Us On The Cross, I Hear You Saying To My Soul: "It Is Not In Jest That I Have Loved You!"

These Words Open My Eyes, And I See Clearly, All That Your Love Has Made You Do For Me. I See That You Suffered During Your Whole Life And Death, O Man-God, Suffered Because Of That Profound, Ineffable Love.

No, **O Lord**, It Was Not In Jest That You Loved Me, But Your Love Is Perfect And Real. In Myself, I See The Opposite, For My Love Is Lukewarm And Untrue, And This Grieves Me Very Much.

O Master, You Did Not Love Me In Jest;

I, A Sinner, On The Contrary, Has Never Loved You Except Imperfectly.

I Have Seldom Wanted To Hear About The Sufferings You Endured On The Cross, And Thus I Have Served You Carelessly And Unfaithfully.

Your Love, **O My God**, Arouses In Me An Ardent Desire To Avoid Anything That Might Offend You, To Embrace The Grief And Contempt That You Bore, To Keep Continually In Mind Your Passion And Death, In Which Our True Salvation And Life Are Found.

O Lord, Master, And **Eternal Physician**, You Freely Offer Us Your **Blood** As The Cure For Our Souls, And Although You Paid For It With Your Passion And Death On The Cross, It Costs Me Nothing, Except Only The Willingness To Receive It.

When I Ask For It, You Give It To Me Immediately And Heal All My Infirmities.

My God, Since You Agreed To Free Me And To Heal Me On The One Condition That I Show You, With Tears Of Sorrow, My Faults And Weaknesses; Since **O Lord**, My Soul Is Sick, I Bring To You All My Sins And Misfortunes.

There Is No Sin, No Weakness Of Soul Or Mind For Which You Do Not Have An Adequate Remedy, Purchased By Your Death.

All My Salvation And Joy Are In You, **O Crucified Christ**, And In Whatever State I Happen To Be, I Shall Never Take My Eyes Away From **Your Cross**.



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Hail, O Cross, Our Only Hope! You Increase Grace In The Souls Of The Just And Remit The Faults Of Sinners.

O Glorious Resplendent Tree, Decked In Royal Purple, On Your Arms Hangs The Price Of Our Redemption, In You Is Our Victory, Our Ransom!

O Christ, I Look Again At Your Bloodstained Face, And I Raise My Tear-Filled Eyes To See Your Wounds And Bruises. I Lift My Contrite, Afflicted Heart, To Consider All The Tribulations You Have Endured In Order To Seek Me And To Save Me.

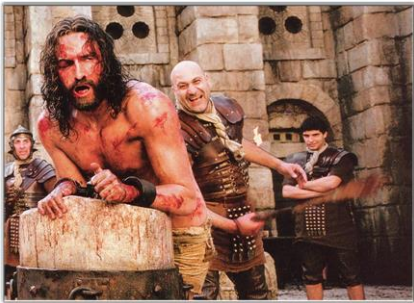
O Good Jesus, How Generously You Have Given Us, On The Cross, All That You Had! To Your Executioners, Your **Living Prayer;**

To The Thief, **Paradise;**

To Your Mother, **A Son,** And To The Son, **A Mother;**

To The Dead, **You Gave Back Life,** And You Placed Your Soul In Your Father's Hands; You Showed Your **Power** To The Entire World, And Shed, Through Your Wide And Numerous Wounds, Not A Few Drops, But **All Your Blood,** To Redeem Me, A Worthless Slave!

O Meek Lord And Savior Of The World, How Can We Ever Thank You Worthily?



O Good Jesus, You Bowed Your Crowned Head, Pierced By Many Thorns, Inviting Me To The Kiss Of Peace.

'See', You Say To Me, 'How Disfigured, Torn, And Annihilated I Am! Do You Know Why? To Lift You Up, O Wandering Sheep, To Put You On My Shoulder, And Bring You To The Heavenly Pasture In Paradise.

Now Return My Love.

Behold Me, My Passion.

Love Me!

I Gave Myself To You; Now Give Yourself To Me.'

O Lord, I Am Grief Stricken At The Sight Of Your Wounds;

I Want You To Rule Over Me, Just As You Are, In Your Passion.

I Want To Set You As A Seal Upon My Heart, As A Seal On My Arm, To Make Me Conformable To You And Your Martyrdom In All I Think And Do.

O Good And Gentle Jesus, You Who Gave Yourself To Us As A Ransom For Our Redemption, Please Grant That We, Unworthy As We Are, May Correspond With Your Grace, Entirely, Perfectly, And In All Things. Amen.