

He , who knows the Commandment of Love is not surprised that I cannot help knocking at the door of those who resist Me, and who force Me, so to speak, by their rejection, to repeat My loving invitation to them.

Why, what else can My calls be, full of glowing love, than the will of love of a loving God, Who wants to save His creatures? However, I know very well, that not many wish to follow My generous invitation, and that even the few who do accept, must strive hard to receive Me.

Well then! I shall show even more generosity (as if I had not been generous enough up to now), and I shall do this by giving all of you a precious Gem of My Love. I have decided to open a dam, in order to let flow the torrent of My Graces, which My Heart can no longer hold back.

Look what I have to offer you in return for a little love from you.

1. To all those who remember My Agony, with love and devotion, at least once a day: forgiveness of all sins and the certainty of salvation for their souls in the hour of their death.
2. Total and everlasting repentance to those who will have a Mass celebrated in honour of My Agonizing Suffering in the Garden of Gethsemane.
3. Success in spiritual matters to all those, who impress on others, love and devotion to My Agonies on the Mount of Olives.
4. Finally, and in order to prove to you that I want to break open a dam of My heart so as to let flow a flood of My Graces, I promise those who spread this devotion to My Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, the following 3 graces:
 - A. total and final victory over the worst temptation to which they are subjected;
 - B. Direct power to save poor souls from purgatory;
 - C. Great enlightenment and strength to fulfill My Will.

All of these, My precious gifts, I will definitely give to those who carry out what I have said, and who, therefore, remember and venerate with love and sympathy, My great, incomprehensible Agony on the Mount of Olives.'

(San Giovanni Rotondo–1965)

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THE AGONY OF JESUS IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

Accounts from the Gospel and private revelations
from the Saints and mystics of the Church



Part of the Mosaic over the altar of the Church of the Agony in Jerusalem

O Jesus, through the abundance of Your love, and in order to overcome our hardheartedness, You pour out torrents of Your graces over those who reflect on Your most Sacred Sorrow in the Garden of Gethsemane, and who spread devotion to it. I pray You, move my soul and my heart to think often, at least once a day, of Your most bitter Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, in order to communicate with You and to be united with You as closely as possible. Amen.

'My Crown of Thorns caused Me more suffering than all My other wounds...It was My most intense suffering after the Garden of Olives.' *Jesus to Sr Mary Martha Chambon*

Jesus came with them to a small estate called Gethsemane; and he said to his disciples, 'Stay here while I go over there to pray'. He took Peter and the two sons of Zebedee with him. And sadness came over him, and great distress. Then he said to them, 'My soul is sorrowful to the point of death. Wait here and keep awake with me.' And going on a little further he fell on his face and prayed. 'My Father,' he said 'if it is possible, let this cup pass me by. Nevertheless, let it be as you, not I, would have it.' He came back to the disciples and found them sleeping, and he said to Peter, 'So you had not the strength to keep awake with me one hour? You should be awake, and praying not to be put to the test. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' Again, a second time, he went away and prayed: 'My Father,' he said 'if this cup cannot pass by without my drinking it, your will be done!' And he came back again and found them sleeping, their eyes were so heavy. Leaving them there, he went away again and prayed for the third time, repeating the same words. Then he came back to the disciples and said to them, 'You can sleep on now and take your rest. Now the hour has come when the Son of Man is to be betrayed into the hands of sinners. Get up! Let us go! My betrayer is already close at hand.' *Matthew 26:36-46*

I withdrew into the Garden of Gethsemane, that is to say into solitude...Adore His will for you, whatever it is... and humble yourself as befits a creature before its Creator...It was thus I offered Myself to carry out the redemption of the world. At the same moment I felt all the torments of My Passion burst overwhelmingly upon Me: the calumnies and the insults...the scourging and the Crown of Thorns, the thirst...the Cross.... All these sufferings thronged before My eyes and pressed upon My Heart, while at one and the same time I saw all the offences, sins and crimes that were to be committed throughout the ages...I not only witnessed them all, but was invested in them...so that under the burden of their ignominy I was constrained to present Myself before the face of My all-holy Father and implore Him to show mercy. And there burst upon Me the wrath of an angry and offended God, and in order to appease His Majesty I offered myself as security for sinful man, I, His Son, to calm His anger and satisfy

You sweated blood.

O blessed Jesus, for the sake of Your most bitter struggle in the Garden of Gethsemane, grant me final victory over all temptations, especially over those to which I am most subjected.

O suffering Jesus, for the sake of Your inscrutable and indescribable agonies, during that night of betrayal, and of Your bitterest anguish of mind, enlighten me, so that I may recognize and fulfill Your will; grant that I may ponder continually on Your heart-wrenching struggle and on how You emerged victoriously, in order to fulfill, not Your will, but the will of your Father.

Be You blessed, O Jesus, for all your sighs on that holy night; and for the tears which You shed for us.

Be You blessed, O Jesus, for Your sweat of blood and the terrible agony, which You suffered lovingly in coldest abandonment and in inscrutable loneliness.

Be You blessed, O sweetest Jesus, filled with immeasurable bitterness, for the prayer which flowed in trembling agony from Your Heart, so truly human and divine.

Eternal Father, I offer You all the past, present and future Masses together with the blood of Christ shed in agony in the Garden of Sorrow at Gethsemane.

Most Holy Trinity, grant that the knowledge, and thereby the love, of the agony of Jesus on the Mount of Olives will spread throughout the whole world.

Grant, O Jesus, that all who look lovingly at You on the Cross, will also remember Your immense Suffering on the Mount of Olives, that they will follow Your example, learn to pray devoutly and fight victoriously, so that, one day, they may be able to Glorify You eternally in Heaven. Amen.

Promises to devotees of the Agony of Jesus on the Mount of Olives

'Again and again calls of My Love flow from My Heart. They fill the souls in which the fire of love lights up and sometimes even sets ablaze the heart. It is this, the voice of My Heart, which travels and also reaches those who do not want to hear Me, and who, therefore, do not notice Me. However, inside of them I speak to all, and My Voice will speak to all, because I love them all.

Maria Valorta, Poem of the Man-God Volume 5

A man of sorrows and familiar with suffering...yet ours were the sufferings He bore, ours the sorrows He carried... He was pierced through for our faults, crushed for our sins...The Lord burdened Him with the sins of all of us...His soul's anguish over He shall see the light and be content. By His sufferings shall My servant justify many, taking their faults on Himself. *From Isaiah Chapter 53*

I then tasted the bitterness of the bottom of the cup. The flavour of despair. It was what Satan wanted: to lead Me to despair, to make Me a slave of his. I overcame despair and I overcame it only with My power, because I wanted to defeat it. Only with my strength of a Man. I was nothing but the Man. And I was nothing but a man no longer helped by God. When God helps you, it is easy to lift even the world and hold it up like a child's toy. But when God does not help us any more, even the weight of a flower is a burden to us. I defeated despair and Satan, its creator, in order to serve God and you, by giving you the Life. But I became acquainted with Death. Not with the physical death of crucifixion—that was not so dreadful—but with the total conscious Death of the fighter who falls after triumphing, with a broken heart and blood pouring out of him in the trauma of the effort exceeding all endurance. And I sweated blood. I sweated blood to be faithful to God's will. That is why the angel of My sorrow showed Me the hopes of all those who have been saved through My sacrifice, as a medicine for My dying. Your names! Each name was a drop of medicine instilled into My veins to invigorate them and make them function, each of them was for Me life coming back, light coming back, strength coming back. During the cruel tortures, to avoid shouting My grief of Man, and in order not to despair of God and say that He was too severe and unjust to His Victim, I repeated your names to Myself. I saw you. Since then I blessed you. Since then I have carried you in My heart.

Jesus speaks. Volume 5, Poem of the Man-God, Maria Valorta

The following prayers were published by Ave Maria Publications, Middletown, Northern Ireland. Imprimatur: Macario, Bishop. Fabiano, 23rd November 1963

O blessed Jesus, You, who carried the immense burden of our sins that night, and atoned for them fully; grant me the most perfect gift of complete repentant love over my numerous sins, for which

His justice. But so great was the anguish and so mortal the agony of My human nature under the strain and weight of so much guilt, that a bloody sweat poured from Me to the ground. O sinners who thus torture Me...will this Blood bring salvation and life, or will it be shed in vain for you? How can I express My sorrow at the thought of this sweat, this anguish, this agony, this blood...useless for so many souls. Console My Heart. Remain close to Me in Gethsemane that My Blood may fertilize and strengthen the root of your littleness. *Jesus to Josefa Menendez 12th March 1923*

They came to a small estate called Gethsemane, and Jesus said to his disciples, 'Stay here while I pray'. Then he took Peter and James and John with him. And a sudden fear came over him, and great distress. And he said to them, 'My soul is sorrowful to the point of death. Wait here, and keep awake.' And going on a little further he threw himself on the ground and prayed that, if it were possible, this hour might pass him by. 'Abba (Father)!' he said 'Everything is possible for you. Take this cup away from me. But let it be as you, not I, would have it.' He came back and found them sleeping, and he said to Peter, 'Simon, are you asleep? Had you not the strength to keep awake one hour? You should be awake, and praying not to be put to the test. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' Again he went away and prayed, saying the same words. And once more he came back and found them sleeping, their eyes were so heavy; and they could find no answer for him. He came back a third time and said to them, 'You can sleep on now and take your rest. It is all over. The hour has come. Now the Son of Man is to be betrayed into the hands of sinners. Get up! Let us go! My betrayer is close at hand already.'

Mark 14:32-42

Re-read Mark 14 in the light of the Our Father.....

Our Father in heaven, may your name be held holy, your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as in heaven. Give us today our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, As we have forgiven those who are in debt to us.

And do not put us to the test, but save us from the evil one.

Matthew 6:9b-13

'Simon, it is the hour of My passion. To make it more complete, the Father is withdrawing His light from Me, as it gets nearer. Before long I shall have but darkness and the contemplation of

what is darkness: that is, all the sins of men. You cannot, none of you can understand. Nobody, except who will be called by God for this special mission, will understand this passion in the *great Passion*, and as man is material even in loving and meditating, there will be who will weep and suffer because of the scourging and the torture of the Redeemer, but this spiritual torture that, believe Me you who are listening to Me, is the most atrocious one, will not be measured...' *Conversation, recorded by Maria Valtorta in Vol 5 of the Poem of the Man God, of Jesus speaking to St Simon Zealot on the way to Gethsemane.*

He then left to make his way as usual to the Mount of Olives, with the disciples following. When they reached the place he said to them, 'Pray not to be put to the test'. Then he withdrew from them, about a stone's throw away, and knelt down and prayed. 'Father,' he said 'if you are willing, take this cup away from me. Nevertheless, let your will be done, not mine.' Then an angel appeared to him, coming from heaven to give him strength. In his anguish he prayed even more earnestly, and his sweat fell to the ground like great drops of blood. When he rose from prayer he went to the disciples and found them sleeping for sheer grief. 'Why are you asleep?' he said to them. 'Get up and pray not to be put to the test.' He was still speaking when a number of men appeared, and at the head of them the man called Judas, one of the Twelve, who went up to Jesus to kiss him. *Luke 22:39-47*

Message from Bl Padre Pio to Carmela Carabelli 11 Nov 1968
My children, I want to unite myself to you for the intentions given in your prayers. Know that, during my mortal life, each night, from eleven to twelve o'clock, I united myself to Jesus agonizing, and I consoled Him in His agony in the Garden of Gethsemani. But again today, Jesus is in agony in His Church. That is why I entreat you to multiply these beautiful hours of prayer, and unite them to that of Jesus and, if you wish, also to mine which I offered nightly during my earthly life and which were so pleasing to the Father. I bless you all.

Imitate My Mother, the Sorrowful Virgin. I would like to speak again of Her, who suffered so much throughout Her life, but who attained the summit of suffering during My Passion which She fully lived, even though from a distance....The keenest suffering for My Mother was to have participated in My mortal sadness in the Garden of Olives. So great was the bitterness of Her Heart that She

the divine will free to do whatsoever it wills.
Jesus to Josefa Menendez, 12th March 1923

For my part, I pray to you, O Lord, at the time you wish; in your great love, answer me, God, faithful in saving power.

Pull me out of this swamp; let me sink no further, let me escape those who hate me, save me from deep water!

Do not let the waves wash over me, do not let the deep swallow me or the Pit close its mouth on me.

In your loving kindness, answer me, O Lord, in your great tenderness turn to me; do not hide your face from your servant, quick, I am in trouble, answer me; come to my side, redeem me, from so many enemies ransom me.

You know all the insults I endure, every one of my oppressors is known to you; the insults have broken my heart, my shame and disgrace are past cure; I had hoped for sympathy, but in vain, I found no one to console me. *Psalm 69:13-20c*

The fire blazes gaily, lighting up the poor face of Jesus. A face that is really so sad that one cannot look at it without weeping. All the brightness of that face is cancelled by a deadly tiredness. He says 'I feel an anguish that is killing Me! Oh! yes! My soul is sad even unto death. My friends!...My friends!' But even if He did not say so, His aspect would make one understand, that He is really like a man about to breathe his last, and in the most distressing and desolate abandonment. Every word sounds like a sob...He prays once again standing, with His arms stretched out crosswise. Then on His knees, as before, His face bent on the little flowers. He is pensive. Silent...Then He begins to moan and sob loudly, almost prostrated, so much has He relaxed on His heels. He calls His Father, more and more anxiously...He remains thus for some time. Then He utters a stifled cry and raises His face, looking very upset. Only for a moment, then he drops on the ground, with His face really on the earth, and remains thus. A worn-out man overburdened by all the sins of the world, struck by all the Justice of the Father, oppressed by the darkness, the ashes, the bitterness, by that tremendous, terrible, most dreadful thing that is the abandonment by God, while Satan torments us... It is the asphyxia of the soul, it is to be buried alive in this prison that is the world, when we can no longer feel any tie between us and God, it is to be chained, gagged, stoned by our very prayers, which fall back on us bristling with sharp points and spread with fire...

I am the man familiar with misery under the rod of his anger;
I am the one he has driven and forced to walk in darkness,
and without any light. Against me alone he turns his hand,
again and again, all day long.
He has wasted my flesh and skin away, has broken my bones.
He has made a yoke for me, has encircled my head with weariness.
He has forced me to dwell in darkness with the dead of long ago.
He has walled me in; I cannot escape; he has made my chains
heavy; and when I call and shout he shuts out my prayer.
He has blocked my ways with cut stones,
he has obstructed my paths.
He has broken my teeth with gravel, he has given me ashes for
food. My soul is shut out from peace; I have forgotten happiness.
And now I say, 'My strength has gone, that hope which came from
the Lord'.
Lamentations 3:1-9, 16-18

My soul, already shattered and a prey to sadness, had to endure
still more deadly grief, for crushed by the weight of the sins of
men, and in return for so much suffering and love, I saw only
outrages and ingratitude. The Blood now pouring from My body
and which I was soon to shed from countless wounds would be in
vain for so many souls...many would be lost...a still greater
number would sin against Me...and myriads would not so much as
hear My name...I would pour out My Blood for all, offer My merits
to each soul...Blood of a God...infinite merits...yet to be in vain for
how great a number! Yes, I will shed My Blood for all and all will be
loved with great love...but for some that love will be more tender,
more intimate, more ardent...so from these chosen souls I will
expect more consolation and love, more generosity and
abnegation...in a word, a fuller response to My loving-kindness.
Alas! At this moment I see how many will turn away from
Me...some will not listen to My call...others will hear but will not
follow Me...others will respond for a time with a certain amount of
generosity to the call of My Heart, but then will gradually grow
drowsy...I saw all this and felt it in My Heart. What should I
do...turn back, ask My Father to free Me from this torment?...Show
Him the uselessness of My sacrifice for so many souls?...No! again
I surrendered Myself to His holy will and accepted this chalice, to
drink it to the dregs. O souls that I love, I did it to teach you not to
faint under your burdens. Never count them as useless, even if you
are unable to reckon the result; submit your judgment and leave

too had to be consoled by an Angel, so as to be able to bear so
much pain. *Jesus to Carmela Carabelli 12th October 1968*
(It makes sense that if Saints like St Gertrude, St Faustina, St Francis of Assisi etc
participated in the Passion of Jesus mystically or by the stigmata, why should not
Our Lady have experienced the Passion with Jesus, her Son, in her heart?)

'Father, Righteous One, the world has not known you, but I have
known you, and these have known that you have sent me. I have
made your name known to them and will continue to make it
known, so that the love with which you loved me may be in them,
and so that I may be in them.' After he had said all this Jesus left
with his disciples and crossed the Kedron valley. There was a
garden there, and he went into it with his disciples. Judas the
traitor knew the place well, since Jesus had often met his disciples
there, and he brought the cohort to this place together with a
detachment of guards sent by the chief priests and the Pharisees,
all with lanterns and torches and weapons. *John 17:25-18:3*

'You tried to come closer to God and I helped you, for you were
able to unite your aloneness with Mine. Have you ever known the
desert—the forty days, the nights when I escaped from everyone
to pray before My Father? And among the crowds have you known
the vast solitude of not being understood, of hostility, of hate, of
rejected friendship? It was all for My children—for you, My child.
And later there was the solitude of the Garden of Gethsemane. The
solitude of churches for My Eucharist, and of the hearts who forget
Me after receiving Communion. Oh! May the warm and faithful
thoughts of My friends come unceasingly to comfort Me! And I
shall comfort them when they fall asleep to awaken in that other
Life.' *Jesus to Gabrielle Bossis, 'He and I' Sept 19, 1940*

'My agony was the most terrible of all the agonies on earth, as
much on account of the sufferings that preceded it as the
sensitivity of My nature and My deep insight. Come close to Me.
Try to enter as best you can into My anguish of soul. Offer this
anguish to the Father for all times, for your time. If you could only
help Me save everyone in your time...'
Jesus to Gabrielle Bossis, 'He and I', Nov 28, 1940

'Come and watch Me suffer in the Garden, just as though it were
that very night. It is always that very night, for God sees all time
at a glance. Don't leave Me! I'm like a terrified child who begs not
to be left alone. Stay there. Let Me know that you're with Me. A
presence is soothing. Hold My hand. I am only a poor man full of

distress even though I am God. No one will ever understand the depths of My desolation. I feel the need of being surrounded by all My dear ones, for I see all the powers of evil let loose and I am alone to defend Myself. Pray with Me. Do you have a firmer belief in My love now that you see Me suffer so? Give Me this alms, this faith offering.' *Jesus to Gabrielle Bossis, 'He and I', Jan 9, 1941*

'Pray for all centuries, all peoples, all sinners. There is infinite treasure in My sweat of blood. What have you to fear? Give My blood to the world—Life ebbing away that it may give Life.'
Jesus to Gabrielle Bossis, 'He and I, January 16, 1941

Come very close to Me in the garden of My agony where My sweat is like drops of blood. You understand? I'll be less alone...The others are sleeping. No one is here. Except My mother, who is thinking about Me. This is the picture of those whose life is one long sleep where I'm concerned. Indifference. Distraction. Forgetfulness. How sad for them! Even among My friends, a little more fervour would keep them awake. Ask My forgiveness if you accuse yourself of any omission—not at My feet but on My heart. Remember that if the mighty ones of this world are honoured with noisy eulogies and public fanfare, I am honoured by the silent and attentive heart, by a delicate sacrifice known to no one, by a secret surrender, a tender inner glance. It is in this way, very simply, that My children console Me.'

Jesus to Gabrielle Bossis, 'He and I', Dec 5, 1946

Since in Jesus, the Son of God, we have the supreme high priest who has gone through to the highest heaven, we must never let go of the faith that we have professed. For it is not as if we had a high priest who was incapable of feeling our weaknesses with us; but we have one who has been tempted in every way that we are, though he is without sin. Let us be confident, then, in approaching the throne of grace, that we shall have mercy from him and find grace when we are in need of help. *Hebrews 4:14-16*

Jesus speaks: I had three things in My death. First, Faith, when I bent My knees and prayed, knowing that the Father could deliver Me from My Passion. Second, Hope, when I waited so constantly and said: 'Not as I will.' Third, Charity, when I said: 'Thy will be done.' I had, too, anguish of body and the natural fear of My Passion, when the blood issued from My body. Let not my friends tremble as if abandoned when tribulation comes upon them;

I showed them in Myself that weak flesh always shrinks from trouble. But you may ask: How did a bloody sweat issue from My body? As the blood of the sick man is dried and consumed in all his members, so My blood was consumed by the natural fear of death. Finally, My Father wishing to show the way by which Heaven should be opened and excluded man enter in, out of love delivered Me up to the Passion, that by accomplishing it, My body might be glorified. For in justice, My humanity could not enter glory without passion, although I might have done so by the power of My divinity. *Jesus to St Bridget, Ch 15. The agony in the garden.*

During His life on earth, he offered up prayer and entreaty, aloud and in silent tears, to the one who had the power to save Him out of death, and He submitted so humbly that His prayer was heard. Although He was Son, He learnt to obey through suffering; but having been made perfect, He became for all who obey Him the source of eternal salvation and was acclaimed by God with the title of high priest of the order of Melchizedek. *Hebrews 5: 7-10*

Draw near Me, and when you see Me submerged in an ocean of grief, rise, and go with Me to the three disciples whom I had left a stone's throw away. I had chosen them that they might share My agony, pray with Me and by their company afford Me some consolation...What were My feelings to find them asleep? O the pang of loneliness, and to have none to share in My sorrow...How often My Heart suffers this same grief...how often, hoping to find solace among the souls It loves, It finds them slumbering!...Beloved souls, learn from this how useless it is to seek comfort in creatures. How often you will receive only an increase of distress because they are asleep and respond neither to your hope nor love. I went back to My prayer, and again falling on My face I worshipped My Father and implored His help...I did not call him 'My God' but 'My Father'. It is when harrowed with pain that you too must call God your Father. Beg for His help, expose your woes...your fears, your longings...and let your cry of anguish remind Him that you are His child. Tell Him that your body is exhausted...your heart is sorrowful even unto death...that your soul is experiencing what seems a very sweat of blood. Pray with a child's confidence and expect relief from your Father's Heart. He Himself will comfort you and give you the strength necessary to endure the tribulation or suffering, whether it be your own or that of the souls confided to your care. *Jesus to Josefa March 12, 1923*