





My Lord Jesus, I complain when I have a little misfortune, feel pain, or when I am sick or tired, rejected, despised or persecuted. But you were covered through your entire body with painful wounds; you were pierced with pain by the crown of thorns, you were stripped of your flesh by the scourging, you were spat upon, you were humiliated, and yet your physical agony was only part of what you suffered for me and my sins. In your spiritual agony you saw my ingratitude for your great sacrifice, my lukewarmness, my lack of; charity for others, and Love - for you in the Eucharist, your Blessed Mother, and your Church. My Lord Jesus I come humbly before you, Merciful Lord, I pray and beg you for your Mercy and compassion, for your healing and blessings and your Salvation. Oh Precious treasure from Heaven, you who are hidden from the proud in the tabernacle, fill my heart with humility and purity, my body with strength and wisdom, so I may accomplish your will in union and service to you, and that I may be worthy to receive the promises of everlasting life in your Glory with the Father and the Holy Spirit.

**Amen.**



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