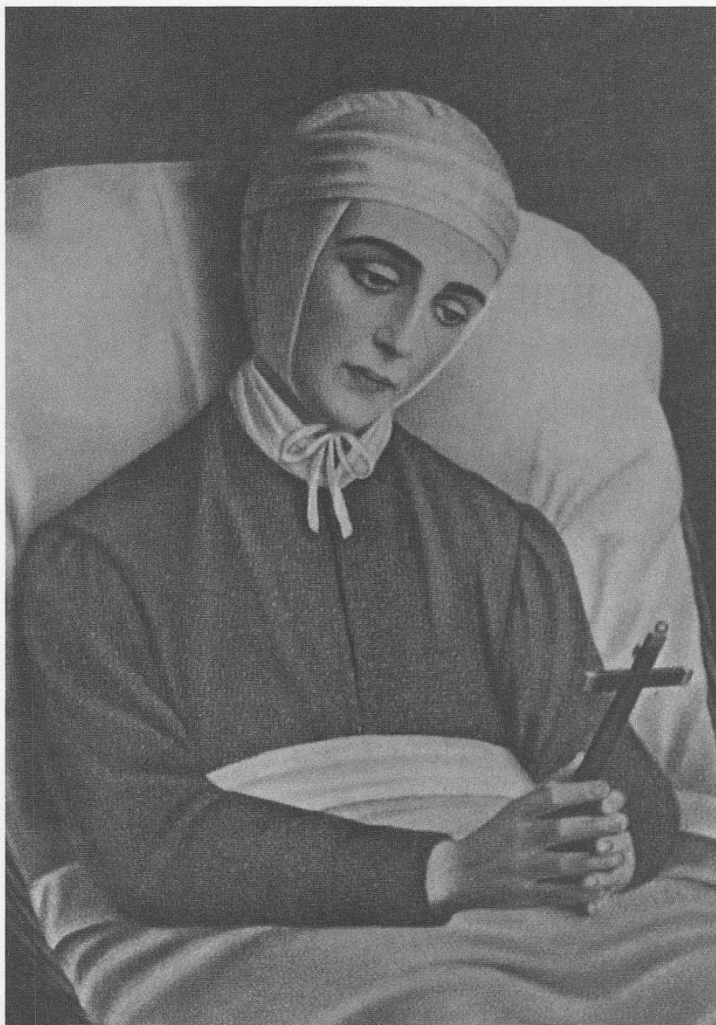


# THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST

*and*  
BIBLICAL REVELATIONS

Volume IV

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*A.C. Emmerich*

Blessed Anne Catherine Emmerich  
1774-1824  
Mystic, Stigmatist, Visionary and Prophet

# THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST

and

## BIBLICAL REVELATIONS

*From the Visions of*

**Blessed Anne Catherine Emmerich**

*as recorded in the journals of Clemens Brentano*

*Arranged and edited by the Very Reverend Carl E.  
Schmöger; C.S.S.R.*

*Translated by an American Nun*

**Volume IV**

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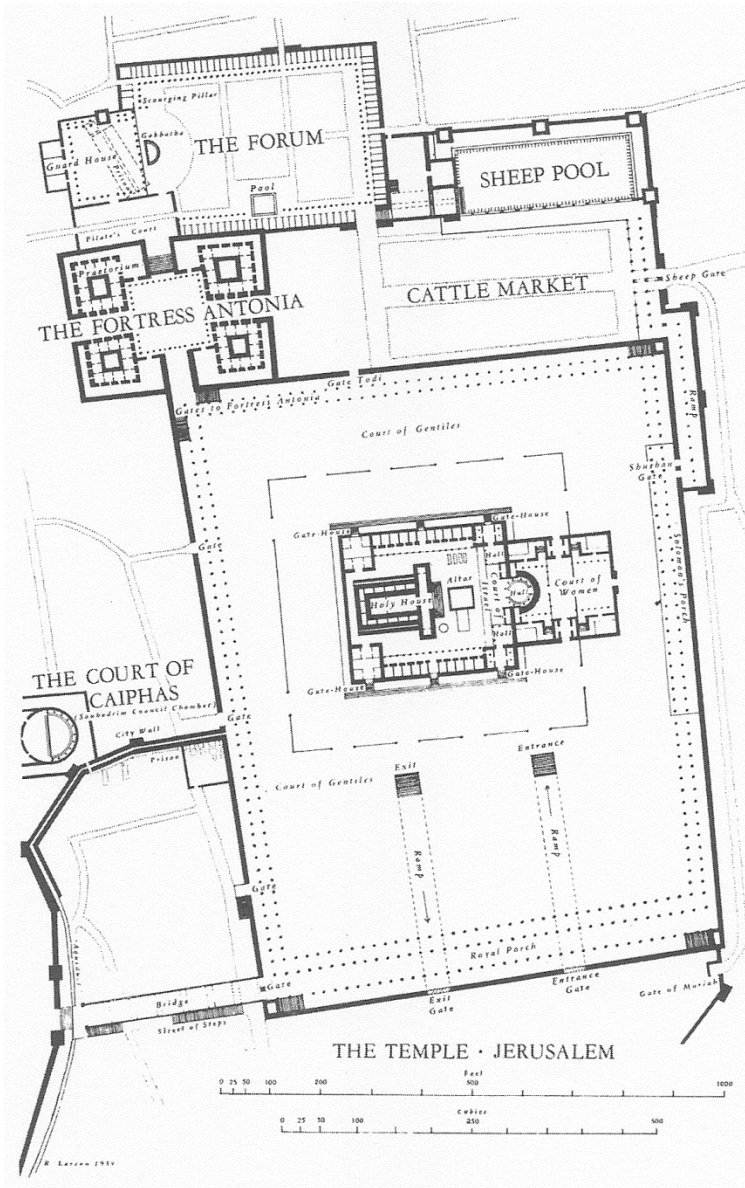
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"But there are also many other things which Jesus did; which, if they were written everyone, the world itself, I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written."

—St. John the Evangelist (John 21:25)



## Anne Catherine Emmerich

Anne Catherine Emmerich was born on September 8th, 1774, at Flamske, near Koesfeld, Westphalia, in West Germany, and became a nun of the Augustinian Order on November 13th, 1803, in the Convent of Agnetenberg at Dulmen (also in Westphalia). She died on February 9th, 1824. Although of simple education, she had perfect consciousness of her earliest days and could understand the liturgical Latin from her first time at Mass.

During most of her later years she would vomit up even the simplest food or drink, subsisting for long periods almost entirely on water and the Holy Eucharist. She was told in mystic vision that her gift of seeing past, present and future was greater than that possessed by anyone else in history.

From the year 1812 until her death, she bore the stigmata of Our Lord, including a cross over her heart and wounds from the crown of thorns. Though Anne Catherine Emmerich was an invalid confined to bed during her later years, her funeral was nevertheless attended by a greater concourse of mourners than any other remembered by the oldest inhabitants of Dulmen.

Her mission in life seems to have been to suffer in expiation for the godlessness that darkened the "Age of Enlightenment" and the era of the Napoleonic wars, a time during which she saw her convent closed and her order suppressed by Napoleon.

During the last five years of her life the day-by-day transcription of her visions and mystical experiences was recorded by Clemens Brentano, poet, literary leader, friend of Goethe and Görres, who, from the time he met her, abandoned his distinguished career and devoted the rest of his life to this work.

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The immense mass of notes preserved in his journals forms one of the most extensive case histories of a mystic ever kept and provides the source for the material found in this book, plus much of what is found in her two-volume definitive biography written by V. Rev. Carl E. Schmöger, C.S.S.R.

## Preface

This book is the first and only English version of the combined Biblical visions of the Venerable Servant of God, Anne Catherine Emmerich. The original was published in 1914 by Desclée, de Brouwer (Bruges, Belgium) as *The Lowly Life and Bitter Passion of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother, together with the Mysteries of the Old Testament*.

The text is that of the 4th German edition of the 1881 version of the Very Rev. Carl E. Schmöger, C.SS.R., a compilation of the three classic works: *The Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*, *The Bitter Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ*, and *The Life of Mary*. The translation was made by an American nun, since deceased, who wished to remain anonymous.

The first edition was issued with the approval and warm recommendation of the following members of the American hierarchy: Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Gross, Feehan and Elder, and Bishop Toebbe. It also included testimonials from Michael Wittman, Bishop of Ratisbon, Dean Overberg, Sister Emmerich's spiritual director, Count Leopold von Stolberg, J. J. Goerres, Dom Prosper Guéranger and several others less well known in our day. To this list might be added the names of Claudel, the Maritains, Huysmans, Father Gerard Manley Hopkins, Leon Bloy ... to name but a few who have written in glowing terms of the saintly "Bride of the Passion" who was privileged to bear the wounds of Him whose life she beheld in the prophetic eye of her spirit.

The publishers, in reprinting these volumes, do so in complete and willing conformity to the decrees of Pope Urban VIII respecting private revelations, persons not as yet canonized, and the prudence with



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which all alleged supernatural phenomena not attested to by the Church must properly be regarded. The final decision in all such matters rests with the See of Rome, to which the publishers humbly submit.

Like other private revelations, Sister Emmerich's accounts of the life of Our Lord, His Blessed Mother, and other biblical personages should be treated with that respect and that degree of faith which they seem to merit when compared with the holy dogmas of our Faith as derived from Scripture and Tradition, as well as when compared with our knowledge of history, geography, and science. These revelations are not, of course, guaranteed free from all error, as are the Sacred Scriptures. The *Imprimatur* which these books bear simply means they have been judged by ecclesiastical authority to be free of error in matters of faith and morals. Nevertheless, these revelations show a remarkable harmony with what is known about the history, geography, and customs of the ancient world.

The visions of Anne Catherine Emmerich provide a wealth of information not found in the Bible. In these times of disbelief, when the Sacred Scriptures are so often regarded as symbolical narratives with little historical value, the visions of this privileged soul providentially confirm the Christian's faith in the rock-solid reality of the life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, of His words, His deeds, and His miracles.

In addition, Sister Emmerich's visions show how our sacred religious heritage goes back in an unbroken line all the way to the time of Adam, to the very beginning of the world—a line which no other religion but the Roman Catholic can claim. These revelations show how the Roman Catholic Church faithfully follows the teachings, and administers the Sacraments, of Jesus Christ Himself—which teachings and Sacraments are in turn the perfect fulfillment of the Old Testament religion.

This crucial fact, which has been almost totally

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forgotten in our day, is nevertheless all-important in proving which is the one true religion established by Almighty God. The unbroken line of the Roman Catholic Church becomes obvious to all who read these accounts of the marvelous events which Anne Catherine Emmerich was privileged to behold. For this reason alone, they are priceless—a gift of Divine Providence to an unbelieving world.

May God guide these revelations into the hands of those who need them most. May they do immense good for souls, both in time and for eternity.

—The Publishers; January 31, 1986; Feast of St. John Bosco

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Volume IV

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# THE DOLOROUS PASSION AND DEATH OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

## 1. The Last Weeks Before the Passion. Jesus' Discourse in the Temple

The day after His return to Bethania, Jesus repaired to the Temple to teach, and His most holy Mother accompanied Him a part of the way. He was preparing her for His approaching Passion, and He told her that the time for the fulfillment of Simeon's prophecy, that a sword would pierce her soul, was near at hand. They would, He said, cruelly betray Him, take Him prisoner, maltreat Him, put Him to death as a malefactor, and all would take place under her eyes. Jesus spoke long upon this subject, and Mary was grievously troubled.

Jesus put up at the house of Mary Marcus, the mother of John Mark, about a quarter of an hour from the Temple and, so to say, outside the city.

Next day, after the Jews had left the Temple, Jesus began to teach in it openly and very earnestly. All the Apostles were in Jerusalem, but they went to the Temple separately and by different directions. Jesus taught in the circular hall in which He had spoken in His twelfth year. Chairs and steps had been brought for the audience, and a very great concourse of people was gathered.

Jesus' Passion, properly speaking, was now begun, for He was undergoing an interior martyrdom from His bitter sorrow over man's perversity. On this and the following day He lodged in the house outside the Bethlehem gate where Mary had put up when

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she brought Him as a child to present in the Temple. The lodgings consisted of several apartments adjoining one another, and a man acted as superintendent. When Jesus went to the Temple, He was accompanied by Peter, James the Greater, and John; the others came singly. The Apostles and disciples lodged with Lazarus in Bethania.

On the next day, after teaching in the Temple from morn till noon, the Pharisees having been present at His instructions, Jesus returned to Bethania, where He again spoke with His Mother of His approaching Passion. They talked standing in an open bower in the courtyard of the house.

Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, Simeon's sons, and other secret disciples did not appear openly in the Temple during Jesus' discourses. When the Pharisees were not present, these disciples listened to Jesus from distant corners.

In His instruction on this day, Jesus repeated the parable of the field overgrown with weeds. It was to be worked cautiously that with the weeds the good grain, which was to be allowed to ripen, might not be rooted up also. Jesus presented this truth to the Pharisees in words so striking that, though full of wrath, they could not stifle a feeling of secret satisfaction.

At a later instruction, their vexation led them to close the entrance to the hall so that the listeners might not increase. Jesus taught on this day till late into the night. He made no violent gestures in preaching, but turned sometimes to this side, sometimes to that. He said that He had come for three sorts of people, and saying this, He turned to three different sides of the Temple, indicating three different regions of the world, wherein were all the elect comprised. Before this, on His way to the Temple, He had said to the Apostles with Him that when He should have departed from them, they should seek Him in the noonday. Peter, always so bold, asked

what that meant, "*in the noonday.*" Then I heard Jesus saying: "At noon the sun is directly above us and there is no shadow. At morn and eve shadows follow the light, and at midnight darkness prevails. Seek Me, therefore, in the full noonday light. And you shall find Me in your own heart, provided no shadow obscures its light." These words bore some allusion also to different parts of the world, though I cannot now recall it.

The Jews had become still more insolent. They closed the railing around the teacher's chair and even shut in the chair itself. But when Jesus, with the disciples, again entered the hall, He grasped the railing and it opened of itself, and the chair was freed by the touch of His hand. I recall that many of John the Baptist's disciples and some secret partisans of Jesus were present, and that He began by speaking of John and asking what they thought of him and what they thought of Himself. He desired that they should declare themselves boldly, but they were afraid to speak out. He introduced into this discourse the parable of a father and two sons. The latter were directed by their parent to dig up and weed a certain field. One of them said "Yes," but obeyed not. The other replied "No," but repenting, went and executed the order. Jesus dwelt long upon this parable. Later on, after His solemn entrance into Jerusalem, He again taught upon it.

Next day when Jesus was going from Bethania to the Temple, whither His disciples had preceded Him to make ready the lecture hall, a blind man cried after Him on the road and implored Him to cure him, but Jesus passed him by. The disciples were dissatisfied at this. In His discourse, Jesus referred to the incident, and gave His reasons for acting as He did. The man, He said, was blinder in his soul than in the eyes of his body. His words were very earnest. He said that there were many present who did not believe in Him and who ran after Him only

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through curiosity. They would abandon Him in the critical hour of trial. They were like those that followed Him as long as He fed them with the bread of the body, but when that was over, they scattered in different directions. Those present, He added, should now decide. During this speech I saw many going away, and only some few over a hundred remaining around the Lord. I saw Jesus weeping over this defection on His return to Bethania.

It was toward evening on the following day when Jesus left Bethania to go to the Temple. He was accompanied by six of His Apostles, who walked behind Him. He Himself, on entering the hall, put the seats out of the way and arranged them in order, to the great astonishment of the disciples. In His instruction He touched upon His reason for so doing, and said that He was not soon to leave them.

On the next Sabbath Jesus taught in the Temple from morning till evening, part of the time in a retired apartment in presence of the Apostles and disciples only, and another part in the lecture hall where the lurking Pharisees and other Jews could hear Him. He foretold to the Apostles and disciples, though in general terms, much of what was to happen to them in the future. Only at noon did He pause for awhile. He spoke of adulterated virtues: of a love wherein self-love and covetousness predominate; of a humility mixed up with vanity; and He showed how easily evil glides into all things. He said that many believed it was an earthly kingdom and some post of honor in it that they were to expect; and that they hoped by His means to become elevated without pain or trouble on their own part, just as even the pious mother of the sons of Zebedee had petitioned Him for a distinguished place for her children. He forbade them to heap up perishable treasures, and He inveighed against avarice. I felt that this was aimed at Judas. He spoke also of mortification, of prayer, of fasting, and of hypocrisy which



influences many in these holy practices; and here He made mention of the wrath of the Pharisees against the disciples when the latter, one year before, had stripped some ears of corn. He repeated many of His former instructions, and gave some general explanations upon His own manner of acting in the past. He spoke of His recent absence from them, praised the conduct of the disciples during it, made mention of those that had accompanied Him, commending their discretion and docility and recalling in what peace the journey with them had been made. Jesus spoke with much emotion. Then He touched upon the near fulfillment of His mission, His Passion, and the speedy approach of His own end, before which, however, He would make a solemn entrance into Jerusalem. He alluded to the merciless treatment He would undergo, but added that He must suffer, and suffer exceedingly, in order to satisfy Divine Justice. He spoke of His Blessed Mother, recounting what she too was to suffer with Him, and in what manner it would be effected. He exposed the deep corruption and guilt of mankind, and explained that without His Passion no man could be justified. The Jews stormed and jeered when Jesus spoke of His sufferings and their power to satisfy for sin, and some of them left the hall to report to the mob whom they had appointed to spy Jesus. But Jesus addressed His own followers, telling them not to be troubled, that His time was not yet come, and that this also was a part of His Passion.

In this instruction He made some allusion, though without naming it particularly, to the Cenacle, to the house in which the Last Supper was to be eaten and in which later on they were to receive the Holy Spirit. He spoke of their assembling in it and of their partaking of a strengthening and life-giving Food in which He Himself would remain with them forever. There was some mention made also of His secret disciples, the sons of Simeon, and others. He

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excused them before the open disciples and designated their caution as necessary, for, as He said, they had a different vocation. As some people from Nazareth had come to the Temple out of curiosity to hear Him, He said, in a way for them to understand, that they were not in earnest.

When the Apostles and disciples alone were standing around Jesus, He touched upon many things that would take place after His return to the Father. To Peter He said that he would have much to suffer, but he should not fear, he should stand firm at the head of the Community (*the Church*), which would increase wonderfully. For three years he should with John and James the Less remain with the Faithful in Jerusalem. Then He spoke of the youth who was to be first to shed his blood for Him, but without mentioning Stephen by name, and of the conversion of his persecutor, who would afterward do more in His service than many others. Here too, He forbore giving Paul's name. Jesus' hearers could not readily comprehend His last words.

He predicted the persecutions that would arise against Lazarus and the holy women, and told the Apostles whither they should retire during the first six months after His death: Peter, John, and James the Less were to remain in Jerusalem; Zacheus was to go to the region of Galaad; Philip and Bartholomew, to Gessur on the confines of Syria. At these words, I saw in a vision the four Apostles crossing the Jordan near Jericho, and then proceeding northward. I saw Philip healing a woman in Gessur where at first he was greatly beloved, though later on he was persecuted. Not far from Gessur was Bartholomew's birthplace. He was descended from a king of the city, a relative of David. His refined manners distinguished him among the other Apostles. These four Apostles did not remain together; they worked in different parts of the country. Galaad, whither Andrew and Zacheus went, was at no great distance

from Pella, where Judas had passed his early years.

James the Greater and one of the disciples were sent to the pagan regions north of Capharnaum. Thomas and Matthew were dispatched to Ephesus, in order to prepare the country where at a future day Jesus' Mother and many of those that believed in Him were to dwell. They wondered greatly at the fact of Mary's going to live there. Thaddeus and Simon were to go first to Samaria, though none cared to go there. All preferred cities entirely pagan.

Jesus told them that they would all meet twice in Jerusalem before going to preach the Gospel in distant pagan lands. He spoke of a man between Samaria and Jericho, who would, like Himself, perform many miracles, though by the power of the devil. He would manifest a desire of conversion, and they must kindly receive him, for even the devil should contribute to His glory. Simon Magus was meant by these words of Jesus. During this instruction the Apostles, as in a familiar conference, questioned Jesus upon whatever they could not understand, and He explained to them as far as was necessary. Everything was perfectly natural.

Three years after the Crucifixion all the Apostles met in Jerusalem, after which Peter and John left the city and Mary accompanied the latter to Ephesus. Then arose in Jerusalem the persecution against Lazarus, Martha, and Magdalen. The last-named had up to that time been doing penance in the desert, in the cave to which Elizabeth had escaped with John during the massacre of the Innocents. The Apostles, in that first reunion, brought together all that belonged to the body of the Church. When half of the time of Mary's life after Christ's Ascension had flown, about the sixth year after that event, the Apostles were again assembled in Jerusalem. It was then they drew up the Creed, made rules, relinquished all that they possessed, distributed it to the poor, and divided the Church into dioceses, after

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which they separated and went into far-off heathen countries. At Mary's death they all met again for the last time. When they again separated for distant countries, it was until death.

When Jesus left the Temple after this discourse, the enraged Pharisees lay in wait for Him both at the gate and on the way, for they intended to stone Him. But Jesus avoided them, proceeded to Bethania, and for three days went no more to the Temple. He wanted to give the Apostles and disciples time to think over what they had heard. Meantime they referred to Him for further explanations upon many points. Jesus ordered them to commit to writing what He had said relative to the future. I saw that Nathanael the Bridegroom, who was very skillful with the pen, did it, and I wondered that it was not John, but a disciple who recorded the predictions. Nathanael at that time had no other name. It was only at Baptism that he received a second.

During these days, three young men came to Lazarus at Bethania from the Chaldean city of Sikdor, and he procured them quarters at the disciples' inn. These youths were very tall and slight, very handsome and active, and much nobler in figure than the Jews, Jesus spoke only a few words to them. He directed them to the Centurion of Capharnaum, who had been a heathen like themselves, and who would instruct them. Then I saw the youths with the Centurion, who was relating to them the cure of his servant. He told them that through shame of the idols that were in his house, and because it was just the time at which the pagan carnival was celebrated, he had begged Jesus, the Son of God, not to enter into his idolatrous household. Five weeks before the Jewish feast of Easter, the pagans celebrated their carnival, during which they gave themselves up to all kinds of infamous practices. The Centurion Cornelius after his conversion gave all his metallic idols in alms to the poor, or to make

sacred vessels for the Temple. The three Chaldeans returned from Capharnaum to Bethania and thence back to Sikdor, where they gathered together the other converts, and with them and their treasures went to join King Mensor.

Up to this time Jesus had gone to the Temple with only three companions; but now He began to go thither escorted by His whole company of Apostles and disciples. I saw the Pharisees retiring from Jesus' chair into the surrounding halls, and peering at Him through the arches when He began to preach and to predict His Passion to the disciples.

In the wall of one of the fore courts just in front of the entrance of the Temple, seven or eight vendors had taken up their quarters to sell eatables and some kind of red beverage in little flasks. They were like sutlers, and I know not whether they were very devout or not, but I often saw the Pharisees sneaking around to them. When Jesus, who had passed the night in Jerusalem, went next morning to the Temple and reached the hall in which these vendors were, He ordered them to be off instantly with all their goods. As they hesitated to obey, He put His own hand to the work, gathered their things together, and had them removed. When He afterwards entered the Temple, He found the teacher's chair occupied by others, but they retired as hurriedly as if He had chased them away.

On the following Sabbath, after the Jews had finished their sacred services, Jesus again taught in the Temple and prolonged His instruction late into the night. In it He made frequent allusions to His journey among the pagans, so that it could be easily understood how good they were and how willing to receive His teachings. In support of His words, He appealed to the recent arrival of the three Chaldeans. They had not seen Jesus when He was in Sikdor, but they had heard of His doctrine, and were so impressed by it that they had journeyed

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to Bethania for more instruction.

On the following day Jesus caused three arches in the lecture hall to be closed, that He might instruct His Apostles and disciples in private. He repeated on this occasion His early instructions upon His own fast in the desert. He alluded also to many events connected with His own past life, and said why and how He had chosen the Apostles. During this last part of His discourse, He placed the Apostles in pairs before Him. With Judas, however, He spoke but few words. Treason was already in his heart. He was becoming furious, and had had an interview with the Pharisees. After finishing with the Apostles, Jesus turned to the disciples, and spoke of their vocation also.

I saw that all were very sad. Jesus' Passion was near.

Jesus' last instruction in the Temple before Palm Sunday lasted four long hours. The Temple was full, and all who wanted to hear Him could do so. Many women listened from a space separated by a grating. He again explained many things from His former instructions and His own actions. He spoke of the cure of the man at the Pool of Bethsaida, and said why He had healed him just at that time; of the raising of the son of the widow of Naim, also that of the daughter of Jairus, and said why the former had immediately followed Him, but the latter not. Then He referred to what was soon about to happen, and said that He should be abandoned by His own. At first He would with splendor and openly, as in triumph, enter the Temple, and the lips of the suckling that had never yet spoken would announce His entrance. Many would break off branches from the trees and strew them before Him, while others would spread their mantles in His way. The one, He explained, namely those that strewed branches before Him, would not renounce for Him what they possessed, and would not remain faithful to Him; but

they that spread their garments on the way would detach themselves from what they had, would put on the new man, and would remain faithful to Him. Jesus did not say that He was going to enter Jerusalem on an ass; consequently, many thought that He would celebrate His entrance with splendor and magnificence, with horses and camels in His train. His words gave rise to a great whispering in the crowd. They did not take His expression, "*fifteen days*," literally. They understood it to mean a longer time; therefore, Jesus repeated significantly: "Three times five days!"

This instruction occasioned great anxiety among the Scribes and Pharisees. They held a meeting in Caiaphas' house, and issued a prohibition against anyone's harboring Jesus and His disciples. They also set spies at the gates to watch for Him, but He remained concealed in Bethania with Lazarus.

## **2. Jesus' Solemn Entrance Into Jerusalem**

Jesus with Peter, John, James, and Lazarus, and the Blessed Virgin with six of the holy women, remained hidden at Lazarus'. They were in the same subterranean apartments in which Lazarus lay concealed during the persecution that had risen against him. These apartments were under the rear of the building, and were comfortably fitted up with carpets and seats. Jesus, along with the three Apostles and Lazarus, was in a large hall supported by pillars and lighted by lamps, while the holy women were in a three-cornered apartment shut in by gratings. Some of the other Apostles and disciples were at the disciples' near Bethania, and the rest in other places. Jesus told the Apostles that next morning would usher in the day of His entrance into Jerusalem, and He directed all the absent Apostles to be summoned. They came, and He had a long

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interview with them. They were very sad. Toward the traitor Judas, Jesus was gracious in manner, and it was to him that He entrusted the commission to summon the disciples. Judas was very fond of such commissions, for he was desirous to pass for a person of some consequence and importance.

After that, Jesus propounded to the holy women and Lazarus a great parable, which He explained. He began His instruction by speaking of Paradise, the fall of Adam and Eve, the Promise of a Redeemer, the progress of evil, and the small number of faithful laborers in the garden of God. From this, He went on to the parable of a king who owned a magnificent garden. A splendidly dressed lady came to him, and pointed out near his own a garden of aromatic shrubs, which belonged to a good, devout man. She said to the king: "Since this man has left the country, you should purchase his garden and plant it with aromatic shrubs." But the king wanted to plant garlic and similar strong-smelling herbs in the poor man's garden, although the owner looked upon it as a sacred spot in which he desired to see only the finest aromatics. The king caused the good man to be called, and proposed that he should remove from the place or sell his garden to him. Then I saw the good man in his garden. I saw that he cultivated it carefully and was desirous of keeping it. But he had to suffer great persecutions. His enemies went even so far as to attempt to stone him in his own garden, and he fell quite sick. But at last the king with all his glory came to naught, while the good man, his garden, and all belonging to him prospered and increased. I saw this blessing spreading out like the branches of a tree, and filling all parts of the world. I saw the whole parable while Jesus was relating it. It passed before me in tableaux and looked like a true history. The flourishing of the good man's garden was shown me under the figure of gain, of growth, of the development of all kinds of shrubs,



also as a watering by means of far-flowing streams, as overflowing fountains of light, and as floating clouds dissolving in rain and dew. The blessing arose from these sources and spread around and abroad even to the ends of the earth. Jesus explained this parable as having reference to Paradise, the Fall of Man, Redemption, the kingdom of this world, and the Lord's vineyard in it. This vineyard, Jesus said, would be attacked by the prince of the world, who would ill-treat in it the Son of God, to whom the Father had entrusted its care. The parable signified also that as sin and death had begun in a garden, so the Passion of Him who had taken upon Himself the sins of the world would begin in a garden, and that after satisfying for the same, the victory over death would be gained by His Resurrection in a garden.

This instruction was followed by a short repast, after which Jesus continued to speak with the disciples, who as soon as it grew dark had gathered in the neighboring houses.

Early next morning Jesus sent Eremenzear and Silas to Jerusalem, not by the direct route, but by a road that ran through the enclosed gardens and fields near Bethphage. They were commissioned to make that road passable by opening the hedges and removing the barriers. He told them that in the meadow near the inn outside Bethphage (through which ran the road), they would find a she-ass with her foal; they should fasten the ass to the hedge, and, if questioned as to why they did that, they should answer that the Lord would have it so. Then they should remove every obstruction from the road leading to the Temple, which done, they were to return to Him.

I saw the two setting out on their journey, opening the hedges, and removing all obstructions from the way. The large public house, near which asses were grazing in a meadow, had a courtyard and fountain.

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The asses belonged to some strangers who, on going to the Temple, had left their beasts here. The disciples bound the she-ass, as directed, and let the foal run at large. Then I saw them continuing their journey to the Temple and on the way putting to one side whatever might prove an obstruction. The vendors of eatables, whom Jesus had recently dispersed, had again taken up their stand at a corner near the entrance to the Temple. The two disciples went to them and bade them retire, because the Lord was about to make His solemn entrance. After they had thus executed all points of their commission, they returned to Bethphage by the direct route, the other side of Mount Olivet.

Meanwhile Jesus had sent a band of the eldest disciples to Jerusalem by the usual route with orders to go, some to the house of Mary Marcus, others to that of Veronica, to Nicodemus, to the sons of Simeon, and to friends like them, and notify them of His approaching entrance. After that, He Himself with all the Apostles and the rest of the disciples set out for Bethphage. The holy women, headed by the Blessed Virgin, followed at some distance. When the party reached a certain house on the road surrounded by gardens, courtyards, and porticos, they paused for a considerable time. Jesus sent two of the disciples to Bethphage with covers and mantles which they had brought with them from Bethania, in order to prepare the ass of which they had been directed to say that the Lord had need. Meantime He instructed the immense crowd of people that had gathered under the open portico. The latter was supported by polished pillars, between which the holy women took up a place to listen to Him. Jesus stood on an elevated platform; the disciples and the crowd filled the courtyard. The portico was ornamented with foliage and garlands. The walls were entirely covered with them, and from the ceiling depended very fine and delicate festoons. Jesus spoke of foresight

and of the necessity of using one's own wits, for the disciples had questioned Him upon His taking that by route. He answered that it was in order to shun unnecessary dangers. One should protect himself, He said, and take care not to leave things to chance; therefore He had beforehand ordered the ass to be bound.

And now Jesus arranged His procession. The Apostles He ordered to proceed, two and two, before Him, saying that from this moment and after His death, they should everywhere head the Community (*the Church*). Peter went first, followed by those that were to bear the Gospel to the most distant regions, while John and James the Less immediately preceded Jesus. All carried palm branches. As soon as the two disciples that were waiting near Bethphage spied the procession coming, they hurried forward to meet it, taking with them the two animals. The she-ass was covered with trappings that hung to its feet, the head and tail alone being visible.

Jesus now put on the beautiful festal robe of fine white wool which one of the disciples had brought with him for that purpose. It was long and flowing with a train. The broad girdle that confined it at the waist bore an inscription in letters. He then put around His neck a wide stole that reached to the knees, on the two ends of which something like shields was embroidered in brown. The two disciples assisted Jesus to mount the cross-seat on the ass. The animal had no bridle, but around its neck was a narrow strip of stuff that hung down loose. I know not whether Jesus rode on the she-ass or on its foal, for they were of the same size. The rider less animal ran by the other's side. Eliud and Silas walked on either side of the Lord, and Eremenzear behind Him; then followed the disciples most recently received, some of whom He had brought back with Him from His last great journey, and others that had been received still later. When the procession

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was ranged in order, the holy women, two and two, brought up the rear. The Blessed Virgin, who up to this time had always stayed in the background, now went at their head. As the procession moved forward, all began to sing, and the people of Bethphage, who had gathered around the two disciples while they were awaiting Jesus' coming, followed after like a swarm. Jesus reminded the disciples of what He had previously told them to notice, namely, those that would spread their garments in His path, those that would break off branches from the trees, and those that would render Him the double honor, for these last would devote themselves and their worldly goods to His service.

From Bethania to Jerusalem, the traveler in those days met Bethphage to the right and rather more in the direction of Bethlehem. The Mount of Olives separated the two roads. It lay on low, swampy ground, and was a poor little place consisting of only a row of houses on either side of the road. The house near which the asses were grazing stood some distance from the road in a beautiful meadow between Bethphage and Jerusalem. On this side the road ascended, but on the other it sank into the valley between Mount Olivet and the hills of Jerusalem. Jesus had tarried awhile between Bethania and Bethphage, and it was on the road beyond the latter place that the two disciples were waiting for Him with the ass.

In Jerusalem the vendors and people whom Eremenzear and Silas had that morning told to clear the Temple because the Lord was coming, began straightaway and most joyfully to adorn the road. They tore up the pavement and planted trees, the top branches of which they bound together to form an arch, and then hung them with all kinds of yellow fruit like very large apples. The disciples that Jesus had sent on to Jerusalem, innumerable friends who had gone up to the city for the approaching

feast (the roads were swarming with travelers), and many of the Jews that had been present at Jesus' last discourse crowded to that side of the city by which He was expected to enter. There were also many strangers in Jerusalem. They had heard of the raising of Lazarus, and they wished to see Jesus. Then when the news spread that He was approaching, they too went out to meet Him.

The road from Bethphage to Jerusalem ran through the lower part of the valley of Mount Olivet, which was not so elevated as the plateau upon which the Temple stood. Going up from Bethphage to the Mount of Olives, one could see, through the high hills that bordered the route on either side, the Temple standing opposite. From this point to Jerusalem the road was delightful, full of little gardens and trees.

Crowds came pouring out of the city to meet the Apostles and disciples, who were approaching with songs and canticles. At this juncture, several aged priests in the insignia of their office stepped out into the road and brought the procession to a standstill. The unexpected movement silenced the singing. The priests called upon Jesus to say what He meant by such proceedings on the part of His followers, and why He did not prohibit this noise and excitement. Jesus answered that if His followers were silent, the stones on the road would cry out. At these words, the priests retired.

Then the High Priests took counsel together, and ordered to be called before them all the husbands and relatives of the women that had gone out of Jerusalem with the children to meet Jesus. When they made their appearance in answer to the summons, they were all shut up in the great court, and emissaries were sent out to spy what was going on.

Many among the crowd that followed Jesus to the Temple not only broke off branches from the trees and strewed them in the way, but snatched off their mantles and spread them down, singing and shouting all

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the while. I saw many that had quite despoiled themselves of their upper garments for that purpose. The children had rushed from the schools, and now ran rejoicing with the crowd. Veronica, who had two children by her, threw her own veil in the way and, snatching another from one of the children, spread that down also. She and the other women joined the holy women, who were in the rear of the procession. There were about seventeen of them. The road was so thickly covered with branches, garments, and carpets that the procession moved on quite softly through the numerous triumphal arches that spanned the space between the walls on either side.

Jesus wept, as did the Apostles also, when He told them that many who were now shouting acclamations of joy would soon deride Him, and that a certain one would even betray Him. He looked upon the city, and wept over its approaching destruction. When He entered the gate, the cries of joy became still greater. Many sick of all kinds had been led or carried thither, consequently Jesus frequently halted, dismounted, and cured all without distinction. Many of His enemies had mingled with the crowd, and they now uttered cries with a view to raise an insurrection.

The nearer to the Temple, the more magnificent was the ornamentation of the road. On either side hedges had been put up to form enclosures, in which little animals with long necks, kids, and sheep, all adorned with garlands and wreaths around their neck, were skipping about as if in little gardens. The background of these enclosures was formed of bushes. In this part of the city there were always, and especially toward the Paschal feast, chosen animals for sale, pure and spotless, destined for sacrifice. To move from the city gate to the Temple, although a distance of about half an hour only, the procession took three hours.

By this time the Jews had ordered all the houses, as well as the city gate, to be closed, so that when

Jesus dismounted before the Temple, and the disciples wanted to take the ass back to where they had found it, they were obliged to wait inside the gate till evening. In the Temple were the holy women and crowds of people. All had to remain the whole day without food, for this part of the city had been barricaded. Magdalen was especially troubled by the thought that Jesus had taken no nourishment.

When toward evening the gate was again opened, the holy women went back to Bethania, and Jesus followed later with the Apostles. Magdalen, worried because Jesus and His followers had had no refreshment in Jerusalem, now prepared a meal for them herself. It was already dark when Jesus entered the courtyard of Lazarus' dwelling. Magdalen brought Him a basin of water, washed His feet, and dried them with a towel that was hanging over her shoulder. The food that she had prepared did not amount to a regular meal, it was merely a luncheon. While the Lord was partaking of it, she approached and poured balm over His head. I saw Judas, who passed her at this moment, muttering his dissatisfaction, but she replied to his murmurs by saying that she could never thank the Lord sufficiently for what He had done for her and her brother. After that Jesus went to the public house of Simon the leper, where several of the disciples were gathered, and taught a little while. From there He went out to the disciples' inn, where He spoke for some time, and then returned to the house of Simon the leper.

As Jesus next day was going to Jerusalem with the Apostles, He was hungry, but it seemed to me that it was after the conversion of the Jews and the accomplishment of His own mission. He sighed for the hour when His Passion would be over, for He knew its immensity and dreaded it in advance. He went to a fig tree on the road and looked up at it. When He saw no fruit, but only leaves upon it, He cursed it that it should wither and never more bear

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fruit. And thus, did He say, would it happen to those that would not acknowledge Him. I understood that the fig tree signified the Old Law; the vine, the New. On the way to the Temple, I saw a heap of branches and garlands from yesterday's triumph. In the outer portico of the Temple, many vendors had again established themselves. Some of them had on their backs cases, or boxes, which they could unfold and which they placed on a pedestal. The latter they carried along with them. When folded, it was like a walking stick. I saw lying on the tables heaps of pence, bound together in different ways by little chains, hooks, and cords, so as to form various figures. Some were yellow; others, white, brown, and variegated. I think they were pieces of money intended for ornamental pendants. I saw also numbers of cages with birds, standing one above another and, in one of the porticos, there were calves and other cattle. Jesus ordered the dealers to be off, and as they hesitated to obey, He doubled up a cincture like a whip and drove them from side to side and beyond the precincts of the Temple.

While Jesus was teaching, some strangers of distinction from Greece (*John* 12:20-37) dispatched their servants from the inn to ask Philip how they could converse with the Lord without mingling with the crowd. Philip passed the word to Andrew, who in turn transmitted it to the Lord. Jesus replied that He would meet them on the road between the city gate and the house of John Mark when He should have left the Temple to return to Bethania. After this interruption, Jesus continued His discourse. He was very much troubled and when, with folded hands, He raised His eyes to Heaven, I saw a flash of light descend upon Him from a resplendent cloud, and heard a loud report. The people glanced up frightened, and began to whisper to one another, but Jesus went on speaking. This was repeated several times, after which I saw Jesus come down from the teacher's

*Jesus' Mantle of Ceremony*



chair, mingle with the disciples in the crowd, and leave the Temple.

When Jesus taught, the disciples threw around Him a white mantle of ceremony which they always carried with them; and when He left the teacher's chair, they took it off so that, clothed like the others, He could more easily escape the notice of the crowd. Around the teacher's chair were three platforms, one above the other, each enclosed by a balustrade, which was ornamented with carving and, I think, molding. There were all sorts of brown heads and knobs on them. I saw no carved images in the Temple, although there were various kinds of ornamentation: vines, grapes, animals for sacrifice, and figures like swathed infants, such as I used to see Mary embroidering.

It was still bright daylight when Jesus and His followers reached the neighborhood of John Mark's house. Here the Greeks stepped up, and Jesus spoke to them some minutes. The strangers had some women with them, but they remained standing back. These people were converted. They were among the first to join the disciples at Pentecost and to receive Baptism.

### **Magdalen Repeats Her Anointing of Jesus**

Full of trouble, Jesus went back with the Apostles to Bethania for the Sabbath. While He was teaching in the Temple, the Jews had been ordered to keep their houses closed, and it was forbidden to offer Him or His disciples any refreshment. On reaching Bethania, they went to the public house of Simon, the healed leper, where a meal awaited them. Magdalen, filled with compassion for Jesus' fatiguing exertions, met the Lord at the door. She was habited in a penitential robe and girdle, her flowing hair concealed by a black veil. She cast herself at His

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feet and with her hair wiped from them the dust, just as one would clean the shoes of another. She did it openly before all, and many were scandalized at her conduct.

After Jesus and the disciples had prepared themselves for the Sabbath, that is, put on the garments prescribed and prayed under the lamp, they stretched themselves at table for the meal. Toward the end of it, Magdalen, urged by love, gratitude, contrition, and anxiety, again made her appearance. She went behind the Lord's couch, broke a little flask of precious balm over His head and poured some of it upon His feet, which she again wiped with her hair. That done, she left the dining hall. Several of those present were scandalized, especially Judas, who excited Matthew, Thomas, and John Mark to displeasure. But Jesus excused her, on account of the love she bore Him. She often anointed Him in this way. Many of the facts mentioned only once in the Gospels happened frequently.

The meal was followed by prayer, after which the Apostles and disciples separated. Judas, full of chagrin, hurried back to Jerusalem that night. I saw him, torn by envy and avarice, running in the darkness over Mount Olivet, and it seemed as if a sinister glare surrounded him, as if the devil were lighting his steps. He hurried to the house of Caiaphas, and spoke a few words at the door. He could not stay long in any one place. Thence he ran to the house of John Mark. The disciples were wont to lodge there, so Judas pretended that he had come from Bethania for that purpose. This was the first definite step in his treacherous course.

When, on the following morning, Jesus was going from Bethania to Jerusalem with some of His disciples, they found the fig tree that Jesus had cursed entirely withered, and the disciples wondered at it. (*Mark 11:20*). I saw John and Peter halting on the roadside near the tree. When Peter showed his

astonishment, Jesus said to them: "If ye believe, ye shall do still more wonderful things. Yea, at your word mountains will cast themselves into the sea." He continued His instruction on this object, and said something about the signification of the fig tree.

A great many strangers were gathered in Jerusalem, and both morning and evening, preaching and divine service went on in the Temple. Jesus taught in the interim. He stood when preaching, but if anyone wanted to put a question to Him, He sat down while the questioner rose.

During His discourse today, some priests and Scribes stepped up to Him and inquired by what right He acted as He did, Jesus answered: "I too shall ask you something; and when you answer Me, I shall tell you by what authority I do these things." Then He asked them by what authority John had baptized, and when they would not answer Him, He replied that neither would He tell them by what authority He acted. (*Matt. 21:24-32*).

In His afternoon instruction, Jesus introduced the similitude of the vine dresser, also that of the cornerstone rejected by the builders. In the former, He explained that the murdered vine dresser typified Himself, and the murderers, the Pharisees. Thereupon these last-named became so exasperated that they would willingly have arrested Him then and there but they dared not, as they saw how all the people clung to Him. They determined, however, to set five of their confidential followers, who were relatives of some of the disciples, to spy Him, and they gave them orders to try to catch Him by captious questions. These five men were some of them followers of the Pharisees; others, servants of Herod.

As Jesus was returning toward evening to Bethania, some kindhearted people approached Him on the road and offered Him something to drink. He passed the night at the disciples' inn near Bethania.

Next day Jesus taught for three hours in the

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Temple upon the parable of the royal wedding feast, the spies of the Pharisees being present. Jesus returned early to Bethania, where He again taught. As He mounted the teacher's chair next day in the circular hall of the Temple, the five men appointed by the Pharisees pressed up through the aisle that ran from the door to the chair, the space all around being filled by the audience, and asked Him whether they ought to pay tribute to Caesar. Jesus replied by telling them to show Him the coin of the tribute; whereupon one of them drew from his breast pocket a yellow coin about the size of a Prussian dollar, and pointed to the image of the Emperor. Then Jesus told them that they should render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's.

After that Jesus spoke of the Kingdom of God, which He likened to a man who cultivated a plant that never ceased to grow and spread its branches. To the Jews, it would come not again; but those Jews that would be converted, would attain the Kingdom of God. That Kingdom would go to the heathens, and a time would come when in the East all would be darkness, but in the West, perfect day. He told them also that they should perform their good works in secret, as He Himself had done, and that He would receive His reward at noonday. He spoke too of a murderer's being preferred to Himself.

Later in the day, seven of the Sadducees went to Jesus and questioned Him upon the resurrection of the dead. They brought forward something about a woman that had already had seven husbands. Jesus answered that after the resurrection there would be no longer any sex or any marrying, and that God is a God of the living and not of the dead. I saw that His hearers were astounded at His teaching. The Pharisees left their seats and conferred together. One of them, named Manasses, who held an office in the Temple, very modestly asked Jesus which of the Commandments was the greatest. Jesus answered

the question, whereupon Manasses heartily praised Him. Then Jesus responded that the Kingdom of God was not far from him, and He closed His discourse by some words on Christ (the Messiah) and David.

All were dumbfounded; they had nothing to reply. When Jesus left the Temple, a disciple asked Him: "What mean the words that Thou didst say to Manasses, 'Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God'?" The Lord answered that Manasses would believe and follow Him, but that they (the disciples) should be silent on that head. From that hour Manasses took no part against Jesus. He lived in retirement till the Ascension, when he declared himself for Him and joined the disciples. He was between forty and fifty years old.

That evening Jesus went to Bethania, ate with the Apostles at Lazarus', then visited the inn where the women were assembled, taught them until after nightfall, and lodged at the disciples' inn.

While Jesus was teaching in Jerusalem, I saw the holy women frequently praying together in the arbor in which Magdalen was sitting when Martha called her to welcome Jesus before the raising of Lazarus. They observed a certain order at prayer: sometimes they stood together, sometimes they knelt, or again they sat apart.

On the next day Jesus taught about six hours in the Temple. The disciples, impressed by His instruction of the preceding day, asked what was meant by the words: "Thy Kingdom come to us!" Jesus gave them a long explanation, and added that He and the Father were one, and that He was going to the Father. Then they asked, if He and the Father were one, why was it necessary for Him to go to the Father. Thereupon He spoke to them of His mission, saying that He would withdraw from the humanity, from the flesh, and that whoever separated from his own fallen nature, to go *by Him to Him*, went at the

same time to the Father. Jesus' words on this head were so touching that the Apostles, ravished with joy and transported out of themselves, started up and exclaimed: "Lord, we will spread Thy Kingdom to the end of the world!" But Jesus responded: "Whoever talks in that way accomplishes nothing." At this the Apostles became sad. Jesus said again: "You must not say, 'I have cast out devils in Thy name, I have done this and that in Thy name,' nor should ye do your good works in public." And then He told them that the last time He had left them, He had done many things in secret, but that they had at the same time insisted that He should go to His own city (Nazareth) although the Jews, on account of the raising of Lazarus, wanted to kill Him! But how then would all things have been accomplished? The Apostles then asked how could His Kingdom become known if they had to keep all things secret. But I do not remember what answer Jesus gave them. They again grew quite dejected. Toward noon the disciples left the Temple, but Jesus and the Apostles remained. Some of the former returned soon after with a refreshing drink for Jesus.

After midday, the Scribes and Pharisees crowded in such numbers around Jesus that the disciples were pushed to some distance from Him. He spoke very severely against the Pharisees, and I heard Him say once during this stern lecture: "You shall not now arrest Me, because My hour has not yet come."

### **Instruction at Lazarus'. Peter Receives a Severe Reprimand**

Jesus spent the whole of this day at Lazarus' with the holy women and the Twelve Apostles. In the morning He instructed the holy women in the disciples' inn. Toward three o'clock in the afternoon, a great repast was served in the subterranean dining hall. The women waited at table, and afterward withdrew

to the grated, three-cornered apartment, to listen to the instruction. In the course of it, Jesus told them that they would not now be together long, they would not again eat at Lazarus', though they would do so once more at Simon's, but on that last occasion they would not be so tranquil as they now were. He invited them all to be perfectly free with Him, and to ask Him whatever they wanted to know. On hearing this, they began to ask numerous questions, especially Thomas, who had a great many doubts. John, too, frequently put a question, but softly and gently.

After the meal, as Jesus was speaking of the approach of the time when the Son of Man would be treacherously betrayed, Peter stepped forward eagerly and asked why He always spoke as if they were going to betray Him. Now, though he could believe that one of the others (the disciples) might be guilty of such a thing, yet He would answer for The Twelve that they would not betray Him! Peter spoke boldly, as if his honor had been attacked. Jesus replied with more warmth than I ever before saw in Him, more even than had appeared when He said to Peter: "Get thee behind Me, Satan!" He said that without His grace, without prayer, they would all fall away, that the hour would come in which they would all abandon Him. There was only one among them, He continued, who wavered not, and yet he too would flee, though he would come back again. By these words Jesus meant John who, at the moment of Jesus' arrest, fled, leaving his mantle behind him. All became very much troubled, excepting Judas who, while Jesus was talking, put on a friendly, smiling, and insinuating air.

When they asked Jesus about the Kingdom that was to come to them, His answer was inexpressibly kind. He told them that another Spirit would come upon them and then only would they understand all things. He had to go to the Father and send them the Spirit which proceeded from the Father and Himself.



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I distinctly remember His saying this. He said something more, but I cannot repeat it clearly. It was to this effect, that He had come in the flesh in order to redeem man, that there was something material in His influence upon them, that the body works in a corporeal manner, and it was for that reason they could not understand Him. But He would send the Spirit, who would open their understanding. Then He spoke of troublous times to come, when all would have to suffer like a woman in the pains of childbirth, of the beauty of the human soul created to the likeness of God, and He showed how glorious a thing it is to save a soul and lead it home to Heaven. He recalled to them how many times they had misunderstood Him, and His own forbearance with them; in like manner should they, He said, treat with sinners after His departure. When Peter reminded Him that He had Himself been sometimes full of fire and zeal, Jesus explained the difference between true and false zeal.

This instruction lasted until late into the night, when Nicodemus and one of Simeon's sons came to Jesus secretly. It was past midnight before they retired to rest. Jesus told them to sleep now in peace, for the time would soon come when, anxious and troubled, they would be without sleep; this would be followed by another time when, in the midst of persecution, a stone under their head, they would sleep as sweetly as Jacob at the foot of the ladder that reached to Heaven. When Jesus concluded His discourse, all exclaimed: "Lord, how short was this meal! How short this evening!"

### **The Widow's Mite**

Very early the next morning Jesus repaired to the Temple—not, however, to the common lecture hall, but to another in which Mary had made her offering. In the center of the hall, or rather, nearer to

the entrance, stood the money box, an angular pillar, about half the height of a man, in which were three funnel-shaped openings to receive the money offerings, and at its foot was a little door. The box was covered with a red cloth over which hung a white transparent one. To the left was the seat for the priest who maintained order, and a table upon which could be laid doves and other objects brought as offerings. To the right and left of the entrance stood the seats for the women and the men, respectively. The rear of the hall was cut off by a grating, behind which the altar had been put up when Mary presented the Child Jesus in the Temple.

Jesus today took the seat by the money box. It was an offering day for all that desired to purify themselves for the Paschal feast. The Pharisees, on coming later, were greatly put out at finding Jesus there, but they declined His offer to yield to them His place. The Apostles stood near Him, two and two. The men came first to the money box, then the women, and after making their offering, they went out by another door to the left. The crowd stood without awaiting their turn, only five being allowed to enter at a time. Jesus sat there three hours. Toward midday, as a general thing, the offerings ended, but Jesus remained much longer, to the discontent of the Pharisees. This was the hall in which He had acquitted the woman taken in adultery. The Temple was like three churches, one behind the other, each standing under an immense arch. In the first was the circular lecture hall. The place of offering in which Jesus was, lay to the right of this hall, a little toward the Sanctuary. A long corridor led to it. The last offering was made by a poor, timid widow. No one could see how much the offering was, but Jesus knew what she had given and He told His disciples that she had given more than all the rest, for she had put into the money box all that she had left to buy herself food for that day. He sent her

word to wait for Him near the house of John Mark.

In the afternoon, Jesus taught again in the customary place, that is, in the portico of the Temple. The circular lecture hall was just opposite the door, and right and left were steps leading to the Sanctuary, from which again another flight conducted to the Holy of Holies. As the Pharisees approached Jesus, He alluded to their not daring to arrest Him the day before as they had intended, although He had given them a chance to do so. But His hour had not yet come, and it was not in their power to advance it; still, it would come in its own time. The Pharisees, He went on to say, should not hope to celebrate as peaceful a Pasch as in former years, for they would not know where to hide themselves; the blood of the Prophets whom they had murdered should fall upon their heads. The Prophets themselves would rise from their graves, and the earth would be moved. In spite of these signs, however, the Pharisees would remain obstinate. Then He mentioned the poor widow's offering. When toward evening He left the Temple, He spoke to her on the way and told her that her son would follow Him. His words greatly rejoiced the poor mother. Her son joined the disciples even before the Crucifixion. The widow was very devout and strongly attached to the Jewish observances, though simpleminded and upright.

### **Jesus Speaks of the Destruction of the Temple**

As Jesus was walking along with His disciples, one of them pointed to the Temple and made some remark on its beauty. Jesus replied that one stone of it would not remain upon another. They were going to Mount Olivet, upon one side of which was a kind of pleasure garden containing a chair for instruction and seats cut in the mossy banks. The

priests were accustomed to come hither to rest at evening after a long day's work. Jesus seated Himself in the chair, and some of the Apostles asked when the destruction of the Temple would take place. It was then that Jesus recounted the evils that were to fall upon the city, and ended with the words: "But he that shall persevere to the end, he shall be saved." (*Matt.* 10:22). He remained scarcely a quarter of an hour in this place.

From this point of view the Temple looked indescribably beautiful. It glistened so brightly under the rays of the setting sun that one could scarcely fix his eyes upon it. The walls were tessellated and built of beautiful sparkling stones, dark red and yellow. Solomon's Temple had more gold in it, but this one abounded in glittering stones.

The Pharisees were very greatly exasperated on Jesus' account. They held a council in the night and dispatched spies to watch Him. They said, if Judas would only come to them again, otherwise they did not well know how to proceed in the affair. Judas had not been with them since that first evening.

Early on the following day Jesus returned to the resting place on Mount Olivet, and again spoke of the destruction of Jerusalem, illustrating with the similitude of a fig tree that was there standing. He said that He had already been betrayed, though the traitor had not yet mentioned His name, and had merely made the offer to betray Him. The Pharisees desired to see the traitor again, but He, Jesus, wanted him to be converted, to repent, and not to despair. Jesus said all this in vague, general terms, to which Judas listened with a smile.

Jesus exhorted the Apostles not to give way to their natural fears upon what He had said to them, namely, that they would all be dispersed; they should not forget their neighbor and should not allow one sentiment to veil, to stifle another; and here He made use of the similitude of a mantle. In general

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terms He reproached some of them for murmuring at Magdalen's anointing. Jesus probably said this in reference to Judas' first definitive step toward His betrayal, which had been taken just after that action of hers—also, as a gentle warning to him for the future, since it would be after Magdalen's last anointing that he would carry out his treacherous design. That some others were scandalized at Magdalen's prodigal expression of love, arose from their erroneous severity and parsimony. They regarded this anointing as a luxury so often abused at worldly feasts, while overlooking the fact that such an action performed on the Holy of Holies was worthy of the highest praise.

Jesus told them, moreover, that He would only twice again teach in public. Then speaking of the end of the world and the destruction of Jerusalem, He gave them the signs by which they should know that the hour of His departure was near. There would be, He said, a strife among them as to which should be the greatest, and that would be a sign that He was about to leave them. He signified to them also that one of them would deny Him, and He told them that He said all these things to them that they might be humble and watch over themselves. He spoke with extraordinary love and patience.

About noon Jesus taught in the Temple, His subject being the ten virgins, the talents entrusted, and He again inveighed severely against the Pharisees. He repeated the words of the murdered Prophets, and several times upbraided the Pharisees for their wicked designs. He afterward told the Apostles and disciples that even where there was no longer hope of improvement, words of warning must not be withheld.

When Jesus left the Temple, a great number of pagans from distant parts approached Him. They had not, indeed, heard His teaching in the Temple, since they had not dared to set foot therein; but

through the sight of His miracles, His triumphal entrance on Palm Sunday, and all the other wonders that they had heard of Him, they wanted to be converted. Among them were some Greeks. Jesus directed them to the disciples, a few of whom He took with Him to the Mount of Olives where, in a public inn formerly used by strangers only, they lodged for the night.

Next morning, when the rest of the Apostles and disciples came thither, Jesus instructed them upon many points. He said that He would be with them at two meals more, that He was longing to celebrate with them the last Love Feast in which He would bestow upon them all that humanly He could give. After that He went with them to the Temple, where He spoke of His return to His Father and said that He was the Father's Will, but this last expression I did not understand. He called Himself in plain terms the Salvation of mankind, said that it was He who was to put an end to the power of sin over the human race, and explained why the fallen angels were not redeemed, as well as man. The Pharisees took turns, two at a time, to spy. Jesus said that He had come to put an end to the domination of sin over man. Sin began in a garden, and in a garden it should end, for it would be in a garden that His enemies would seize Him. He reproached His hearers with the fact of their already wanting to kill Him after the raising of Lazarus, and said that He had kept Himself at a distance, that all things might be fulfilled. He divided His journey into three parts, but I no longer recollect whether it was into thrice four, or five, or six weeks. He told them also how they would treat Him and put Him to death with assassins, and yet they would not be satisfied, they would not be able to effect anything against Him after His death. He once more made mention of the murdered just who would arise again; yes, He even pointed out the spot in which their resurrection would take

place. But as for the Pharisees, He continued, in fear and anguish they would see their designs against Him frustrated.

Jesus spoke likewise of Eve, through whom sin had come upon the earth; therefore it was that woman was condemned to suffer and that she dared not enter into the Sanctuary. But it was also through a woman that the cure of sin had come into the world, consequently she was freed from slavery, though not from dependence.

Jesus again took up quarters in the inn at the foot of Mount Olivet. A lamp was lighted, and the Sabbath exercises were performed.

### **Jesus in Bethania**

Next morning Jesus went with His followers across the brook Cedron, and then northward by a row of houses between which were little grass plots on which sheep were grazing. Here was situated John Mark's house. Jesus then turned off to Gethsemani, a little village as large as Bethphage, built on either side of the brook Cedron. John Mark's house stood a quarter of an hour outside the gate through which the cattle were led to the cattle market on the north side of the Temple. It was built upon a high hill which, at a later period, was covered with houses. It was from here to Gethsemani one-half hour; and from Gethsemani across the Mount of Olives to Bethania, something less than an hour. The last named place lay almost in a straight line east of the Temple and, by the direct route, it may have been only one hour from Jerusalem. From certain points of the Temple and from the castles in the rear, one could descry Bethania. Bethphage, however, was not in sight, as it lay low; and the view was, besides, up to the point at which the Temple could be seen through a defile of the mountain road, obstructed by the Mount of Olives. As Jesus was

going over the brook Cedron to Gethsemani with the disciples, He said to the Apostles as they were entering a hollow of the Mount of Olives: "Here will ye abandon Me! Here shall I be taken prisoner!" He was very much troubled. He proceeded afterward to Lazarus', in Bethania, thence to the disciples' inn, after which He went with some of them around the environs of the city consoling the inhabitants, like one bidding farewell.

That evening there was a supper at Lazarus', at which the holy women assisted in the grated apartment. At the close of the meal, Jesus told them all that they could have one night more of peaceful sleep.

### **3. Jesus' Last Discourse In the Temple**

Early the next morning Jesus went with the disciples to Jerusalem. Having crossed the Cedron in front of the Temple, He continued His course outside the city toward the south, till He came to a little gate, by which He entered, and, crossing a stone bridge that spanned a deep abyss, He reached the foot of Mount Sion. There were caverns also under the Temple. Here Jesus turned from the south side of the Temple and proceeded through a long vaulted corridor, which was lighted only from above, into the women's portico. Here, turning toward the east, He passed through the doorway allotted to women condemned on account of their sterility, crossed the hall in which offerings were made, and proceeded to the teacher's chair in the outer hall of the Temple. This door always stood open, although at Jesus' instructions, all the other entrances to the Temple were often closed by the Pharisees. They said: "Let the sin-door always remain open to the sinner!"

In words admirable and deeply significant, Jesus taught upon union and separation. He made use of



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the similitude of fire and water, which are opposed to each other, one of which extinguishes the other, though if the latter does not get the better of the former, the flames become wilder and more powerful. He next spoke of persecution and martyrdom. Under the figure of fire, Jesus alluded to those disciples that would remain true to Him; and under that of water, to those that would separate from Him and seek the abyss. He called water the martyr of fire, He spoke also of the mingling of water and milk, naming it an intimate commingling that no one could separate. Jesus wished under this figure to designate His own union with His followers, and He dwelt upon the mild and nutritive properties of milk. From this He passed to the subject of marriage and its union, as the disciples had questioned Him upon the reunion after death of friends and married people. Jesus said that there was a twofold union in marriage: the union of flesh and blood, which death cuts asunder, and they that were so bound would not find themselves together after death; and the union of soul, which would outlive death. They should not, He continued, be disquieted as to whether they would be alone or together in the other world. They that had been united in union of soul in this life, would form but one body in the next. He spoke also of the Bridegroom and named the Church His affianced. Of the martyrdom of the body, He said that it was not to be feared, since that of the soul was the more frightful.

As the Apostles and disciples did not comprehend all that He said, Jesus directed them to write down what they failed to understand. Then I saw John, James the Less, and another making signs from time to time on a little tablet that they held before them resting on a support. They wrote upon little rolls of parchment with a colored liquid, which they carried with them in a kind of horn. They drew the little rolls out of their breast pockets, and wrote

only in the beginning of the instruction.

Jesus spoke likewise of His own union with them, which would be accomplished at the Last Supper and which could by nothing be dissolved.

The obligation of perfect continence, Jesus exposed to the Apostles by way of interrogation. He asked, for instance, "Could you do such and such a thing at the same time?" and He spoke of a sacrifice that had to be offered, all which led to perfect continence as a conclusion. He adduced as examples Abraham and the other Patriarchs who, before offering sacrifice, always purified themselves and observed a long continence.

When He spoke of Baptism and the other Sacraments, He said that He would send to them the Holy Ghost who, by His Baptism, would make them all children of Redemption. They should after His death baptize at the Pool of Bethsaida all that would come and ask for it. If a great number presented themselves, they should lay their hands upon their shoulders, two and two, and baptize them there under the stream of the pump, or jet. As formerly the angel, so now would the Holy Ghost come upon the baptized as soon as His Blood should have been shed, and even before they themselves had received the Holy Spirit.

Peter, who had been appointed by Jesus chief over the others, asked as such whether they were always to act in this manner without first proving and instructing the people. Jesus answered that the people would be wearied out with waiting for feast days and pining meantime in aridity; therefore they, the Apostles, should not delay to do as He had just told them. When they should have received the Holy Ghost, then they would always know what they should do. He addressed some words to Peter on the subject of penance and absolution, and afterward spoke to them all about the end of the world and of the signs that would precede it. A man enlightened

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by God would have visions on that subject. By these words, Jesus referred to John's revelations, and He Himself made use of several similar illustrations. He spoke, for instance, of those that would be marked with the sign on their forehead, and said that the fountain of living water which flowed from Calvary's mount would at the end of the world appear to be almost entirely poisoned, though all the good waters would finally be gathered into the Valley of Josaphat. It seemed to me that He said also that all water was to become once more baptismal water. No Pharisees were present at any part of this instruction. That evening Jesus returned to Lazarus', in Bethania.

The whole of the next day Jesus taught undisturbed in the Temple. He spoke of truth and the necessity of acting out what they, the Apostles, taught. He Himself, He said, was now about to fulfill it. It is not enough to believe, one must practice one's faith. No one, not even the Pharisees themselves, could reproach Him with the least error in His teaching, and now by returning to His Father He would fulfill the truth He had taught. But before going He would give over to them, would leave to them, all that He possessed. Money and property He had not, but He would bequeath to them His strength and power. He would establish with them a union which should be still more intimate than that which now united them to Him, and which should last till the end of time. He would also bind them to one another as the members of one body. Jesus spoke of so many things that He would still do with them that Peter, conceiving new hope that He would remain longer on earth, said to Him that if He were to fulfill all those things, He would have to abide with them till the end of the world. Jesus then spoke of the essence and effects of the Last Supper, without, however, mentioning it by name. He said also that He was about to celebrate His last Pasch. Peter asked

where He intended to do so. Jesus answered that He would tell him in good time, and after that last Pasch He would go to His Father. Peter again asked whether He would take with Him His Mother, whom they all loved and revered so much. Jesus answered that she should remain with them some years longer. He mentioned the number, and in it there was a five. I think He named fifteen years, and then said many things in connection with her.

In His instruction upon the power and effects of His Last Supper, Jesus made some allusion to Noe, who had once become intoxicated with wine; to the children of Israel, who had lost their taste for the manna sent them from Heaven; and to the bitterness they tasted in it. As for Himself, He was going to prepare the Bread of Life before His return home, but It was not yet ready, was not yet baked, not yet cooked.

He had, he continued, so long taught them the truth, so long communicated with them; and yet they had always doubted, indeed they doubted still! He felt that in His corporeal presence He could no longer be useful to them, therefore He would give them all that He had, He would retain only what was absolutely necessary to cover His naked body. These words of Jesus, the Apostles did not understand. They were under the impression that He would die, or perhaps vanish from their sight. As late as the preceding day, when He was speaking of the persecution of the Jews against Him, Peter said that He might again withdraw from these parts and they would accompany Him. He had gone away once before after the raising of Lazarus, He could now go again.

When toward evening Jesus left the Temple, He spoke of taking leave of it, saying that He would never again enter it in the body. This scene was so touching that all the Apostles and disciples cast themselves on the ground crying aloud and weeping. Jesus wept also. Judas shed no tear, though he was anxious

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and nervous, as he had been during the past days. Yesterday Jesus said no word in allusion to him.

In the court of the Temple, some heathens were waiting, many of whom wanted to give themselves to Jesus. They saw the tears of the Apostles. On learning their desire, Jesus told them that there was no time now, but that they should later on have recourse to His Apostles and disciples, to whom He gave power similar to His own. Then taking the way by which He had entered on Palm Sunday, and frequently turning with sad and earnest words to gaze upon the Temple, He left the city, went to the public inn at the foot of Mount Olivet, and after nightfall back to Bethania.

Here Jesus taught at Lazarus', continuing His instructions during the evening meal, at which the women, who now kept themselves less aloof, served. Jesus gave orders for a plentiful meal to be prepared at Simon's public house on the following day.

It was very quiet in Jerusalem all this day. The Pharisees did not go to the Temple, but assembled in council. They were very anxious on account of Judas' non-appearance. Many good people of the city were in great distress at Jesus' predictions, which they had heard from the disciples. I saw Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, Simeon's sons, and others looking very troubled and anxious, though they had not yet withdrawn from the rest of the Jews. They were still mixing with them in the affairs of everyday life. I saw Veronica also, going about her house sad and wringing her hands. Her husband inquired the cause of her affliction. Her house was situated in Jerusalem between the Temple and Mount Calvary. Seventy-six of the disciples lodged in the halls surrounding the Cenacle.

*Judas***4. Magdalen's Last Anointing**

Next morning Jesus instructed a large number of the disciples, more than sixty, in the court before Lazarus' house. In the afternoon, about three o'clock, tables were laid for them in the court, and during their meal Jesus and the Apostles served. I saw Jesus going from table to table handing something to this one, something to that, and teaching all the time, Judas was not present. He was away making purchases for the entertainment to be given at Simon's. Magdalen also had gone to Jerusalem, to buy precious ointment. The Blessed Virgin, to whom Jesus had that morning announced His approaching death, was inexpressibly sad. Her niece, Mary Cleophas, was always around her, consoling her. Full of grief, they went together to the disciples' inn.

Meantime, Jesus conversed with the disciples upon His approaching death and the events that would follow it. One, He said, that had been on intimate terms with Him, one that owed Him a great debt of gratitude, was about to sell Him to the Pharisees. He would not even set a price upon Him, but would merely ask: "What will ye give me for Him?" If the Pharisees were buying a slave, it would be at a fixed price, but He would be sold for whatever they chose to give. The traitor would sell Him for less than the cost of a slave! The disciples wept bitterly, and became so afflicted that they had to cease eating, but Jesus pressed them graciously. I have often noticed that the disciples were much more affectionate toward Jesus than were the Apostles. I think as they were not so much with Him, they were on that account more humble.

This morning Jesus spoke of many things with His Apostles. As they did not understand everything, He commanded them to write down what they could not comprehend, saying that when He would send

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His Spirit to them, they would recall those points and be able to seize their meaning. I saw John and some of the others taking notes, Jesus dwelt long upon their flight, when He Himself would be delivered up to the Pharisees. They could not think that such a thing would ever happen to them, and yet they really did take to flight. He predicted many things that were to follow that event, and told them how they should conduct themselves.

At last He spoke of His holy Mother. He said that through compassion, she would suffer with Him all the cruel torture of His death, that with Him she would die His bitter death, and still would have to survive Him fifteen years.

Jesus indicated to the disciples whither they should betake themselves: some to Arimathea, some to Sichar, and others to Kedar. The three that had accompanied Him on His last journey were not to return home. Since their ideas and sentiments had undergone so great a change, it would not be well for them to return to their country, otherwise they might give scandal or, on account of the opposition of friends, run the risk of falling back into their former way of acting. Eliud and Eremenzear went, I think, to Sichar, but Silas remained where he was. And thus Jesus went on instructing His followers with extraordinary love, counseling them on everything. I saw many of them dispersing toward evening.

It was during this instruction that Magdalen came back from Jerusalem with the ointment she had brought. She had gone to Veronica's and stayed there while Veronica saw to the purchase of the ointment, which was of three kinds, the most precious that could be procured. Magdalen had expended upon it all the money she had left. One was a flask of the oil of spikenard. She bought the flasks together with their contents. The former were of a clear, whitish, though not transparent material, almost like mother-of-pearl, though not mother-of-pearl. They were in

shape like little urns, the swelling base ornamented with knobs, and they had screw-tops. Magdalen carried the vessels under her mantle in a pocket, which hung on her breast suspended by a cord that passed over one shoulder and back across the back. John Mark's mother went back with her to Bethania, and Veronica accompanied them a part of the way. As they were going through Bethania, they met Judas who, concealing his indignation, spoke to Magdalen. Magdalen had heard from Veronica that the Pharisees had resolved to arrest Jesus and put Him to death, but not yet, on account of the crowds of strangers and especially the numerous pagans that followed Him. This news Magdalen imparted to the other women.

The women were at Simon's helping to prepare for the entertainment, for which Judas had purchased everything necessary. He had entirely emptied the purse today, secretly thinking that he would get all back again in the evening. From a man who kept a garden in Bethania, he bought vegetables, two lambs, fruit, fish, honey, etc. The dining hall used at Simon's today was different from that in which Jesus and His friends had dined once before, that is, on the day after the triumphal entrance into the Temple. Today they dined in an open hall at the back of the house, and which looked out upon the courtyard. It had been ornamented for the occasion. In the ceiling was an opening which was covered with a transparent veil and which looked like a little cupola. On either side of this cupola hung verdant pyramids of a brownish-green, succulent plant with small round leaves. The pyramids were green likewise at the base, and it seemed to me that they always remained green and fresh. Under this ceiling ornamentation stood the seat for Jesus. One side of the table, that toward the open colonnade through which the viands were brought across the courtyard, was left free. Simon, who served, alone had his place



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on that side. There too on the floor, under the table, stood three water jugs, tall and flat.

The guests reclined during this repast on low crossbenches, which in the back had a support, and in front an arm upon which to lean. The benches stood in pairs, and they were sufficiently wide to admit of the guests' sitting two and two, facing each other. Jesus reclined at the middle of the table upon a seat to Himself. On this occasion the women ate in an open hall to the left. Looking obliquely across the courtyard, they could see the men at table.

When all was prepared, Simon and his servant, in festal robes, went to conduct Jesus, the Apostles, and Lazarus. Simon wore a long robe, a girdle embroidered in figures, and on his arm a long fur-lined maniple. The servant wore a sleeveless jacket. Simon escorted Jesus; the servant, the Apostles. They did not traverse the street to Simon's, but went in their festal robes back through the garden into the hall. There were numbers of people in Bethania, and the crowds of strangers who had come through a desire to see Lazarus raised somewhat of a tumult. It was also a cause of surprise and dissatisfaction to the people that Simon, whose house formerly stood open, had purchased so large a supply of provisions and closed his establishment. They became in a short time angry and inquisitive, and almost scaled the walls during the meal. I do not remember having seen any foot-washing going on, but only some little purification before entering the hall.

Several large drinking glasses stood on the table, and beside each, two smaller ones. There were three kinds of beverages: one greenish, another red, and the third yellow. I think it was some kind of pear juice. The lamb was served first. It lay stretched out on an oval dish, the head resting on the forefeet. The dish was placed with the head toward Jesus. Jesus took a white knife, like bone or stone, inserted it into the back of the lamb, and cut, first to one

side of the neck and then to the other. After that He drew the knife down, making a cut from the head along the whole back. The lines of this cut at once reminded me of the Cross. He then laid the slices thus detached before John, Peter and Himself, and directed Simon, the host, to carve the lamb down the sides, and lay the pieces right and left before the Apostles and Lazarus as they sat in order.

The holy women were seated around their own table. Magdalen, who was in tears all the time, sat opposite the Blessed Virgin. There were seven or nine present. They too had a little lamb. It was smaller than that of the other table and lay stretched out flat in the dish, the head toward the Mother of God. She it was who carved it.

The lamb was followed by three large fish and several small ones. The large ones lay in the dish as if swimming in a stiff, white sauce. Then came pastry, little rolls in the shape of lambs, birds with outstretched wings, honeycombs, green herbs like lettuce, and a sauce in which the last-named were steeped. I think it was oil. This course was followed by another of fruit that looked like pears. In the center of the dish was something like a gourd upon which other fruit, like grapes, were stuck by their stems. The dishes used throughout the meal were partly white, the inside partly yellow; and they were deep or shallow according to their contents.

Jesus taught during the whole meal. It was nearing the close of His discourse; the Apostles were stretched forward in breathless attention. Simon, whose services were no longer needed, sat motionless, listening to every word, when Magdalen rose quietly from her seat among the holy women. She had around her a thin, bluish-white mantle, something like the material worn by the three Holy Kings, and her flowing hair was covered with a veil. Laying the ointment in a fold of her mantle, she passed through the walk that was planted with shrubbery, entered the hall,

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went up behind Jesus, and cast herself down at His feet, weeping bitterly. She bent her face low over the foot that was resting on the couch, while Jesus Himself raised to her the other that was hanging a little toward the floor. Magdalen loosened the sandals and anointed Jesus' feet on the soles and upon the upper part. Then with both hands drawing her flowing hair from beneath her veil, she wiped the Lord's anointed feet, and replaced the sandals. Magdalen's action caused some interruption in Jesus' discourse. He had observed her approach, but the others were taken by surprise. Jesus said: "Be not scandalized at this woman!" and then addressed some words softly to her. She now arose, stepped behind Him and poured over His head some costly water, and that so plentifully that it ran down upon His garments. Then with her hand she spread some of the ointment from the crown down the hind part of His head. The hall was filled with the delicious odor. The Apostles whispered together and muttered their displeasure—even Peter was vexed at the interruption. Magdalen, weeping and veiled, withdrew around behind the table. When she was about to pass before Judas, he stretched forth his hand to stay her while he indignantly addressed to her some words on her extravagance, saying that the purchase money might have been given to the poor. Magdalen made no reply. She was weeping bitterly. Then Jesus spoke, bidding them let her pass, and saying that she had anointed Him for His death, for later she would not be able to do it, and that wherever this Gospel would be preached, her action and their murmuring would also be recounted.

Magdalen retired, her heart full of sorrow. The rest of the meal was disturbed by the displeasure of the Apostles and the reproaches of Jesus. When it was over, all returned to Lazarus'. Judas, full of wrath and avarice, thought within himself that he could no longer put up with such things. But concealing

his feelings, he laid aside his festal garment, and pretended that he had to go back to the public house to see that what remained of the meal was given to the poor. Instead of doing that, however, he ran full speed to Jerusalem. I saw the devil with him all the time, red, thin-bodied, and angular. He was before him and behind him, as if lighting the way for him, Judas saw through the darkness. He stumbled not, but ran along in perfect safety. I saw him in Jerusalem running into the house in which, later on, Jesus was exposed to scorn and derision. The Pharisees and High Priests were still together, but Judas did not enter their assembly. Two of them went out and spoke with him below in the courtyard. When he told them that he was ready to deliver Jesus and asked what they would give for Him, they showed great joy, and returned to announce it to the rest of the council. After awhile, one came out again and made an offer of thirty pieces of silver. Judas wanted to receive them at once, but they would not give them to him. They said that he had once before been there, and then had absented himself for so long, that he should do his duty, and then they would pay him. I saw them offering hands as a pledge of the contract, and on both sides tearing something from their clothing. The Pharisees wanted Judas to stay awhile and tell them when and how the bargain would be completed. But he insisted upon going, that suspicion might not be excited. He said that he had yet to find things out more precisely, that next day he could act without attracting attention. I saw the devil the whole time between Judas and the Pharisees. On leaving Jerusalem, Judas ran back again to Bethania, where he changed his garments and joined the other Apostles.

Jesus remained at Lazarus', while His followers withdrew to their own inn. That night Nicodemus came from Jerusalem, and on his return Lazarus accompanied him a part of the way.

## 5. The Last Paschal Supper

Before break of day Jesus, calling Peter and John, spoke to them at some length upon what they should order, what preparations they should make in Jerusalem for the eating of the Paschal lamb. The disciples had questioned Jesus the day before upon where this supper was to be held. Jesus told the two Apostles that they would, when ascending Mount Sion, meet a man carrying a water pitcher, one whom they already knew as he was the same that had attended to the Paschal meal for Jesus the year before at Bethania. They were to follow him into the house and say to him: "The Master bids us say to thee that His time is near at hand. He desires to celebrate the Pasch at thy house." They should then ask to see the supper room, which they would find prepared, and there they should make ready all that was needed.

I saw the two Apostles going up to Jerusalem through a ravine that ran south of the Temple and north of Sion. On the south side of the mount upon which the Temple stood, there were some rows of houses opposite which a rapid stream flowed down the height; on the other side of this stream ran the road by which the Apostles ascended. On reaching a point of Sion higher than the Temple mount, they turned toward the south and met the man designated by Jesus on a somewhat rising open space, and in the neighborhood of an old building surrounded by courts. They followed him and, when near the house, delivered to him Jesus' message. He showed great pleasure at seeing them and learning their errand. He told them that he had already been ordered to prepare a supper (probably by Nicodemus), though he knew not for whom, but now he greatly rejoiced that it was for Jesus. This man was Heli, the brother-in-law of Zachary of Hebron, the same in whose house at Hebron Jesus had, after a

certain Sabbath of the preceding year, announced to the family the death of John. He had five unmarried daughters, but only one son, who was a Levite and who had been a friend of Luke before the latter joined the Lord. Heli went with his servants every year to the feast, hired a supper room, and prepared the Paschal meal for people that had no friends in the city.

On this occasion Heli had hired the dining hall of a spacious old house belonging to Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. On the south side of Mount Sion, not far from the citadel of David and from the market, which was on the eastern ascent to the same, it stood in an open court surrounded by courtyards with massive walls, and between rows of shade trees.

To the right and left of the entrance and just inside the walls stood a couple of smaller buildings. In one of these the Blessed Virgin and the other holy women celebrated the Paschal supper, and there too after the Crucifixion they frequently retired. The large building, that is, the principal one which contained the dining hall rented by Heli, stood a little back of the center of the court. It was in this house, in King David's time, that his valiant heroes and generals exercised themselves in arms; here too, before the building of the Temple, had the Ark of the Covenant been deposited for a long time. Traces of its presence were still to be found in an underground apartment. I have seen also the Prophet Malachias hidden in this vault. There it was that he wrote his prophecies of the Most Blessed Sacrament and the Sacrifice of the New Law. Solomon also held this house in honor, and performed in it some symbolical action, but I now forget what. When a great part of Jerusalem was destroyed by the Babylonians, this house was spared. It was now the property of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, who arranged the principal building in a very suitable manner and let it as a guest house for strangers

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coming to Jerusalem for the Pasch. Moreover, the house and its dependencies served during the year as warehouses for tombstones, building stones, and as a place for stone-cutting in general, for Joseph of Arimathea owned an excellent quarry in his own country. He traded in monuments, architectural ornaments, and columns, which were here sculptured under his own eye. Nicodemus also was engaged in building, and devoted many of his leisure hours to sculpturing. Excepting at the time of festivals, he often worked here either in the hall, or in the vault below, sculpturing statues. It was owing to this art that he had formed a friendship for Joseph of Arimathea, and many of their transactions were undertaken together.

The principal edifice, the Coenaculum proper, was a long, four-cornered building surrounded by a low colonnade, which could be thrown open and thus make one with the lofty hall beyond. The whole building rested on columns, or pillars, and was so constructed as to allow the gaze to penetrate in all directions, that is, when the portable screens generally in use were removed. The light fell through apertures near the top of the walls. In front (and this was the narrow side of the building), there was an anteroom, into which three entrances led. From it one stepped into the lofty and beautifully paved inner hall from whose roof several lamps were hanging. The halls had been decorated for the feast. They were hung halfway up with beautiful matting, or tapestry, and the aperture that had been opened in the ceiling was covered with blue gauze, shining and transparent. The rear end of the hall was cut off by a curtain of the same kind of gauze. The Coenaculum, separated from the rest of the room, owing to this division into three parts, bore some resemblance to the Temple, as it had a forecourt, a Sanctuary, and the Holy of Holies. On either side in the last division were deposited dresses and other things

necessary for the feast. In the center stood a kind of altar. Projecting from the wall and raised on three steps was a stone bench in form like a right-angled triangle whose sharp corner was fitted into the wall.

It must have been the upper side of the oven used for roasting the Paschal lamb, for at the meal of today it was quite hot around the steps. On one side of this apartment there was an exit that led into the hall behind that projection, and from that hall there was a descent to the subterranean vaults and cellars where it was warm. On the projection, or altar, lay different things in preparation for the feast, like chests, or drawers, that could be drawn out. On top were openings like a grating and a place for making a fire, as well as one for extinguishing it. I cannot describe it in detail. It appeared to be a kind of hearth for baking Passover bread and other kinds of pastry, for burning frankincense, or, at certain festivals, for consuming what remained of the sacrifice. It was like a Paschal kitchen. Above this hearth, or altar, there was a kind of niche formed of projecting rafters and surmounted by a valve, probably for the escape of smoke. Suspended from the ceiling above the niche and hanging in front of it, I saw the figure of a Paschal lamb. A knife was sticking in its throat, and its blood appeared to be dropping on the altar. I no longer remember exactly how this last was effected. In the back of the niche there were three little compartments, or cupboards, that turned like our tabernacles for opening or closing. In them I saw all kinds of vessels for the Pasch and deep oval dishes. Later on, the Most Blessed Sacrament was kept there. In the side halls of the Cenacle here and there were built inclined couches, upon which lay heavy coverlets rolled together. These were the sleeping places. Fine cellars extended under the whole building. The resting place of the Ark of the Covenant was once in the back part, directly under the spot upon which the Paschal hearth now



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stood. Below the cellars ran five gutters, which served to carry off the refuse to the slope of the hill on the top of which the house stood. At different times, I saw Jesus teaching and performing cures here. The disciples often lodged for the night in the side halls.

While Peter and John were speaking with Heli, I saw Nicodemus in one of the buildings in the courtyard, whither the blocks of stone from the vicinity of the supper hall had been removed. For eight days previously, I saw people busy cleaning the court and arranging the hall for the Paschal feast. Some of the disciples themselves were among the workers.

When Peter and John finished speaking with Heli, the latter passed through the courtyard and into the house. The two Apostles, however, turned off to the right, went down the north side of the mountain through Sion, crossed a brook, proceeded by a path between hedges to the other side of the ravine that lay before the Temple, and to the row of houses south of it. Here stood the house of old Simeon, now occupied by his sons, who were disciples in secret. The Apostles entered and spoke with Obed, the elder, who served in the Temple. Then they went with a tall, dark-complexioned man by the east side of the Temple, through that part of Ophel by which Jesus on Palm Sunday entered Jerusalem, and thence to the cattle market in the city north of the Temple. Here, on the south side of the market, I saw enclosures like little gardens, in which beautiful lambs were gamboling on the grass. On the occasion of Jesus' triumphal entrance, I imagined these arrangements made in honor of that event, but now I found out that these were the Paschal lambs here exposed for sale. I saw Simeon's son enter one of these enclosures, and the lambs leaping about him and butting him with their heads, as if they recognized him. He singled out four, which he took with him to the Coenaculum, and that afternoon I again saw him there taking part in the preparation of the Paschal lambs.

I still saw Peter and John traversing the city in all directions and giving orders for many things. I saw them also outside the door of a house to the north of Mount Calvary. It was the inn, on the northwest side of the city, in which many of the disciples were staying. This was the disciples' inn outside Jerusalem. It was under the care of Veronica, whose former name was Seraphia. From this inn, I saw them go to Veronica's own house, for they had many directions to give her. Veronica's husband was a member of the Council. He was generally away from home attending to his business, and when he was in the house, his wife saw little of him. She was a woman of about the same age as the Blessed Virgin. She had long known the Holy Family, for when the Boy Jesus remained in Jerusalem after the Feast, she it was who supplied Him with food.

The two Apostles got from Veronica all kinds of table service, which was carried by the disciples in covered baskets to the Coenaculum. They took from here also the chalice of which Jesus made use in the institution of the Blessed Sacrament.

This chalice was a very wonderful and mysterious vessel that had lain in the Temple for a long time among other old and precious things, whose use and origin even had been forgotten, just as with us many ancient, holy treasures have through the lapse of time fallen into oblivion. Frequently at the Temple, ancient vessels and precious ornaments whose use was no longer known were reset, made over anew, or sold. It was in this way, and by God's permission, that that holy vessel (whose unknown material prevented its being melted down, although frequent attempts had been made to do so) had been found by the young priests in the treasury of the Temple. It was stowed away in a chest along with other objects no longer of use, and when discovered was sold to some antiquaries. The chalice and all the vessels belonging to it were afterward bought by Veronica.

It had several times been made use of by Jesus in the celebration of festivals, and from today it became the exclusive possession of the Holy Community of Jesus Christ. It was not always the same as when used at the Last Supper. I no longer remember when the parts that composed it were put together; perhaps it was on the occasion of the Lord's using it at the Last Supper. It was now, however, along with all that was necessary for the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, put up in one portable case.

On a flat surface out of which a little board, or tablet, could be drawn, stood the large chalice surrounded by six small beakers. The chalice itself contained another smaller vase. I cannot remember whether the tablet held the Holy Thing or not. A little plate was laid upon the chalice, and over the whole was a convex cover. In the foot of the chalice was a place for keeping a spoon, which could be easily drawn out. All these vessels in fine linen coverings were protected by a cap, or case of leather, I think, which had a knob on top. The large chalice consisted of the cup and the foot, which latter must have been added at a later period, for it was of different material. The cup was pear-shaped, and of a brownish, highly polished metal, overlaid with gold. It had two small handles, by which it could be raised when its contents rendered it tolerably heavy. The foot was elaborately wrought of dark virgin gold, the edge encircled by a serpent. It was ornamented with a little bunch of grapes, and enriched with precious stones. The small spoon was concealed in the foot.

The large chalice was left to the Church of Jerusalem under the care of James the Less. I see it still carefully preserved somewhere. It will again come to light as it did once before. The smaller cups that stood around it were distributed among the other Churches: one to Antioch, another to Ephesus. These vessels enriched seven Churches. The small beakers once belonged to the Patriarchs, who drank

some mysterious beverage out of them when they received or imparted the Blessing, as I have seen and already explained.

The large chalice once belonged to Abraham. Melchisedech brought it from the land of Semiramis, where it was lying neglected, to the land of Canaan, when he began to mark off settlements on the site afterward occupied by Jerusalem. He had used it at the Sacrifice of bread and wine offered in Abraham's presence, and he afterward gave it to him. This same chalice was even in Noe's possession. It stood in the upper part of the ark. Moses also had it in his keeping. The cup was massive like a bell. It looked as if it had been shaped by nature, not formed by art. I have seen clear through it.<sup>1</sup> Jesus alone knew of what it was made.

While the two Apostles in Jerusalem were engaged in the preparations for the Paschal Feast, Jesus took an affecting leave of the holy women, Lazarus, and His Mother in Bethania, and gave them some final instructions and admonitions.

I saw Him speaking alone with His Blessed Mother, and I remember some of the words that passed between them. He had, He said, sent Peter the Believing and John the Loving to Jerusalem in order to prepare for the Pasch. Of Magdalen, who was quite out of herself from grief, He said: "She loves unspeakably, but her love is still encompassed by the body, therefore has she become like one quite out of her mind with pain." He spoke also of the treacherous scheming of Judas, and the Blessed Virgin implored mercy for him.

Judas, under pretense of attending to different affairs and of discharging certain debts, had again left Bethania and hurried to Jerusalem. Jesus, although He well knew what he was after, questioned

1. It is not clear whether Sister Emmerich meant to say that the material was transparent, or that she had seen through it with her mental gaze.

the nine Apostles about him.

Judas spent the whole day in running around among the Pharisees and concerting his plans with them. The soldiers that were to apprehend Jesus were even shown him, and he so arranged his journey to and fro as to be able to account for his absence. Just before it was time for the Paschal Supper, he returned to the Lord. I have seen all his thoughts and plans. When Jesus spoke about him to Mary, I saw many things connected with his character and behavior. He was active and obliging, but full of avarice, ambition, and envy, which passions he struggled not to control. He had even performed miracles and, in Jesus' absence, healed the sick. When Jesus made known to the Blessed Virgin what was about to happen to Him, she besought Him in touching terms to let her die with Him. But He exhorted her to bear her grief more calmly than the other women, telling her at the same time that He would rise again, and He named the spot upon which He would appear to her. This time she did not shed so many tears, though she was sad beyond expression and there was something awe-inspiring in her deep gravity. Like a devoted Son, Jesus thanked her for all her love. He embraced her with His right arm and pressed her to His breast. He told her that He would celebrate His Last Supper with her in spirit, and named the hour at which she should receive His Body and Blood. He afterward took a very affecting leave of them all, and gave them instructions on many points.

Toward noon, Jesus and the nine Apostles set out from Bethania for Jerusalem, followed by a band of seven disciples who, with the exception of Nathanael and Silas, were principally from Jerusalem and its neighborhood. I remember that John Mark and the son of the poor widow who on the Thursday before, that is, just eight days ago, had offered her mite when Jesus was teaching by the alms box in the

Temple, were among them. Jesus had received the youth into the number of His disciples a few days previously. The holy women followed later.

Jesus and His companions walked here and there around Mount Olivet, through the Valley of Josaphat, and even as far as Mount Calvary. During the whole walk, Jesus gave uninterrupted instructions. Among other things He told the Apostles that until now He had given them His bread and His wine, but that today He would give them His Flesh and His Blood. He would bestow upon them, He would make over to them, all that He had. While uttering these words, the countenance of the Lord wore a touching expression, as if He were pouring His whole soul out, as if He were languishing with love to give Himself to man. His disciples did not comprehend His words they thought that He was speaking of the Paschal lamb. No words can say how affectionate, how patient Jesus was in His last instructions both at Bethania and on His way to Jerusalem. The holy women arrived later at the house of Mary Marcus.

The seven disciples who had followed the Lord to Jerusalem did not make the journey with Him. They carried in bundles to the Coenaculum the robes necessary for the Paschal ceremonies. After depositing them in the anteroom, they proceeded to the house of Mary Marcus.

When Peter and John reached the Coenaculum with the chalice, which they had brought from Seraphia's, the mantles of ceremony were already lying in the anteroom whither they had been carried by the seven disciples and some of their companions. They had also draped the walls of the supper room, opened the apertures in the roof, and prepared three hanging lamps. This done, Peter and John went out to the Valley of Josaphat and summoned the Lord and the nine Apostles. The disciples and friends who were also to eat their Pasch in the Coenaculum came later.

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Jesus and His followers ate the Paschal lamb in the Coenaculum in three separate groups of twelve, each presided over by one who acted as host. Jesus and the Twelve Apostles ate in the hall itself; Nathanael with as many of the oldest disciples, in one of the side rooms; and in another with twelve more sat Eliacim, son of Cleophas and Mary Heli, and the brother of Mary Cleophas. He had been a disciple of John the Baptist. In one of the side buildings near the entrance into the court of the Coenaculum, the holy women took their meal.

Three lambs had been immolated and sprinkled for them in the Temple. But the fourth was slaughtered and sprinkled in the Coenaculum, and it was this that Jesus ate with The Twelve. Judas was not aware of this circumstance. He had been engaged in various business affairs, among which was the plot to betray the Lord, and consequently had arrived only a few moments before the repast, and after the immolation of the lamb had taken place.

The slaughter of the lamb for Jesus and the Apostles presented a scene most touching. It took place in the anteroom of the Coenaculum, Simeon's son, the Levite, assisting at it. The Apostles and disciples were present chanting the 118th Psalm. Jesus spoke of a new period then beginning, and said that the sacrifice of Moses and the signification of the Paschal lamb were about to be fulfilled, that on this account the lamb was to be immolated as formerly in Egypt, and that now in reality were they to go forth from the house of bondage.

All the necessary vessels and instruments were now prepared. Then a beautiful little lamb was brought in, around its neck a garland which was taken off and sent to the Blessed Virgin, who was at some distance with the other women. The lamb was then bound, its back to a little board, with a cord passed around the body. It reminded me of Jesus bound to the pillar. Simeon's son held the lamb's

head up, and Jesus stuck it in the neck with a knife, which He then handed to Simeon's son that he might complete the slaughter. Jesus appeared timid in wounding the lamb, as if it cost Him pain. His movement was quick, His manner grave. The blood was caught in a basin, and the attendants brought a branch of hyssop, which Jesus dipped into it. Then stepping to the door of the hall, He signed the two posts and the lock with the blood, and stuck the bloody branch above the lintel. He then uttered some solemn words, saying among other things: "The destroying angel shall pass by here. Without fear or anxiety, ye shall adore in this place when I, the true Paschal Lamb, shall have been immolated. A new era, a new sacrifice are now about to begin, and they shall last till the end of the world."

They then proceeded to the Paschal hearth at the end of the hall where formerly the Ark of the Covenant reposed. There they found a fire already lighted. Jesus sprinkled the hearth with blood, and consecrated it as an altar. The rest of the blood, along with the fat, was thrown into the fire under the altar, after which, followed by the Apostles, Jesus walked around the Coenaculum singing Psalms, and consecrated it as a new Temple. During this ceremony, the doors were closed.

Meanwhile Simeon's son had prepared the lamb. It was fixed upon a spit, the forelegs fastened to a crosspiece, and the hind ones to the spit. Ah! It looked so much like Jesus on the Cross! It was then, along with the three others that had been slaughtered in the Temple, placed in the oven to be roasted.

All the Paschal lambs of the Jews were immolated in the forecourt of the Temple, in one of three different places, according as their owners were rich, or poor, or strangers. That of Jesus was not slaughtered in the Temple, though He observed all other points of the Law most strictly. That lamb was only a figure. Jesus Himself would on the next day become



the true Paschal Lamb.

Jesus next gave the Apostles an instruction upon the Paschal lamb and the fulfillment of what it symbolized, and as the time was drawing near and Judas had returned, they began to prepare the tables. After that they put on the travelling dresses of ceremony, which were in the anteroom, and changed their shoes. The dress consisted of a white tunic like a shirt, and over it a mantle, shorter in front than in the back. The tunic was tucked up into the girdle, and the wide sleeves were turned up. Thus equipped, each set went to its own table: the two bands of disciples into the side halls, Jesus and the Apostles into the Coenaculum proper. Each took a staff in his hand, and then they walked in pairs to the table at which each stood in his place, his arms raised, and the staff resting upon one. Jesus stood in the center of the table. He had two small staves that the master of the feast had presented to Him. They were somewhat crooked on top, and looked like short shepherd crooks. On one side they had a hook, like a cut-off branch. Jesus stuck them into His girdle crosswise on His breast, and when praying, supported His raised arms on the hooks. It was a most touching sight to see Jesus leaning on these staves as He moved. It was as if He had the Cross, whose weight He would soon take upon His shoulders, now supporting Him under the arms. Meanwhile all were chanting, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel," "Praised be the Lord," etc. When the prayer was ended, Jesus gave one of the staves to Peter, the other to John. They put them aside, or passed them from hand to hand among the other Apostles, but what this signified, I cannot now recall.

The table was narrow and only high enough to reach one-half foot above the knee of a man standing by it. In form it was like a horseshoe; and opposite Jesus, in the inner part of the half-circle, there was a space left free for the serving of the dishes.

As far as I can remember, John, James the Greater, and James the Less stood on Jesus' right; then came Bartholomew, still on the right, but more toward the narrow end of the table; and round the corner at the inner side stood Thomas, and next to him Judas Iscariot. On Jesus' left were Peter, Andrew, and Thaddeus; then as on the opposite side, came Simon; and round at the inner side, Matthew and Philip.

In the center of the table lay the Paschal lamb on a dish, its head resting on the crossed forefeet, the hind feet stretched out at full length. All around the edge of the dish were little bunches of garlic. Nearby was another dish with the Paschal roast meat, and on either side a plate of green herbs. These latter were arranged in an upright position and so closely together that they looked as if they were growing. There was another plate with little bunches of bitter herbs that looked like aromatic herbs. Directly in front of Jesus' place stood a bowl of yellowish-green herbs, and another with some kind of a brownish sauce. Small round loaves served the guests for plates, and they made use of bone knives.

After the prayer, the master of the feast laid on the table in front of Jesus the knife for carving the Paschal lamb, placed a cup of wine before Him, and from a jug filled six other cups, each of which he set between two of the Apostles. Jesus blessed the wine and drank, the Apostles drinking two and two from one cup. The Lord cut up the Paschal lamb. The Apostles in turn reached their little loaves on some kind of an instrument that held them fast, and received each one a share. They ate it in haste, separating the flesh from the bone with their ivory knives, and the bones were afterward burned. They ate also, and that very quickly, the garlic and green herbs, first dipping them into the sauce. They ate the Paschal lamb standing, leaning a little on the back of the seats. Jesus then broke one of the loaves of unleavened bread, covered up one part of it, and

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divided the other among the Apostles. After that they ate the little loaves that had served as plates. Another cup of wine was brought, Jesus thanked, but drank not of it. He said: "Take this wine and divide it among you, for I shall henceforth drink no more wine, until the Kingdom of God cometh." After the Apostles had drunk, two and two, they chanted, and Jesus prayed and taught. After that they again washed their hands, and then reclined on the seats. During the preceding ceremony, they had been standing, or at least supporting themselves somewhat, and everything was done in haste. Jesus had also cut up another lamb, which was carried to the holy women in the side building where they were taking their meal. The Apostles partook of the herbs, the salad, and the sauce. Jesus was exceedingly serene and recollected, more so than I ever before saw Him. He bade the Apostles forget their cares. Even the Blessed Virgin was bright and cheerful as she sat at table with the women. It was very touching to see her turning so simply to the other women when, at times, they approached her and drew her attention by a little pull at her veil.

While the Apostles were eating the herbs, Jesus continued to converse with them still quite lovingly, though He afterward became grave and sad. He said: "One among you will betray Me—one whose hand is with Me in the dish." He was at that moment distributing one of the vegetables, namely, the lettuce of which there was only one dish. He was passing it down His own side, and He had directed Judas, who was sitting crosswise from Him, to distribute it on the other side. As Jesus made mention of a traitor, the Apostles became very much alarmed. Then He repeated: "One whose hand is with Me at table, or whose hand dips with Me into the dish," which was as much as to say: "One of The Twelve who are eating and drinking with Me—one with whom I am breaking My bread." By these words, Jesus did not

betray Judas to the others, for "to dip into the same dish" was a common expression significant of the most intimate friendship. Still Jesus intended by it to warn Judas, for He really was dipping His hand with him into the dish while distributing the lettuce. Later on, He said: "The Son of Man indeed goeth as it is written of Him, but woe to that man by whom the Son of Man shall be betrayed! It were better for him had he never been born."

At these words the Apostles became very much troubled, and asked in turn: "Lord, is it I?" for all knew well that they did not understand Him perfectly. Peter meantime, leaning behind Jesus toward John, motioned to him to ask the Lord who it was, for having often received reproofs from Jesus, he was anxious lest it might be himself. Now, John was reclining at Jesus' right, and as all were leaning on the left arm in order to eat with the right hand, John lay with his head close to Jesus' breast. At the sign from Peter, John approached his head to Jesus' breast, and asked: "Lord, who is it?"—at which word he was interiorly admonished that Jesus referred to Judas. I did not see Jesus saying with His lips: "He to whom I shall give the morsel dipped," and I cannot say whether or not He said it softly to John. But John understood it when Jesus, having dipped into the sauce the morsel of bread folded in lettuce, offered it affectionately to Judas, who too was asking, "Lord, is it I?" Jesus looked at him lovingly and answered in general terms. To give bread dipped was a mark of love and confidence, and Jesus did it with heartfelt love, to warn Judas and to ward off the suspicions of the others. But Judas was interiorly inflamed with rage. During the whole meal, I saw sitting at his feet a little monster, which frequently rose to his heart. I did not see John repeating to Peter what he had learned from Jesus, though I saw him setting his mind at rest by a glance.

## **6. The Washing of the Feet**

They arose from table and, while putting on and arranging their robes, as was the custom before solemn prayer, the master of the feast with two servants came in to take away the table and put back the seats. While this was being done, Jesus ordered some water to be brought Him in the anteroom, and the master again left the hall with his servants.

Jesus, standing in the midst of the Apostles, spoke to them long and solemnly. But I have seen and heard so many things that it is not possible for me to give the Lord's discourse exactly. I remember that He spoke of His Kingdom, of His going to His Father, and He told them that He would, before leaving them, give over to them all that He possessed. Then He gave them instructions upon penance, the knowledge and confession of sin, contrition, and justification. I felt that this bore some reference to the washing of the feet, and I saw that all, with the exception of Judas, acknowledged their sins with sorrow. This discourse was long and solemn. When it was ended, Jesus sent John and James the Less to bring the water from the anteroom, and directed the others to place the seats in a half-circle. Meantime, He Himself retired to the anteroom to lay aside His mantle, gird up His robe, and tie around Him a towel, one end of which He allowed to hang.

While these preparations were being made, the Apostles got into a kind of dispute as to who among them should have the first place, for as the Lord had expressly announced that He was about to leave them and that His Kingdom was near, they were strengthened anew in their idea that He had somewhere a secret force in reserve, and that He would achieve some earthly triumph at the very last moment.

Jesus, still in the anteroom, commanded John to take a basin, and James the Less a leathern bottle

of water. The latter carried the bottle before his breast, the spout resting on his arm. After He had poured some water from the bottle into the basin, Jesus bade the two follow Him into the hall in the center of which the master of the feast had set another large, empty basin.

Entering the hall in this order, Jesus in a few words reproved the Apostles for the strife that had arisen among them. He said among other things that He Himself was their servant, and that they should take their places on the seats for Him to wash their feet. They obeyed, observing the same order as at table. They sat on the backs of the seats, which were arranged in a half-circle, and rested their naked feet upon the seat itself. Jesus went from one to another and, from the basin held under them by John, with His hand scooped up water over the feet presented to Him. Then taking in both hands the long end of the towel with which He was girded, He passed it over the feet to dry them, and then moved on with James to the next. John emptied the water after each one into the large basin in the center of the room, and then returned to the Lord with the empty one. Then Jesus again poured water from the bottle held by James over the feet of the next, and so on.

During the whole of the Paschal Supper, the Lord's demeanor was most touching and gracious, and at this humble washing of His Apostles' feet, He was full of love. He did not perform it as if it were a mere ceremony, but like a sacred act of love springing straight from the heart. By it He wanted to give expression to the love that burned within.

When He came to Peter, the latter, through humility, objected. He said: "Lord, dost Thou wash my feet?" And the Lord answered: "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." And it appeared to me that He said to him in private: "Simon, thou hast deserved that My Father should reveal to thee who I am, whence I came, and whither

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I go. Thou alone hast known and confessed it, therefore I will build My Church upon thee, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. My power shall continue with thy successors till the end of the world." Here Jesus pointed to Peter while saying to the others: "Peter shall be My representative with you when I shall have gone from among you. He shall direct you and make known to you your mission." Then said Peter: "Never shalt Thou wash my feet!" And the Lord replied: "If I wash thee not, thou shalt have no part with Me!" Thereupon, Peter exclaimed: "Lord, wash me—not only my feet, but also my hands and my head!" To which Jesus replied: "He that is washed needeth not but to wash his feet, but is clean wholly. And you are clean, but not all." At these last words, Jesus was thinking of Judas.

In His instruction, Jesus had spoken of the washing of the feet as of a purification from daily faults, because the feet, coming in continual contact with the earth in walking, are constantly liable to become soiled. This was a spiritual foot-washing, a kind of absolution. Peter, however, in his zeal, looked upon it as too great a humiliation for his Master. He knew not that to save him, Jesus would the next day humble Himself for love of him to the shameful death of the Cross.

When Jesus washed Judas' feet, it was in the most touching and loving manner. He pressed them to His cheek and in a low tone bade him enter into himself, for that he had been unfaithful and a traitor for the past year. But Judas appeared not to notice, and addressed some words to John. This roused Peter's anger, and he exclaimed: "Judas, the Master is speaking to thee!" Then Judas made some vague, evasive remark, such as: "Lord, far be it from me!"

Jesus' words to Judas had passed unremarked by the other Apostles, for He spoke softly, and they did not hear. They were, besides, busy putting on their sandals. Judas' treachery caused Jesus more pain

than any other part of His Passion. Jesus then washed the feet of John and James; first those of the latter while Peter held the water bottle; then the former, for whom James held the basin.

Jesus next delivered an instruction upon humiliation. He told them that he who was the greatest among them should be the servant, and that for the future they should in humility wash one another's feet. Many other things He said bearing reference to their dispute as to who should be the greatest, as is recorded in the Gospel. Jesus now resumed the garments that He had laid aside, and the Apostles let down theirs that had been girded up for the eating of the Paschal lamb.

### **7. The Institution of the Most Blessed Sacrament**

At the command of the Lord, the master of the feast again set out the table, which he raised a little higher. It was placed in the middle of the room and covered with a cloth, over which two others were spread, one red, and the other white and transparent. Then the master set two jugs, one of water, the other of wine, under the table.

Peter and John now brought from the back part of the hall, where was the Paschal hearth, the chalice they had brought from Veronica's house. They carried it between them in its case, holding it on their hands, and it looked as if they were carrying a tabernacle. They placed the case on the table before Jesus. The plate with the ribbed Paschal loaves, thin and whitish, stood near under a cover, and the other half of the loaf that had been cut at the Paschal Supper was also on the table. There was a wine and water vessel, also three boxes, one with thick oil, another with liquid oil, and a third empty. A spatula, or flat knife, lay near.

The breaking and distributing of bread and drinking



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out of the same cup were customary in olden times at feasts of welcome and farewell. They were used as signs of brotherly love and friendship. I think there must be something about it in the Scriptures. Today Jesus elevated this custom to the dignity of the Most Holy Sacrament, for until now it was only a typical ceremony. One of the charges brought before Caiaphas on the occasion of Judas' treason was that Jesus had introduced something new into the Paschal ceremonies, but Nicodemus proved from Scripture that this was an ancient practice at farewell feasts.

Jesus' place was between Peter and John. The doors were closed, for everything was conducted with secrecy and solemnity. When the cover of the chalice had been removed and taken back to the recess in the rear of the Coenaculum, Jesus prayed and uttered some very solemn words. I saw that He was explaining the Last Supper to the Apostles, as also the ceremonies that were to accompany it. It reminded me of a priest teaching others the Holy Mass.

Jesus then drew from the flat board upon which the vessels stood a kind of shelf, took the white linen that was hanging over the chalice, and spread it on the shelf. I saw Him next take a round, flat plate from the chalice and place it on the covered shelf. Then taking the loaves from the covered plate nearby, He laid them on the one before Him. The loaves were four-cornered and oblong, in length sufficient to extend beyond the edge of the plate, though narrow enough to allow it to be seen at the sides.

Then He drew the chalice somewhat nearer to Himself, took from it the little cup that it contained, and set to the right and left the six smaller vessels that stood around it. He next blessed the Passover loaves and, I think, the oil also that was standing near, elevated the plate of bread with both hands, raised His eyes toward Heaven, prayed, offered, set it down on the table, and again covered it. Then taking

the chalice, He received into it wine and water, the former poured by Peter, and the latter by John. The water He blessed before it was poured into the chalice. He then added a little more water from the small spoon, blessed the chalice, raised it on high, praying and offering, and set it down again.

After that Jesus held His hands over the plate upon which the loaves had lain, while at His bidding Peter and John poured water on them; then with the spoon that He had taken from the foot of the chalice. He scooped up some of the water that had flowed over His own hands, and poured it upon theirs. Lastly, that same plate was passed around, and all the Apostles washed their hands in it. I do not know whether these ceremonies were performed in this precise order, but these and all the others that reminded me so much of the Holy Mass, I looked upon with deep emotion.

During all this time, Jesus was becoming more and more recollected. He said to the Apostles that He was now about to give them all that He possessed, even His very Self. He seemed to be pouring out His whole Being in love, and I saw Him becoming perfectly transparent. He looked like a luminous apparition.

In profound recollection and prayer, Jesus next broke the bread into several morsels and laid them one over another on the plate. With the tip of His finger, He broke off a scrap from the first morsel and let it fall into the chalice, and at the same moment I saw, as it seemed to me, the Blessed Virgin receiving the Blessed Sacrament, although she was not present in the Coenaculum. It seemed to me that I saw her enter at the door and come before the Lord to receive the Blessed Sacrament, after which I saw her no more.

Again Jesus prayed and taught. His words, glowing with fire and light, came forth from His mouth and entered into all the Apostles, excepting Judas.

He took the plate with the morsels of bread (I do not remember whether He had placed it on the chalice or not) and said, "Take and eat. This is My Body which is given for you." While saying these words, He stretched forth His right hand over it, as if giving a blessing, and as He did so, a brilliant light emanated from Him. His words were luminous as also the Bread, which as a body of light entered the mouth of the Apostles. It was as if Jesus Himself flowed into them. I saw all of them penetrated with light, bathed in light. Judas alone was in darkness. Jesus presented the Bread first to Peter, then to John,<sup>1</sup> and next made a sign to Judas, who was sitting diagonally from Him, to approach. Thus Judas was the third to whom Jesus presented the Blessed Sacrament, but it seemed as if the word of the Lord turned back from the mouth of the traitor. I was so terrified at the sight that I cannot describe my feelings. Jesus said to Judas: "What thou art about to do, do quickly." The Lord then administered the Blessed Sacrament to the rest of the Apostles, who came up two and two, each one holding for his neighbor a little, stiff cover with an ornamental edge that had lain over the chalice.

Jesus next raised the chalice by its two handles to a level with His face, and pronounced into it the words of consecration. While doing so, He was wholly transfigured and, as it were, transparent. He was as if passing over into what He was giving. He caused Peter and John to drink from the chalice while yet in His hands, and then He set it down. With the little spoon, John removed some of the Sacred Blood from the chalice to the small cups, which Peter handed to the Apostles who, two by two, drank from the same cup, Judas also (though of this I am not quite certain) partook of the chalice, but he did not

1. Sister Emmerich was not certain that the Blessed Sacrament was administered in the order mentioned above, for on another occasion she saw John receive last.

return to his place, for he immediately left the Coenaculum. The others thought that Jesus had given him some commission to execute. He left without prayer or thanksgiving. And here we may see what an evil it is to fail to give thanks for our daily bread and for the Bread that endures to life eternal. During the whole meal, I saw a little red monster with one foot like a bare bone sitting at Judas' feet and often rising up to his heart, but when outside the door, I saw three devils pressing around him. One entered into his mouth, one urged him on, and the third ran in front of him. It was night. They seemed to be lighting him as he hurried on like a madman.

The remains of the Sacred Blood in the chalice, the Lord poured into the small cup that fitted into it; then holding His fingers over the chalice, He bade Peter and John pour water and wine upon them. This ablution He gave to the two to drink from the chalice and, pouring what remained into the smaller cups, passed it down among the rest of the Apostles. After that Jesus wiped out the chalice, put into it the little cup with what was left of the Sacred Blood, laid upon it the plate with the remains of the consecrated Paschal Bread, replaced the cover, wrapped the whole in the linen cloth, and deposited it in its case among the smaller cups. After the Resurrection, I saw the Apostles partaking of Communion from this Bread and Wine consecrated by Jesus.

I do not remember having seen the Lord Himself receive the Sacred Species. I must have let that pass unnoticed. When He administered His Body and Blood to the Apostles, it appeared to me as if He emptied Himself, as if He poured Himself out in tender love. It is inexpressible. Neither did I see Melchisedech, when sacrificing bread and wine, receive it himself. It was given me to know why priests partake of the Sacrifice, although Jesus did not.

(While uttering these words, Sister Emmerich glanced quickly around, as if listening to someone.

She received an explanation on the above, but was able to communicate the following only:) Had angels been deputed to administer the Holy Eucharist, they would not receive It, but if priests did not partake of It, It would long since have been lost. It is by their participation that the Sacrament is preserved.

Jesus' movements during the institution of the Most Blessed Sacrament were measured and solemn, preceded and followed by explanations and instructions. I saw the Apostles after each noting down some things in the little parchment rolls that they carried about them. Jesus' turning to the right and left was full of gravity, as He always was when engaged in prayer. Every action indicated the institution of the Holy Mass. I saw the Apostles, when approaching one another and in other parts of it, bowing as priests are wont to do.

### **8. Private Instructions and Consecrations**

Jesus now gave to the Apostles an instruction full of mystery. He told them how they were to preserve the Blessed Sacrament in memory of Him until the end of the world, taught them the necessary forms for making use of and communicating It, and in what manner they were by degrees to teach and publish the Mystery. He told them likewise when they were to receive what remained of the consecrated Species, when to give some to the Blessed Virgin, and how to consecrate It themselves after He should have sent them the Comforter.

Then He instructed them upon the priesthood, the sacred unction, and the preparation of the Chrism and the Holy Oils.<sup>1</sup> Three boxes, two with a mixture

1. Some years after these communications of Sister Emmerich, the editor saw with surprise, in the Latin edition of the Roman Catechism (Mayence. Muller), p. 231, in reference to the holy Sacrament of Confirmation, that according to the tradition of the holy Pope Fabian, Jesus had at the institution of the Blessed Sacrament instructed the Apostles how to prepare the sacred Chrism. This Pope, in the 54th chapter of his second Epistle to the Bishops of the East, says: "Our predecessors received from the holy Apostles and delivered to us that the Lord Jesus Christ on

that day, after He had celebrated the Last Supper with His Apostles and washed their feet, taught them how to prepare the Holy Chrism."

of balsam and oil, also some raw cotton, stood near the chalice case. They were so formed as to admit being placed one on the other. Jesus taught many secret things concerning them: how to mix the ointment, what parts of the body to anoint, and upon what occasions. I remember among other things Jesus' mentioning a certain case in which the Blessed Sacrament could not be administered. Perhaps it was something bearing reference to Extreme Unction, though I do not now know clearly. He spoke of different kinds of anointing, among them that of kings. He said that even wicked kings who were anointed, possessed a certain interior and mysterious power that was wanting to others. Then Jesus put some of the viscous ointment and oil into the empty box and mixed them together, but I cannot say whether it was at this moment or at the consecration of the bread and wine that the Lord blessed the oil.

After that I saw Jesus anointing Peter and John, on whose hands, at the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, He had poured the water that had flowed over His own, and who had drunk from the chalice in His hand.

From the center of the table, where He was standing, Jesus stepped a little to one side and imposed hands upon Peter and John, first on their shoulders and then on their head. During this action, they joined their hands and crossed their thumbs. As they bowed low before Him (and I am not sure that they did not kneel) the Lord anointed the thumb and forefinger of each of their hands with Chrism, and made the Sign of the Cross with it on their head.

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He told them that this anointing would remain with them to the end of the world. James the Less, Andrew, James the Greater, and Bartholomew, were likewise consecrated. I saw too that the Lord twisted crosswise over Peter's breast the narrow scarf that he wore around his neck, but that on the others He drew it across the breast over the right shoulder and under the left arm. Still I do not remember clearly whether this took place at the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, or not till the anointing.

Then I saw—but how, I cannot say—that Jesus at this anointing communicated to the Apostles something essential, something supernatural. He told them also that after they should have received the Holy Ghost they were to consecrate bread and wine for the first time, and anoint the other Apostles. At these words of Jesus, I saw at a glance Peter and John, on the day of Pentecost and before the great Baptism, imposing hands upon the other Apostles, and eight days later upon several of the disciples. I saw also that John, after the Resurrection, gave the Most Blessed Sacrament to the Blessed Virgin for the first time. This event used to be commemorated by the Apostles as a feast. The Church no longer keeps it, but in the Church Triumphant I see the day still celebrated. In the first days after Pentecost, I saw only Peter and John consecrating the Most Blessed Sacrament; but later the others also consecrated.

The Lord blessed fire in a brass vessel. It burned ever after, even during the long absence of the Apostles. It was kept near the spot in which the Blessed Sacrament was deposited, in one division of the ancient Paschal hearth whence it was always removed for religious purposes.

All that Jesus did at the institution of the Blessed Eucharist and the anointing of the Apostles was done very secretly, and was later on taught as a Mystery. It has to this day remained essentially in



the Church, though she has, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, developed it according to her needs.

During the preparing and consecrating of the Holy Chrism, the Apostles lent their aid, and when Jesus anointed and imposed hands upon them, it was done with ceremony.

Whether Peter and John were both consecrated Bishops,<sup>2</sup> or Peter alone as Bishop and John as priest, and what dignity the four others received, Sister Emmerich forgot to state. But the different way in which the Lord arranged the narrow scarf on Peter and the others seems to indicate different degrees of consecration.

When these holy ceremonies were concluded, the chalice, near which stood the consecrated Chrism, was recovered, and the Blessed Sacrament carried by Peter and John into the back part of the room. This portion of the hall was cut off from the rest by a curtain that opened in the middle, and it now became the Holy of Holies. The Blessed Sacrament was deposited back of and a little above the Paschal oven. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus always took care of the Sanctuary and the Coenaculum in the Apostles' absence.

Jesus again delivered a long instruction and prayed several times with deep recollection. He often appeared to be conversing with His Heavenly Father, and to be overflowing with love and enthusiasm. The Apostles also were full of joy and zeal. They asked questions about different things, all of which Jesus answered. Of all this, I think many things are recorded in the Holy Scriptures. During this discourse Jesus addressed some words in private to Peter and John, who were sitting next to Him, in reference to some of His earlier instructions. They were to communicate them to the other Apostles,

2. After Pentecost she saw John imposing hands, therefore the first seems the more worthy of credit.

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and these in turn to the disciples and holy women, according to the capacity of each for such knowledge. He spoke for some time to John alone. Of this I remember only that Jesus told him that his life would be longer than that of the others, and that He said something about seven churches, something about crowns and angels and similar significant symbols by which, as well as I know, He designated certain epochs. The other Apostles felt slightly jealous at this special communication to John.

Jesus alluded several times to His traitor, saying, "Now he is doing this, now he is doing that," and as He spoke, I saw Judas doing just what He said. When Peter vehemently protested that he would certainly remain faithful to Him, Jesus said to him: "Simon, Simon! Behold Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for you that your faith fail not; and you, being once converted, confirm your brethren." When Jesus said that whither He was going, they could not follow, Peter again exclaimed that he would follow Him even unto death, Jesus replied: "Amen, amen, I say to thee, before the cock crow twice, thou wilt deny Me thrice!" When revealing to the Apostles the trying times they were to encounter, Jesus asked, "When I sent you without purse or scrip or shoes, did you want any thing?" They answered: "No!" Then He replied: "But now he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise a scrip; and he that hath not, let him sell his coat and buy a sword. For I say to you, that this that is written must yet be fulfilled in Me: And with the wicked was He reckoned. For the things concerning Me have an end."

The Apostles understood these words in a carnal sense, and Peter showed Him two swords, short and broad like cleavers.

Jesus said: "It is enough. Let us go hence!" Then they recited the hymn of thanksgiving, put aside the table, and went into the anteroom.

Here Jesus met His Mother, Mary Cleophas, and Magdalen, who besought Him imploringly not to go to the Mount of Olives, for it was reported that He would there be arrested. Jesus comforted them in a few words, and stepped quickly past them. It was then about nine o'clock. They went in haste down the road by which Peter and John had come up that morning to the Coenaculum, and directed their steps to Mount Olivet.

I have indeed always seen the Paschal Supper and the institution of the Blessed Sacrament take place as just related. But I have always been so deeply affected by it that I could remember only some part of the ceremony; now, however, I have seen it more distinctly. Such a sight exhausts beyond the power of words to say; for in it one beholds the recesses of hearts, one sees the love, the constancy of the Lord, and knows at the same time all that is to befall Him. It is altogether impossible under such circumstances to observe external actions closely. One is dissolved in admiration, thanksgiving, and love. One cannot comprehend the errors of others, while the ingratitude of mankind and the thought of one's own sins weigh heavily. The eating of the Paschal Lamb was performed by Jesus in haste and in perfect conformity to the Law. The Pharisees interspersed the ceremony with some observances of their own.

## **9. Jesus on the Mount of Olives**

When Jesus left the Coenaculum with The Eleven, His soul was already troubled and His sadness on the increase. He led The Eleven to the Mount of Olives by an unfrequented path through the Valley of Josaphat. As they left the house, I saw the moon, which was not yet quite full, rising above the mountain. While walking in the Valley of Josaphat with the Apostles, the Lord said that He would one day

return hither, though not poor and powerless as He then was, to judge the world. Then would men tremble with fear and cry out: "Ye mountains, cover us!" But the disciples understood Him not. They thought, as several times before during the evening, that from weakness and exhaustion He was wandering in speech. Sometimes they walked on, at others stood still talking to Him. He said to them: "All you shall be scandalized in Me this night. For it is written: I will strike the Shepherd, and the sheep of the flock will be dispersed. But after I shall be risen again, I will go before you into Galilee."

The Apostles were still full of the enthusiasm and devotion inspired by the reception of the Most Holy Sacrament, and the loving, solemn discourse of Jesus afterward. They crowded eagerly around Him and expressed their love in different ways, protesting that they never could, they never would, abandon Him. But as Jesus continued to speak in the same strain, Peter exclaimed: "Although all should be scandalized in Thee, I will never be scandalized in Thee!" The Lord replied: "Amen, I say to thee that in this night before the cock crow, thou wilt deny Me thrice." "Yea, though I should die with Thee, I will not deny Thee." And so said all the others. They walked and paused alternately, and Jesus' sadness continued to increase. The Apostles tried to dissipate it by human arguments, assuring Him that just the opposite of what He dreaded would take place. But finding their efforts vain and fruitless, they grew weary, and began already to doubt and fall into temptation.

They crossed the brook Cedron, but not by the bridge over which later on Jesus was led bound, for they had taken a byway. Gethsemani on Mount Olivet, whither they were going, was in a direct line one-half hour from the Coenaculum, for it was fifteen minutes from the Coenaculum to the valley of Josaphat, and the same distance from the latter to Gethsemani. This spot, in which during His last days

Jesus had sometimes passed the night with His Apostles and instructed them, consisted of a large pleasure garden surrounded by a hedge. It contained some magnificent shrubbery and a great many fruit trees. Outside the garden were a few deserted houses, open for any that might wish to lodge there. Several persons, as well as the Apostles, had keys to this garden, which was used both as a place of recreation and prayer. Oftentimes, too, people that had no gardens of their own gave there their feasts and entertainments. There were in it several arbors formed of dense foliage. The Garden of Olives was separated by a road from that of Gethsemani and was higher up the mountain. It was open, being surrounded by only a rampart of earth. It was smaller than the pleasure garden of Gethsemani, a retired corner of the mountain full of grottos, terraces, and olive trees. One side of it was kept in better order. There were seats and benches and roomy caverns, cheerful and cool. Whoever wished, might find here a place suited to prayer and meditation. The spot chosen by Jesus was the wildest.

It was about nine o'clock when Jesus reached Gethsemani with the disciples. Darkness had fallen upon the earth, but the moon was lighting up the sky. Jesus was very sad. He announced to the Apostles the approach of danger, and they became uneasy. Jesus bade eight of them to remain in the Garden of Gethsemani, where there was a kind of summer-house built of branches and foliage. "Remain here," He said, "while I go to My own place to pray." He took Peter, John, and James the Greater with Him, crossed the road, and went on for a few minutes, until He reached the Garden of Olives farther up the mountain. He was inexpressibly sad, for He felt His approaching agony and temptation. John asked how He, who had always consoled them, could now be so dejected. He replied: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death." He glanced around and on all sides saw

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anguish and temptation gathering about Him like dense clouds filled with frightful pictures. It was at that moment He said to the three Apostles: "Remain here and watch with Me. Pray lest ye enter into temptation!" and they stayed in that place. Jesus went a few steps forward. But the frightful visions pressed around Him to such a degree that, filled with alarm, He turned to the left from the Apostles and plunged down into a grotto formed by an overhanging rock. The Apostles remained in a hollow to the right above. The grotto in which Jesus concealed Himself was about six feet deep. The earth sank gently toward the back, and plants and shrubs hanging from the rocks towering over the entrance made it a place into which no eye could penetrate.

When Jesus left the Apostles, I saw a great number of frightful figures surrounding Him in an ever narrowing circle. His sorrow and anguish increased. He withdrew tremblingly into the back of the cave, like one seeking shelter from a violent tempest, and there He prayed. I saw the awful visions following Him into the grotto, and becoming ever more and more distinct. Ah! It was as if that narrow cave encompassed the horrible, the agonizing vision of all the sins, with their delights and their punishments, committed from the Fall of our first parents till the end of the world; for it was here on Mount Olivet that Adam and Eve, driven from Paradise, had first descended upon the inhospitable earth, and in that very grotto had they in fear and alarm bewailed their misery. I felt in a most lively manner that Jesus, in resigning Himself to the sufferings that awaited Him and sacrificing Himself to Divine Justice in satisfaction for the sins of the world, caused in a certain manner His Divinity to return into the Most Holy Trinity. This He did in order—out of infinite love, in His most pure and sensitive, His most innocent and true Humanity, supported by the love of His human Heart alone—

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to devote Himself to endure for the sins of the world the greatest excess of agony and pain. To make satisfaction for the origin and development of all kinds of sin and guilty pleasures, the most merciful Jesus, through love for us sinners, received into His own Heart the root of all expiatory reconciliation and saving pains. He allowed those infinite sufferings in satisfaction for endless sins, like a thousand branched tree of pain, to pierce through, to extend through all the members of His Sacred Body, all the faculties of His holy Soul. Thus entirely given up to His Humanity, He fell on His face, calling upon God in unspeakable sorrow and anguish. He saw in countless forms all the sins of the world with their innate hideousness. He took all upon Himself and offered Himself in His prayer to satisfy the justice of His Heavenly Father for all that guilt by His own sufferings. But Satan who, under a frightful form and with furious mockery, moved around among all this abomination, became at each moment more violently enraged against Him. He evoked before the eyes of His soul visions of the sins of men, one more frightful than the other, and constantly addressed to the Sacred Humanity of Jesus such words as, "What! Wilt Thou take this also upon Thyself? Art Thou ready to endure its penalty? How canst Thou satisfy for this?"

From that point in the heavens in which the sun appears between ten and eleven in the morning, a narrow path of light streamed toward Jesus, and on it I saw a file of angels coming down to Him. They imparted to Him fresh strength and vigor. The rest of the grotto was filled with the frightful and horrible visions of sin, and with the evil spirits mocking and tempting. Jesus took all upon Himself. In the midst of this confusion of abomination, His Heart, the only one that loved God and man perfectly, shrank in terror and anguish from the horror, the burden of all those sins. Ah, I saw there so many things! A

whole year would not suffice to relate them!

When now this enormous mass of sin and inequity had passed before the soul of Jesus in an ocean of horrible visions and He had offered Himself as the expiatory sacrifice for all, had implored that all their punishment and chastisement might fall upon Him, Satan, as once before in the desert, brought forward innumerable temptations; yes, he even dared to allege a crowd of accusations against the innocent Saviour Himself. "What!" said he to Him, "wilt Thou take all this upon Thee, and Thou art not pure Thyself? See, here and here and here!" and he unfolded all kinds of forged bonds and notes before Him, and with infernal impudence held them up under His eyes. He reproached Him with all the faults of His disciples, all the scandal they had given, all the disturbances and disorder He had caused in the world by abolishing ancient customs. Satan acted like the most crafty and subtle Pharisee. He reproached Jesus with causing Herod's massacre of the Holy Innocents, with exposing His parents to want and danger in Egypt, with not having rescued John the Baptist from death, with bringing about disunion in many families, with having protected degraded people, refusing to cure certain sick persons, with injuring the Gergeseans by permitting the possessed to overturn their vats and their swine to rush into the sea. He accused Him of the guilt of Mary Magdalen, since He had not prevented her relapse into sin; of neglecting His own family; of squandering the goods of others; and, in one word, all that the tempter would at the hour of death have brought to bear upon an ordinary mortal who, without a high and holy intention, had been mixed up in such affairs, Satan now suggested to the trembling soul of Jesus with the view of causing Him to waver. It was hidden from him that Jesus was the Son of God, and he tempted Him as merely the most righteous of men. Yes, our Divine Redeemer permitted,



in a certain measure, His most holy Humanity to veil His Divinity, that He might endure those temptations that come upon the holiest souls at the hour of death respecting the intrinsic merit of their good works. That He might drain the chalice of suffering, He permitted the tempter, from whom His Divinity was hidden, to upbraid Him with His works of beneficence as so many sins incurring penalty and not yet blotted out by the grace of God. The tempter reproached Him likewise for desiring to atone for the sins of others, although He was Himself without merit and had not yet made satisfaction to God for the grace of many a so-called good work. The Divinity of Jesus allowed the wicked fiend to tempt His Sacred Humanity just as he would tempt a man who might have ascribed his good works to some special merit of their own, independent of that which they can acquire by being united with the merits of the saving death of our Lord and Saviour. Thus the tempter called up before Jesus all the works of His love as not only without merit for Himself, but as so many crimes against God; and as their value was, in a certain measure, derived from the merits of His Passion not yet perfected and of whose worth Satan was ignorant, therefore for the grace by which He effected them He had not yet made satisfaction. For all His good works, Satan showed Jesus written bonds, telling Him as he pointed to them: "For this action and for this also, hast Thou incurred indebtedness." At last he unrolled before Him a note that He had received from Lazarus for the sale of Magdalen's property in Magdalum, and the proceeds of which He had expended. Satan accompanied the action with these words: "How darest Thou squander the property of others and thereby injure the family?" I saw in vision all those things for which the Lord offered Himself in atonement, and with Him I bore the burden of many of the accusations that the tempter made against Him;

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for among those visions of the sins of the world that the Saviour took upon Himself, I saw my own numerous transgressions. From the cloud of temptations that encircled Jesus, I saw a stream flow toward myself, and in it were shown me, to my great consternation, all my defects of omission and commission. Still, I kept my eyes turned toward my Heavenly Bridegroom, I struggled and prayed with Him, and with Him I turned to the consoling angels. Ah! The Lord writhed like a worm under the weight of His sorrow and agony.

It was with the greatest difficulty that I restrained myself while all these charges were brought against the innocent Saviour. I was so enraged against Satan. But when he exhibited the note holding Jesus amenable for distributing the proceeds of Magdalen's property, I could no longer subdue my anger, and I exclaimed: "How canst thou charge Jesus with the sale of Magdalen's property as with a crime? I saw myself how the Lord devoted that sum received from Lazarus to works of mercy, how He released with it twenty-seven poor, abandoned creatures held prisoners for debt at Tirzah."

At first Jesus knelt calmly in prayer, but after awhile His soul shrank in affright from the multitude and heinousness of man's sins and ingratitude against God. So overpowering was the sadness, the agony of heart which fell upon Him that, trembling and shuddering, He prayed imploringly: "Abba, Father, if it be possible, remove this chalice from Me! My Father, all things are possible to Thee. Take this chalice from Me!" Then recovering Himself, He added: "But not what I will, but what Thou wilt." His will and the Father's were one. But now that through love He had delivered Himself up to the weakness of His human nature, He shuddered at the thought of death.

I saw the grotto around Him filled with frightful figures. I saw the sins, the wickedness, the vices,

the torments, the ingratitude of men torturing and crushing Him, and the horror of death, the terror that He experienced as Man at the greatness of the expiatory sufferings soon to come upon Him, I saw pressing around Him and assailing Him under the form of the most hideous specters. Wringing His hands, He swayed from side to side, and the sweat of agony covered Him. He trembled and shuddered. He arose, but His trembling knees could scarcely support Him. His countenance was quite disfigured and almost unrecognizable. His lips were white, and His hair stood on end. It was about half-past ten o'clock when He staggered to His feet and, bathed in sweat and often falling, tottered rather than walked to where the three disciples were awaiting Him. He ascended to the left of the grotto and up to a terrace upon which they were resting near one another supported on their arm, the back of one turned toward the breast of his neighbor. Exhausted with fatigue, sorrow, and anxiety under temptation, they had fallen asleep. Jesus went to them like a man overwhelmed with sorrow whom terror drives to the company of his friends, and also like a faithful shepherd who, though himself trembling to the utmost, looks after his herd which he knows to be in danger, for He knew that they too were in anguish and temptation. All along this short distance, I saw that the frightful forms never left Him. When He found the Apostles sleeping, He clasped His hands and, sinking down by them from grief and exhaustion, He said: "Simon, sleepest thou?" At these words, they awoke and raised Him up. In His spiritual dereliction, He said: "What! Could ye not watch one hour with Me?" When they found Him so terrified and disfigured, so pale, trembling, and saturated with sweat, shuddering and shaking, His voice feeble and stammering, they were altogether at a loss what to think. Had He not appeared surrounded by the light so well known to them, they would not have recognized

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Him as Jesus. John said to Him: "Master! What has befallen Thee? Shall I call the other disciples? Shall we take to flight?" Jesus answered: "Were I to live, teach, and work miracles for thirty-three years longer, it would not suffice for the accomplishment of what I have to fulfill before this time tomorrow. Do not call The Eight! I have left them where they are, because they could not see Me in this suffering state without being scandalized at Me. They would fall into temptation, forget many things that I have said to them, and lose confidence in Me. But you who have seen the Son of Man transfigured, may also see Him in this hour of darkness and complete dereliction of soul; nevertheless watch and pray, lest ye fall into temptation, for the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." These last words referred both to Himself and to the Apostles. Jesus wished by them to exhort His followers to perseverance, and to make known to them the struggle of His human nature against death, together with the cause of His weakness. In His overpowering sorrow, He said many other things to them, and remained with them about a quarter of an hour.

Jesus returned to the grotto, His anguish on the increase. The Apostles, seeing Him leave them thus, stretched out their hands after Him, wept, threw themselves into one another's arms, and asked: "What does this mean? What is the matter with Him? He is perfectly desolate!" And then covering their heads, they began in great anxiety to pray. All thus far related occupied about one hour and a half counting from Jesus' entrance into the Garden of Olives. In the Scripture it does, indeed, say: "Could you not watch one hour with Me?" But these words are not to be taken according to our measure of time. The three Apostles who were with Jesus had prayed at first and then slept, for, owing to distrusted speeches, they had fallen into temptation. The Eight however, who had remained at the entrance, did not

sleep. The anxiety that marked all of Jesus' last actions on that evening greatly disquieted them, and they wandered around Mount Olivet seeking a hiding place for themselves.

There was little bustle in Jerusalem on this evening. The Jews were in their homes busied with preparations for the feast. The lodgings for the Paschal guests were not in the neighborhood of the Mount of Olives. As I went to and fro on the road, I saw here and there friends and disciples of Jesus walking together and conversing. They appeared to be uneasy and in expectation of something. The Mother of the Lord, with Magdalen, Martha, Mary Cleophas, Mary Salome, and Salome had gone from the Coenaculum to the house of Mary Marcus. Alarmed at the reports that she had heard, Mary and her friends went on toward the city to get some news of Jesus. Here they were met by Lazarus, Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, and some relatives from Hebron, who sought to comfort Mary in her great anxiety. These friends knew of Jesus' earnest discourse in the Coenaculum, some from being themselves present in the side buildings, others from having been informed of it by the disciples; but although they questioned some Pharisees of their acquaintance, yet they heard of no immediate steps against Our Lord. They said, therefore, "The danger is not so great. And besides, the enemies of Jesus would make no attempt against Him so near to the feast." They did not know of Judas' treachery. Mary told them how restless he had been during the past few days, and of his sudden departure from the Coenaculum. He had certainly gone with treacherous intentions, for, as she said, she had often warned him that he was a son of perdition. The holy women returned to the house of Mary Marcus.

When Jesus went back into the grotto carrying His load of sadness with Him, He cast Himself face downward on the ground, His arms extended, and

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prayed to His Heavenly Father. And now began for His soul a new struggle, which lasted three quarters of an hour. Angels came and showed Him in a long series of visions and in all its' extent what He would have to endure for the atonement of sin. They showed the beauty and excellence of man, the image of God, before the Fall, along with his deformity and corruption after the Fall. They showed how every sin originates from that first sin; they pointed out the essence and signification of concupiscence, its terrible effects upon the powers of the soul, as well as upon the physical well-being of man; also the essence and signification of all the sufferings entailed as chastisements by that same lusting after pleasure. They showed Him, in the expiatory sufferings that awaited Him, first a suffering that would reach to both body and soul, a punishment that would comprehend in its intensity all the penalty due to Divine Justice for all the sins of the whole human race. Secondly, they showed Him a suffering which, in order to be satisfactory, should chastise the crimes of the whole human race in that Humanity which alone was sinless—namely, the Most Sacred Humanity of the Son of God. That Sacred Humanity, through love, assumed all the guilt of mankind with the penalty due to it; consequently, It had also to gain the victory over man's abhorrence of pain and death. All this the angels showed Jesus, sometimes appearing in whole choirs and exhibiting row after row of pictures, and sometimes displaying only the principal features of His Passion. I saw them pointing with raised finger to the visions as they appeared, and without hearing any voice, I understood what they said.

No tongue can express the horror, the anguish that overwhelmed the soul of Jesus at the sight of these visions of expiatory suffering. He understood not only the consequence of every species of concupiscence, but also its own peculiar expiatory chastisement,

the significance of all the instruments of torture connected with it; so that not only the thought of the instrument made Him shudder, but also the sinful rage of him that invented it, the fury and wickedness of all that had ever used it, and the impatience of all, whether innocent or guilty, who had been tortured with it. All these tortures and afflictions Jesus perceived in an interior contemplation, and the sight filled Him with such horror that a bloody sweat started from the pores of His sacred Body.

While the adorable Humanity of Christ was thus agonizing and writhing under this excess of suffering, I saw among the angels a feeling of compassion for Him. There seemed to be a pause, in which they appeared desirous of giving Him consolation, and I saw them praying to that effect before the throne of God. For an instant, there seemed to be a struggle between the mercy and the justice of God and that love which was sacrificing itself. I had also a vision of God not as before seated upon His throne, but in a less clearly defined, though luminous, figure. I saw the divine nature of the Son in the Person of the Father and, as it were, withdrawn into His bosom. The Person of the Holy Ghost was proceeding from the Father and the Son. He was, as it were, between them, and yet there was only one God. But who can speak of such things? I had more an interior perception of all this than a vision under human forms. In it I was shown that the Divine Will of Christ withdrew more into the Father in order to permit His Most Sacred Humanity to suffer all those things for whose mitigation and warding off the human will struggled and prayed in agony; so that the Godhead of Christ being one with the Father, all that for whose removal His Manhood prayed to the Father, should weigh upon His Humanity alone. I saw all this at the instant of the angels' sympathetic emotion, when they conceived the desire to

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console Jesus, who did in fact, at that same moment, receive some alleviation. But now these visions disappeared, and the angels with their soothing compassion retired from the Lord, to whose soul a new sphere of agony more violent even than the last opened up.

When the Redeemer on Mount Olivet, as a true and real human being, delivered Himself to the temptation of human abhorrence against suffering and death; when He took upon Himself also the vanquishing of that abhorrence, the endurance of which forms a part of every suffering, the tempter was permitted to do to Him what he does to every mortal who desires to offer himself a sacrifice in any holy cause. In the first part of the Lord's agony, Satan with furious mockery set before Him the immensity of the debt that He was about assuming, and he carried the temptation so far as to represent the actions of the Redeemer Himself as not free from faults. After that, in this second agony, there was displayed before Jesus in all its greatness and intrinsic bitterness the expiatory suffering necessary to discharge that immense debt. This was shown Him by the angels, for it belongs not to Satan to show that expiation is possible. The Father of lies and despair never exhibits to men the works of divine mercy. But when Jesus, with heartfelt abandonment to the will of His Heavenly Father, had victoriously resisted these assaults, a succession of new and terrifying visions passed before His soul. He experienced that uneasiness felt by every human heart on the point of making some great sacrifice. The questioning doubt: What advantage, what return shall I reap from this sacrifice? arose in the soul of the Lord, and the sight of the awful future overwhelmed His loving Heart.

Upon the first man God sent a deep sleep, opened his side, took out one of his ribs, formed from it Eve, the first woman, the mother of all the living, and conducted her to Adam. Receiving her from God,



Adam exclaimed: "This now is bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh. The man shall leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they shall be two in one flesh." This is the marriage of which it is written: "This is a great Sacrament, I speak in Christ and in the Church." Christ, the new Adam, was pleased to permit a sleep, the sleep of death, to come upon Him on the Cross. He permitted, likewise, His side to be opened that the new Eve, His virginal Bride, the Church, the Mother of all the living, might be formed from it. He willed to give her the Blood of Redemption, the water of purification, and His own Spirit, the three that render testimony upon earth. He willed to bestow upon her the holy Sacraments in order that she should be a Bride pure, holy, and undefiled. He willed to be her head and we the members, bone of His bone and flesh of His flesh. In taking human nature and willing to suffer death for us, He too left Father and Mother to cleave to His Bride, the Church. He has become one flesh with her, nourishing her with the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, in which He unceasingly espouses us. He wills to remain on earth with His Bride, the Church, until we shall all in her be united to Him in Heaven. He has said: "The gates of Hell shall not prevail against her." To exercise this immeasurable love for sinners, the Lord became man and the brother of sinners, that He might thus take upon Himself the punishment of all their guilt. He had indeed contemplated with anguish the immensity of that guilt and the greatness of the expiatory sufferings due to them, but at the same time He had offered Himself joyfully as a victim of expiation to the will of His Heavenly Father. Now, however, He beheld the sufferings, temptations, and wounds of the future Church, His Bride, which He had purchased at so dear a price, that of His own Blood, and He saw the ingratitude of man.

Before the soul of the Lord there passed in review

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all the future sufferings of His Apostles, disciples, and friends, and the small number of the primitive Church. As her numbers increased, He saw heresies and schisms entering her fold, and the sin of Adam repeated by pride and disobedience in all forms of vanity and delusive self-righteousness. The tepidity, the malice, the wickedness of innumerable Christians; the manifold lies, the deceptive subtlety of all proud teachers; the sacrilegious crimes of all wicked priests with their frightful consequences; the abomination of desolation in the Kingdom of God upon earth, in the sanctuary of the thankless human race whom, amid inexpressible sufferings, He was about to redeem with His Blood and His life.

The scandals of the ages down to our own day and even to the end of the world, I saw pass before Jesus' soul in an immense succession of visions: all forms of error, proud fallacies, mad fanaticism, false prophecies, obstinate heresies, all kinds of wickedness. The apostates, the self-righteous, the teachers of error, the pretended reformers, the corrupters and the corrupted of all ages, mocked and tormented Him for not having been crucified according to their ideas, for not having died comfortably on the Cross according to their desires, according to their fancy or caprice. They tore and divided the seamless robe of the Church. Each wanted to have a Redeemer other than He who had delivered Himself through love. Countless numbers ill-treated Him, mocked Him, disowned Him. He saw countless others who, disdainfully shrugging their shoulders and wagging their heads at Him, avoided His arms stretched out to save them and hurried on to the abyss which swallowed them up. He saw innumerable others who dared not openly deny Him, but who turned away in disgust from the wounds of His Church, which they themselves had helped to inflict. They were like the Levite passing by the poor man that had fallen among robbers. Jesus saw them abandoning His

wounded Bride like cowardly, faithless children who forsake their mother in the dead of night at the approach of the thieves and murderers to whom they themselves had opened the door. He saw them hastening after the booty that had been conveyed into the wilderness, the golden vessels and the broken necklaces. He saw them pitching their tents under the wild offshoots, far away from the true vine. He saw them like wandering sheep becoming the prey of wolves, and led into unwholesome pasturage by base hirelings, instead of going into the sheepfold of the Good Shepherd who gave His life for His sheep. He saw them straying homeless, willfully closing their eyes to His city placed high upon a mountain, and which could not remain hid. He saw them scattered in the desert, driven hither and thither by changing winds among the sand drifts; but they would not see the house of His Bride, the Church, built upon a rock, with which He had promised to abide till the end of time, and against which the gates of Hell shall never prevail. They would not enter through the narrow gate, because they were not willing to bend their neck. He saw them following leaders who would conduct them anywhere and everywhere, but not to the true door. They built upon the sand perishable huts of all kinds, without altar or sacrifice, the roofs surmounted by weathercocks, according to which their doctrines were ever changing; consequently they were ever in opposition to one another, they understood not one another, they had no fixed state. He saw them, time and again, pulling down their huts and hurling the fragments against the cornerstone of the Church which, however, stood unshaken. He saw many among them, although darkness reigned in their dwellings, neglecting to go to the light that was placed on the candlestick in the house of the Bride. They wandered with closed eyes around the enclosed gardens of the Church by whose perfumes alone they still lived.

They stretched out their arms after shadowy forms and followed wandering stars that guided them to wells without water. When on the very brink of the precipice, they heeded not the voice of the Bride calling them and, though dying with hunger, proudly and pityingly derided the servants and messengers sent to invite them to the marriage feast. They would not enter the garden, for they feared the thorns of the hedge. The Lord saw them hungering and thirsting, but without wheat or wine. They were intoxicated with self-esteem and blinded by their own lights, wherefore they persisted in declaring that the Church of the Word made Flesh is invisible. Jesus beheld all, grieved over all, and longed to suffer for all, even for those that do not see Him, that do not carry their cross after Him in His Bride, to whom He gives Himself in the Most Holy Sacrament; in His City built upon a mountain, and which cannot remain hidden; in His Church founded upon a rock and against which the gates of Hell cannot prevail.

All these innumerable visions upon the ingratitude of men and their abuse of the atoning death of my Heavenly Bridegroom I saw passing before the agonized soul of the Lord, sometimes in changing pictures, and again in painful reproductions of the same. I saw Satan under many frightful forms, dragging away and strangling under the eyes of the Lord, men redeemed by His Blood; yes, even those anointed by His Sacrament. Jesus beheld with bitter anguish all the ingratitude, the corruption of Christendom past, present, and future. While these visions were passing before Him, the voice of the tempter of His Humanity was constantly heard whispering: "See! Canst Thou undergo such sufferings in the sight of such ingratitude?" These words, added to the mockery and the abominations that He beheld in the rapidly changing visions, pressed with such violence upon Him that His most Sacred Humanity

was crushed under a weight of unspeakable agony. Christ, the Son of Man, writhed in anguish and wrung His hands. As if overwhelmed, He fell repeatedly on His knees, while so violent a struggle went on between His human will and His repugnance to suffer so much for so thankless a race, that the sweat poured from Him in a stream of heavy drops of blood to the ground. Yes, He was so oppressed that He glanced around as if seeking help, as if calling upon Heaven and earth and the stars of the firmament to witness His anguish. It seemed to me that I heard Him crying out: "Ah, is it possible that such ingratitude can be endured! Witness ye My extreme affliction!"

At that moment, the moon and the stars appeared suddenly to draw nearer to the earth, and I felt in that same moment that the night became brighter. I noticed on the moon what I had not seen before. It looked quite different. It was not yet quite full, though it appeared to be larger than it does to us. In its center, I saw a dark spot. It looked like a flat disc lying before it. In the center of this disc, there appeared to be an opening through which streamed light to the moon not yet full. The dark spot was like a mountain, and all around the moon was a circle of light like a rainbow.

In His sore distress, Jesus raised His voice for some instants in loud cries of anguish. I saw that the three Apostles sprang up in fright. With raised hands, they listened to Jesus' cries and were on the point of hastening to Him. But Peter stopped James and John, saying: "Stay here! I will go to Him." And I saw him hurrying forward and entering the grotto. "Master," he cried, "what has happened to Thee?"—but he paused in terror at the sight of Jesus bathed in blood and trembling with fear. Jesus made no answer, and appeared not to notice Peter. Then Peter returned to the other two, and reported that Jesus had answered him only by sighs and groans. This

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news increased the sorrow and anxiety of the Apostles. They covered their heads and sat weeping and praying with many tears.

I turned again to my Heavenly Bridegroom in His bitter agony. The frightful visions of the ingratitude and the misdeeds of future generations whose debt He was taking upon Himself, whose chastisement He was about to endure, overwhelmed Him with their ever-increasing multitude and horror. His struggle against the repugnance of His human nature for suffering continued, and several times I heard Him cry out: "Father, is it possible to endure all this? O Father, if this chalice cannot pass from Me, may Thy will be done!"

Among this throng of apparitions typical of the outrages offered to Divine Mercy, I saw Satan under various abominable forms, each bearing reference to the species of guilt then exhibited. Sometimes he appeared as a great black figure in human shape, and again as a tiger, a fox, a wolf, a dragon, a serpent; not that he really took any of these forms, but he displayed the chief characteristics of their nature joined to other hideous appearances. There was nothing in them that perfectly resembled any creature. They were symbols of discord, of abomination, of contradiction, of horror, of sin—in a word, they were diabolical shapes. And by these hellish forms, Jesus beheld innumerable multitudes of men urged on, seduced, strangled, and torn to pieces—men for whose redemption from the power of Satan, He was about to enter upon the way that led to the bitter death of the Cross. At first I saw the serpent but seldom, but toward the last I beheld it in gigantic form, a crown upon its head. With terrible might and leading after it immense legions of human beings from every condition of life and of every race, it prepared to attack Jesus. Armed with all kinds of engines and destructive weapons, they struggled for some moments among themselves, and then with frightful

fury turned the attack upon Jesus. It was an awful spectacle. Their weapons, their swords and spears, rose and fell like flails on a boundless thrashing floor, and they raged against the Heavenly Grain of Wheat that had come upon earth to die in order to feed mankind eternally with the Bread of Life.

I saw Jesus in the midst of these raging multitudes, many of whom appeared to me blind. He was as much affected by the sight as if their weapons really descended upon Him. I saw Him staggering from side to side, sometimes standing upright, and then falling to the ground. The serpent formed the central figure in this army, which it constantly led forward to new attacks. It lashed its tail around on all sides, and all whom it felled to the earth or enveloped in its coils it strangled, tore to pieces, or devoured. Upon this I received an instruction that these multitudes that were thus tearing Jesus to pieces represented the countless number of those that in divers ways ill-treat Him who, in His Divinity and Humanity, Body and Soul, Flesh and Blood under the forms of bread and wine in the Most Blessed Sacrament, dwells ever present in that Mystery as their Redeemer. Among these enemies of Jesus, I recognized the offences of all kinds committed against the Blessed Sacrament, that living Pledge of His uninterrupted personal Presence with the Catholic Church. I saw with horror all the outrages springing from neglect, irreverence, and omission, as also those of abuse and the most awful sacrilege. I saw those that arose from the worship of the gods of this world, from spiritual darkness and false, superficial knowledge, from error, incredulity, fanaticism, hatred, and bloody persecution. I saw all kinds of people among these enemies: the blind and the lame, the deaf and the dumb, and children. There were blind who would not see the truth; the lame through sloth, who would not follow it; the deaf who would not listen to its warnings or its threats; the dumb who

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would never, with the sword of the word, take up their Lord's defense; and in fine, children spoiled by following worldly minded and God-forgetting parents and teachers, who were fed on earthly pleasure, who were intoxicated with empty knowledge, and who loathed divine things, though starving without them. Among these children (the sight of whom grieved me especially, because Jesus so loved children), I noticed in particular many badly instructed, badly reared, and irreverent acolytes who do not honor Christ in the Holy Mass. Their guilt falls partly upon their teachers and the careless sacristans. But with terror I saw that many of the priests themselves, both of high and low degree—yes, even some that esteem themselves full of faith and piety—contribute their share toward outraging Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Of the many whom, to my great sorrow, I thus saw, I shall say a word of warning to one class only, and it is this: I saw numbers that believe, adore, and teach the Presence of the Living God in the Most Blessed Sacrament, yet who do not sufficiently take it to heart. They forget, they neglect, the palace, the throne, the canopy, the seat, and the royal adornments of the King of Heaven and earth, that is, the church, the altar, the tabernacle, the chalice, the monstrance of the living God, along with all the vessels, the furniture, the decorations, the festal robes, and all that is used in His worship, or the adornment of His house. All things were ignominiously covered with dust and rust, moldering away and, through long years of neglect, falling to ruin. The service of the living God was shamefully neglected, and where it was not inwardly profaned, it was outwardly dishonored. Nor did all this arise from real poverty, but from indifference and sloth, from following old customs, from preoccupation of mind with vain, worldly affairs, and often too from self-seeking and spiritual death. I saw neglect of this kind in rich churches and in others tolerably well-off. Yes, I saw many in



which worldly love of splendor and tinsel finery had replaced the magnificent and appropriate adornments of a more devout age. What the rich in ostentatious arrogance do, the poor foolishly aim at in their poverty and simplicity. This recalls to me our poor convent chapel in which the beautiful old stone altar had been covered with wood veined to imitate marble, a fact that always gave me sorrow.

These visions of the outrages offered to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament I saw multiplied by innumerable church wardens who were totally deficient in their sense of equity, who failed to share at least what they had with their Redeemer present upon the altar, although He had delivered Himself to death for them, although He remains for them hidden in the Sacrament. Even the poorest creatures are often better off than the Lord of Heaven and earth in His churches. Ah, how deeply did the inhospitality of men trouble Jesus, who had given Himself to them as Food! Truly, riches are not necessary to entertain Him who rewards a thousand fold the glass of cold water given to the thirsty! And how great is His thirst for us! Ought He not to complain when water swarming with worms is offered Him in impure glasses? By such neglect, I saw the weak scandalized, the sanctuary profaned, the churches abandoned, the ministers of religion despised. This state of impurity and negligence sometimes extended even to the souls of the Faithful. They kept not the tabernacle of their hearts purer to receive therein the living God than was the tabernacle of the altar. For the fawning eye-service of princes and lords of the world, and to indulge their caprice and worldly designs, I saw every means carefully and actively resorted to by these unenlightened ecclesiastics, while the King of Heaven and earth lay like another Lazarus outside the gate, vainly sighing after the crumbs of love denied Him. He has nothing but the Wounds which we have inflicted upon Him and which the dogs lick,

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namely, ever-relapsing sinners who like dogs vomit and return to their food.

Were I to talk a whole year, it would not suffice to recount the different outrages committed against Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament made known to me in this way. I saw the offenders in immense crowds with weapons corresponding to the species of crime perpetrated by them, assaulting the Lord and striking Him to the ground. I saw irreverent sacristans of all centuries, light-minded, sinful, worthless priests offering the Holy Sacrifice and distributing the Blessed Sacrament, and multitudes of tepid and unworthy communicants. I saw countless numbers to whom the Source of all blessing, the Mystery of the living God, had become an oath or a curse expressive of anger, and furious soldiers and servants of the devil who profaned the sacred vessels, who threw away the Most Blessed Sacrament, who horribly outraged It, or who dishonored It in their frightful, hellish worship of false gods. Side by side with these hideous, barbarous cruelties, I saw innumerable other forms of godlessness more refined and subtle, but not less atrocious. I saw many souls, owing to bad example and perfidious teachers, losing their faith in Jesus' promises to remain always in the Blessed Sacrament, and no longer humbly adoring their Saviour therein present. I saw in this multitude a great many sinful teachers who became teachers of error. They first struggled against one another, and then united against Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament of His Church. I saw a great crowd of these apostate heresiarchs disdainfully rejecting the priesthood of the Church, attacking and denying Jesus Christ's presence in the Mystery of the Blessed Sacrament in the manner in which He Himself gave this Mystery to the Church, which has truly preserved It. By their seductive words, they tore from the Heart of Jesus countless numbers for whom He had shed His Blood. Ah! It was fearful to look upon! For I saw the Church as the Body of

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Jesus, its scattered members all knitted together by Him in His bitter Passion. I saw all those people, all those families with their descendants that had separated from the Church, torn away from Jesus like entire pieces mangled and most painfully rent from His living flesh. Ah! He glanced at them so pitifully, He moaned so gently! He who, in order to unite to the body of His Church, to the body of His Bride, men so separated, so divided from one another, had given Himself in the Blessed Sacrament to be their Food, saw Himself in this, His Bride's body, torn and lacerated through the wicked fruit of the tree of disunion. The Table of union in the Blessed Sacrament, Jesus' highest work of love, that in which He willed to remain forever among men, became through false teachers the boundary line of separation. And where alone it is good and beneficial that many should become one, namely, at the Holy Table, whereon the living God is Himself the Food, there must His children separate from infidels and heretics in order not to render themselves guilty of similar sins. I saw whole nations torn in this way from the Heart of Jesus and deprived of participation in the treasures of grace left to the Church. It was frightful to behold how at first only a few separated from Christ's Church; and when, having increased to whole nations, they returned to her, they again attacked her and warred against one another on the question of what was holiest in her worship, namely, the Blessed Sacrament. But finally, I saw all who had separated from the Church plunging into infidelity, superstition, heresy, darkness, and the false philosophy of the world. Perplexed and enraged, they united in large bodies to vent their anger against the Church. They were urged on and destroyed by the serpent in the midst of them. Ah! It was as if Jesus felt Himself torn into countless shreds. The Lord saw and felt in this distressing vision the whole weight of the poisonous tree of disunion with all its

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branches and fruits, which will continue to rend itself asunder until the end of time when the wheat will be gathered into the barn and the chaff cast into the fire.

The terror that I felt in beholding all this was so great, so dreadful, that my Heavenly Bridegroom appeared to me, and mercifully laying His hand on my breast, He said: "No one has ever before seen these things, and thy heart would break with fright, did I not sustain it."

I now saw the blood in thick, dark drops trickling down the pale face of the Lord. His once smoothly parted hair was matted with blood, tangled and bristling on His head, and His beard was bloody and torn. It was after that last vision, in which the armed bands had lacerated His flesh, that He turned as if fleeing out of the grotto, and went again to His disciples. But His step was far from secure. He walked bowed like one tottering under a great burden. He was covered with wounds, and He fell at every step. When He reached the three Apostles, He did not, as on the first occasion, find them lying on their side asleep; they had sunk back on their knees with covered head, as I have often seen the people of that country sitting when in sorrow or in prayer. Worn out with grief, anxiety, and fatigue, they had fallen asleep; but when Jesus approached, trembling and groaning, they awoke. They gazed upon Him with their weary eyes, but did not at once recognize Him, for He was changed beyond the power of words to express. He was standing before them in the moonlight, His breast sunken, His form bent, His face pale and bloodstained, His hair in disorder, and His arms stretched out to them. He stood wringing His hands. The Apostles sprang up, grasped Him under the arms, and supported Him tenderly. Then He spoke to them in deep affliction. On the morrow, He said, He was going to die. In another hour, His enemies would seize Him, drag Him before the courts of justice,

abuse Him, deride Him, scourge Him, and put Him to death in the most horrible manner. He begged them to console His Mother. He recounted to them in bitter anguish all that He would have to suffer until the evening of the next day, and again begged them to comfort His Mother and Magdalen. He stood thus speaking for some moments, but the Apostles kept silence, not knowing what to reply. They were so filled with grief and consternation at His words and appearance that they knew not what to say; indeed, they even thought that His mind was wandering. When He wanted to return to the grotto, He had not the power to do so. I saw that John and James had to lead Him. When He entered it, the Apostles left Him and went back to their own place. It was then a quarter past eleven.

During this agony of Jesus, I saw the Blessed Virgin overwhelmed with sorrow and anguish in the house of Mary Marcus. She was with Magdalen and Mary Marcus in a garden adjoining the house. She had sunk on her knees on a stone slab. She was perfectly absorbed in her own interior, quite diverted in thought from everything around her, seeing only, feeling only the sufferings of her Divine Son. She had sent messengers to obtain news of Him, but unable to await their coming, in her anguish of heart she went with Magdalen and Salome out into the Valley of Josaphat. I saw her walking along veiled, her arms often outstretched toward the Mount of Olives, where she saw in spirit Jesus agonizing and sweating blood. It seemed as if she would with her outstretched hands wipe His sacred face. In answer to these interior and vehement movements of her soul toward her Son, I saw that Jesus was stirred with thoughts of her. He turned His eyes in her direction as if seeking help from her. I saw this mutual sympathy under the appearance of rays of light passing to and fro between them. The Lord thought also of Magdalen and felt for her in her distress. He

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glanced toward her, and His soul was touched at sight of her. He therefore ordered the disciples to console her, for He knew that her love for Him, after that of His Mother, was greater than that of anyone else. He saw what she would have to suffer for Him in the future, and also that she would never more offend Him.

About this time, perhaps a quarter after eleven, the eight Apostles were again in the arbor in the Garden of Gethsemani. They spoke together for awhile and then fell asleep. They were unusually faint-hearted, discouraged, and in sore temptation. Each had been looking out for a place of safety and anxiously asking: "What shall we do when He is dead? We have abandoned our friends, we have given up everything, we have become poor and objects of scorn to the world, we have devoted ourselves entirely to His service—and now, behold Him crushed and helpless, with power to afford us no consolation!" The other disciples, after wandering about in various directions and hearing the reports of the awful prophecies to which Jesus had given utterance, nearly all retired to Bethphage.

Again I saw Jesus praying in the grotto. He had conquered the natural repugnance to suffer. Exhausted and trembling, He exclaimed: "My Father, if it be Thy will, remove this chalice from Me! Nevertheless, not My will but Thine be done!"

And now the abyss opened before Him and, as if on a pathway of light, He saw a long flight of steps leading down to Limbo. There He beheld Adam and Eve, all the Patriarchs and Prophets, the just of the Old Law, His Mother's parents, and John the Baptist. They were with longing so intense awaiting His coming into that nether world that at the sight His loving Heart grew strong and courageous. His death was to open Heaven to these languishing captives! He was to deliver them from prison! For Him they were sighing!

After Jesus had with deep emotion gazed upon those citizens of Heaven belonging to former ages, the angels pointed out to Him the multitudes of future saints who, joining their labors to the merits of His Passion, would through Him be united to the Heavenly Father. This vision was unspeakably beautiful and consoling. All passed before the Lord in their number, their race, and various degrees of dignity—all adorned with their sufferings and good works. Then did He behold the hidden and inexhaustible streams of salvation and sanctification that were to spring from the death that awaited Him as Redeemer of mankind. The Apostles, the disciples, virgins and holy women, martyrs, confessors, and hermits, Popes and Bishops, the future multitudes of religious men and women—in a word, the immense army of the blessed passed before Him. All were adorned with crowns of victory won over passion and suffering. The flowers of their crowns differed in form, color, perfume, and vigor in accordance with the various sufferings, labors, and victories in which they had gloriously struggled. Their whole lives and actions, the peculiar worth and power of their combats and victories, as well as all the light, all the colors that symbolized their triumphs, came solely from their union with the merits of Jesus Christ. The reciprocal influence and relation of all these saints upon one another, their drinking out of one same Fountain, namely, the Most Blessed Sacrament and the Passion of the Lord, was a spectacle unspeakably wonderful and touching. Nothing connected with them happened by accident: their works and omissions, their martyrdom and victories, their apparel and appearance, though all so different, yet acted upon one another in unending unity and harmony. And this perfect unity in the most striking diversity sprang from the rays of light and sparkling colors of one single Sun, from the Passion of the Lord, the Word made Flesh, in whom was life, the light

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of men, which shone in darkness, but which the darkness did not comprehend.

It was the army of future saints that passed before the soul of the Lord. Thus stood the Lord and Saviour between the ardent desires of the Patriarchs and the triumphant host of future saints, which reciprocally filling up and completing one another, so to say, surrounded the loving Heart of the Redeemer like an immense crown of victory. This unspeakably touching spectacle afforded the soul of the Lord, who had allowed all kinds of human suffering to pass over Him, some strength and consolation. Ah, He so dearly loved His brethren, His creatures, that willingly He would have suffered all for the purchase of one soul! As these visions referred to the future, they appeared hovering above the earth.

But now these consoling pictures disappeared, and the angels displayed before His eyes all the scenes of His approaching Passion. They appeared quite close to the earth, for the time was near at hand. There were many angelic actors in these scenes. I beheld everyone close to Jesus, from the kiss of Judas to His own last words upon the Cross. I saw all, all there again, as I am accustomed to see it in my meditations upon the Passion. The treason of Judas, the flight of the disciples, the mockery and sufferings before Annas and Caiaphas, Peter's denial, Pilate's tribunal, Herod's derision, the scourging and crowning with thorns, the condemnation to death, the sinking under the weight of the Cross, the meeting with the Blessed Virgin and her swooning, the jeers of the executioners against her, Veronica's handkerchief, the cruel nailing to the Cross and the raising of the same, the insults of the Pharisees, the sorrows of Mary, of Magdalen, and of John, and the piercing of His side—in a word, all, all, clearly, significantly, and in their minutest details passed before Him. All the gestures, all the sentiments, and words of His future tormentors, I saw that the Lord beheld



and heard in alarm and anguish of soul. He willingly accepted all, He willingly submitted to all through love for man. He was most painfully troubled at His shameful stripping on the Cross, which He endured to atone for the immodesty of men, and He implored that He might retain a girdle at least upon the Cross, but even this was not allowed Him. I saw, however, that He was to receive help, not from the executioners, but from a certain good person.

Jesus saw and felt also His Blessed Mother's sorrow and anguish of heart. With two holy women in the Valley of Josaphat, she was in uninterrupted union with Him by her interior participation in His sufferings and agony on Mount Olivet.

At the close of these visions of the Passion, Jesus sank prostrate on His face like one in the throes of death. The angels and the visions disappeared, and the bloody sweat poured from Him more copiously than before. I saw it soaking His yellowish garment and moistening the earth around. It was now dark in the grotto.

And now I saw an angel sweeping down toward Him. In stature he was taller, in figure more distinct and more like a human being than any I had yet seen. He appeared in long, flowing robes, like those of a priest, ornamented with fringe. He carried in his hands, and before his breast, a small vessel shaped like the chalice used at the Last Supper. Just above it floated a small oval morsel, about the size of a bean, which glowed with a reddish light. The angel hovered over the place where Jesus was lying and stretched forth his hand to Him. When Jesus arose, he placed the shining morsel in His mouth and gave Him to drink from the little luminous chalice. After that he disappeared.

Jesus had now voluntarily accepted the chalice of His Passion, and He received new strength. He remained in the grotto for a few minutes longer, absorbed in prayer and thanksgiving. He was indeed



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still under the pressure of mental suffering, but supernaturally strengthened to such a degree that, without fear or anxiety, He was able to walk with a firm step to His disciples. Though pale and exhausted, His bearing was erect and resolute. He had wiped His face with a linen cloth and with it smoothed down His hair which, moist with the blood and sweat of His agony, hung down in matted strands.

As He left the grotto, I saw the moon still with the remarkable-looking spot upon it and the circle around it; but its light, as well as that of the stars, was different from that which they gave forth during that great agony of Jesus. It seemed now to be more natural.

When Jesus returned to the disciples, He found them, as at first, lying on their side near the wall of the terrace, their heads covered, and asleep. The Lord said to them: "This is not the time to sleep. Ye should arise and pray, for behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of sinners. Arise, let us go! Behold, the traitor is approaching! Oh, it were better for him had he never been born!" The Apostles sprang up affrighted and looked around anxiously. They had scarcely recovered themselves, when Peter exclaimed vehemently: "Master, I will call the others, that we may defend Thee!" But Jesus pointed out to them at some distance in the valley, though still on the other side of the brook Cedron, a band of armed men approaching with torches. He told the Apostles that one of that band had betrayed Him. This they looked upon as impossible. Jesus repeated this and several other things with calm composure, again exhorted them to console His Mother, and said: "Let us go to meet them! I shall deliver Myself without resistance into the hands of My enemies." With these words, He left the Garden of Olives with the three Apostles and went out to meet the Myrmidons on the road that

separated it from the Garden of Gethsemani.

The Blessed Virgin, Magdalen, and Salome, accompanied by some of the disciples who had seen the approach of the soldiers, left the valley of Josaphat and returned to the house of Mary Marcus. Jesus' enemies came by a shorter route than that by which He had come from the Coenaculum.

The grotto in which Jesus prayed that night was not the one in which He usually prayed on Mount Olivet. The latter was a more distant cavern of the mountain. It was there that He prayed on the day upon which He cursed the fig tree. He was then in great affliction of spirit, and He prayed with outstretched arms, leaning upon a rock. The impression of His form and hands remained upon the stone, and later on became objects of veneration, although it was not clearly known upon what occasion the marks were made. I have frequently beheld such impressions left upon stone by the Prophets of the Old Law, by Jesus, Mary, some of the Apostles, the body of St. Catherine of Alexandria on Mount Sinai, and by some other saints. They did not appear to be deep, nor were the lines very clearly defined. They resembled the marks that might be made by pressing upon a piece of solid dough.

### **10. Judas and His Band. The Wood of the Cross**

At the beginning of his treasonable career, Judas had really never looked forward to the result that followed upon it. He wanted to obtain the traitor's reward and please the Pharisees by pretending to deliver Jesus into their hands, but he had never counted on things going so far, he never dreamed of Jesus' being brought to judgment and crucified. He was thinking only of the money, and he had for a long time been in communication with some sneaking, spying Pharisees and Sadducees who by flattery

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were inciting him to treason. He was tired of the fatiguing, wandering, and persecuted life led by the Apostles. For several months past, he had begun this downward course by stealing the alms committed to his care; and his avarice, excited by Magdalen's lavish anointing of Jesus, urged him on to extremes. He had always counted upon Jesus' establishing a temporal kingdom in which he hoped for some brilliant and lucrative post. But as this was not forthcoming, he turned his thoughts to amassing a fortune. He saw that hardships and persecution were on the increase; and so he thought that before things came to the worst he would ingratiate himself with some of the powerful and distinguished among Jesus' enemies. He saw that Jesus did not become a king, whereas the High Priests and prominent men of the Temple were people very attractive in his eyes. And so he allowed himself to be drawn into closer communication with their agents, who flattered him in every way and told him in the greatest confidence that under any circumstances an end would soon be put to Jesus' career. During the last few days they followed him to Bethania, and thus he continued to sink deeper and deeper into depravity. He almost ran his legs off to induce the High Priests to come to some conclusion. But they would not come to terms and treated him with great contempt. They told him that the time now intervening before the feast was too short. If any action were taken now, it would create trouble and disturbance on the feast. The Sanhedrim alone paid some degree of attention to his proposals. After his sacrilegious reception of the Sacrament, Satan took entire possession of him and he went off at once to complete his horrible crime. He first sought those agents who had until now constantly flattered him and received him with apparent friendship. Some others joined the party, among them Caiaphas and Annas, but the last named treated him very rudely and scornfully. They were irresolute and mistrustful of the consequences,

nor did they appear to place any confidence in Judas.

I saw the kingdom of Hell divided against itself. Satan desired the crime of the Jews by the death of the Most Innocent; he longed for the death of Jesus, the Converter of sinners, the holy Teacher, the Saviour, the Just One, whom he hated. But at the same time he experienced a sentiment of fear at the thought of the guiltless death of Jesus, who would make no effort to conceal Himself, who would not save Himself; he envied Him the power of suffering innocently. And so I saw the adversary on the one side stimulating the hatred and fury of Jesus' enemies assembled around the traitor; and on the other, insinuating to some of their number that Judas was a scamp, a knave, that the sentence could not be pronounced before the festival, nor could the requisite number of witnesses against Jesus be brought together.

They expressed opposite views upon the means to lay hold of Jesus, and some of them questioned Judas, saying, "Shall we be able to capture Him? Has He not an armed band with Him?" The base traitor answered: "No! He is alone with eleven disciples. He Himself is greatly dejected and the eleven are quite faint-hearted." He told them also that now was their time to apprehend Jesus, now or never, for later he might not have it in his power to deliver Him into their hands, and perhaps he would never return to them. For several days past, he said, and especially on that present day, the other disciples and Jesus Himself aimed at him in their words; they appeared to divine what he was about, and if he returned to them again they would certainly murder him. He added that, if they did not seize Jesus now, He would slip away and, returning with a large army of followers, would cause Himself to be proclaimed king. By such threats as these, Judas at last succeeded. They yielded to his proposals to seize Jesus according to his directions, and he received the thirty pieces

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of silver, the price of his treason. These thirty pieces were of silver in plates, in shape like a tongue. In one end they were pierced with a hole, through which they were strung together with rings into a kind of chain. Each piece bore some impression.

Judas could not help feeling the marked and contemptuous mistrust with which the Pharisees were treating him. Pride and ostentation therefore urged him to present to them as an offering for the Temple the money he had just received. By so doing, he thought to appear before them as an upright, disinterested man. But they rejected it as the price of blood, which could not be offered in the Temple. Judas felt the cutting contempt, and he was filled with smothered rage. He had not expected such treatment. The consequences of his treachery were already assailing him even before his evil design was accomplished; but he was now too much entangled with his employers, he was in their hands and could not free himself. They watched him closely and would not allow him to leave their sight until he had laid before them the whole plan to be followed in apprehending Jesus. After that, three of the Pharisees went with the traitor down into a hall in which were the soldiers of the Temple. None of them were of pure Jewish origin; they were of other and mixed nationalities. When all was agreed upon and the requisite number of soldiers gathered together, Judas, accompanied by a servant of the Pharisees, ran first to the Coenaculum in order to see whether Jesus was still there; for if such were the case, they could easily have taken Him by setting guards at the door. This information Judas had agreed to send the Pharisees by a messenger.

A short time before, after Judas had received the price of his treason, a Pharisee had gone down and dispatched seven slaves to procure the wood and get Christ's Cross ready at once in case He should be judged, for next day, on account of the Paschal

Feast, there would be no time to attend to it. They brought the wood from a distance of about three quarters of an hour, where it lay near a long, high wall with a quantity of other wood belonging to the Temple, and dragged it to a square behind the tribunal of Caiaphas. The trunk of the Cross belonged to a tree that once grew in the Valley of Josaphat near the brook Cedron. Having fallen across the stream, it had long served as a bridge. When Nehemias hid the sacred fire and the holy vessels in the Pool of Bethsaida, with other pieces of wood it had been used as a covering; later on, it was again removed and thrown on the side of another wood pile. Partly with the view of deriding the royalty of Jesus, partly by apparent chance—but in reality because such was the design of God—the Cross was formed in a very peculiar way. Together with the inscription, it consisted of five different pieces. I have seen many facts, many different meanings in connection with the Cross, but with the exception of what I have related, I have forgotten all.

Judas returned and reported that Jesus was no longer in the Coenaculum. He must therefore be in His accustomed place of prayer on Mount Olivet. Judas urged that only a small number of soldiers might be sent with him, lest the disciples, who were everywhere on the watch, should perceive something unusual and raise a sedition. Three hundred men were to be stationed at the gates and in the streets of Ophel, a part of the city to the south of the Temple, and along the valley of Millo as far as the house of Annas on Sion. They were to be in readiness to send reinforcements if necessary, for, as Judas reminded the Pharisees, Jesus counted all the rabble of Ophel among His followers. The infamous traitor told them also how careful they must be that He might not escape them, and recalled the fact of His often, by some mysterious means, suddenly becoming invisible and concealing Himself in the mountains



from His companions. He recommended them, moreover, to bind Him with a chain and to make use of certain magical means to prevent His breaking His bonds. The Jews rejected his advice with scorn, saying: "We are not to be dictated to by you. When we get Him, we shall hold Him fast."

Judas arranged with the soldiers that he would enter the garden before them, kiss and salute Jesus as a friend and disciple coming to Him on some business; then they were to step forward and take Him into custody. He wanted to behave as if their coming coincided accidentally with his own, for he thought that after the betrayal he would take to flight like the other disciples and be heard of no more. He likewise thought that perhaps a tumult would ensue in which the Apostles would defend themselves and Jesus would disappear as He had often done before. These thoughts especially occupied him now that he was thoroughly vexed at the contemptuous and distrustful manner of Jesus' enemies toward him, but not because his evil deed caused him remorse or the thought of Jesus touched him, for he had wholly given himself over to Satan.

He was very desirous also that the soldiers immediately following him should not carry chains and fetters, or that any notoriously infamous characters should appear in the party. The soldiers pretended to accede to his wishes, though in reality they regarded him as a dishonorable traitor of whom they had need, but who was not to be trusted and who was to be cast off when no longer of use. They had received special instructions to keep a close watch on him, and not to let him out of their sight and custody until they had taken Jesus and bound Him; for he had received his pay and it was feared that the rascal would run off with the money and in the darkness of night they would either not capture Jesus at all, or else take another instead of Him. In this case, nothing would come of their undertaking but

disturbance and excitement on the Paschal Feast. The band that had been chosen for Jesus' apprehension was composed of about twenty soldiers, some of whom belonged to the Temple guard, and others were in the employ of Annas and Caiaphas. Their dress was almost like that of the Roman soldiers. They wore helmets, and from their doublets hung leathern straps around their hips just like the Romans. The principal difference between them, however, was in their beard, for the Roman soldiers in Jerusalem wore whiskers only, their chin and upper lip being shaved. All of the twenty carried swords, and only a few were armed with spears also. Some bore lanterns mounted on long poles, while others carried torches of sticks smeared with pitch, but when they approached, only one of the lanterns was lighted. The Pharisees had intended sending a larger band with Judas, but he objected that so large a crowd would attract notice, since the Mount of Olivet commanded a view of the whole valley. The greater part of them, therefore, remained in Ophel. Sentinels were stationed around here and there on the byroads, as well as in the city, in order to prevent a tumult or any attempt at rescue.

Judas went forward with the twenty soldiers, followed at some distance by four common executioners of the lowest grade, who carried ropes and fetters. Some steps behind these came those six agents with whom Judas had for a short time past been in communication. Of these one was a priest, a confidential friend of Annas; another was devoted to Caiaphas; the third and fourth were Pharisees; and the remaining two were agents of the Sadducees and at the same time Herodians. All were spies, sneaking fellows, cringing eye-servants of Annas and Caiaphas, and in secret the most malicious enemies of the Saviour. The twenty soldiers accompanied Judas in a friendly manner until they reached the place where the road divided between the Garden of Gethsemani

and that of Olives. Here they refused to allow him to advance alone. They adopted quite another tone, and acted toward him insolently and saucily.

### **11. The Arrest of the Lord**

When Jesus with the three Apostles went out upon the road between Gethsemani and the Garden of Olives, there appeared at the entrance, about twenty paces ahead, Judas and the band of soldiers, between whom a quarrel had arisen. Judas wanted to separate from the soldiers and go forward alone to Jesus, as if he were a friend returning after an absence. They were to follow, and act in such a way as to make it appear that their coming was altogether unknown to him. But they would not agree to his proposal. They held him fast, exclaiming: "Not so, friend! Thou shalt not escape us, until we have the Galilean!" And when they caught sight of the eight Apostles, who at sound of the noise came forth from the Garden of Gethsemani, they called up four of the archers to their assistance. But this Judas by no means assented to, and a lively dispute arose between him and the soldiers. When Jesus and the three Apostles, by the light of the torches, distinguished the armed and wrangling band, Peter wished to repel them by force. He exclaimed: "Lord, The Eight from Gethsemani are close at hand. Let us make an attack on the archers!" But Jesus told him to hold his peace, and took a few steps with them back on the road to a green plot. Judas, seeing his plans quite upset, was filled with rage and spite. Just at this moment, four of the disciples issued from the Garden of Gethsemani and inquired what was going on. Judas began to exchange words with them, and would fain have cleared himself by a lie, but the guards would not allow him to go on. These four last-comers were James the Less, Philip, Thomas, and Nathanael. The last-named, who was

a son of the aged Simeon, had along with several others been sent by Jesus' friends to the eight Apostles in the Garden of Gethsemani to find out what was going on. They were actuated as much by anxiety as by curiosity. With the exception of these four, all the disciples were straggling around in the distance, furtively on the lookout to discover what they could.

Jesus took some steps toward the band and said in a loud, distinct voice: "Whom seek ye?" The leaders answered: "Jesus of Nazareth," whereupon Jesus replied: "I am He." But scarcely had He uttered the words when, as if suddenly attacked by convulsions, they crowded back and fell to the ground one upon another. Judas, who was still standing by them, became more and more embarrassed. He looked as if desirous of approaching Jesus; consequently the Lord extended His hand, saying: "Friend, whereto art thou come?" Judas, confused and perplexed, stammered out something about a commission he had executed. Jesus in reply uttered some words like the following: "Oh, how much better it would have been for thee hadst thou never been born!"—I cannot remember the words distinctly. Meanwhile the soldiers had risen and approached the Lord and His Apostles, awaiting the traitor's sign, the kiss.

Peter and the other disciples gathered around Judas, calling him a thief and a traitor. He tried to free himself by all kinds of excuses, but just at that moment up came the soldiers with offers of protection, thus openly witnessing against him.

Jesus again inquired: "Whom seek ye?" Turning toward Him, they again answered: "Jesus of Nazareth." Jesus again replied: "I am He. I have already told you that I am He. If you seek Me, let these go." At the words, "I am He," the soldiers fell to the ground a second time. They writhed as if struck with epilepsy, and Judas was again surrounded by the other Apostles, for they were exasperated to a degree

against him. Jesus now called out to the soldiers: "Arise"—and they arose, full of terror. Judas was still struggling with the Apostles, who were pressing up against the guards. The latter turned upon them and freed the traitor, urging him anew to give them the sign agreed upon. They had been ordered to seize no one but Him whom Judas would kiss. Judas now approached Jesus, embraced Him and kissed Him with the words: "Hail, Rabbi!" Jesus said: "Judas, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?" The soldiers instantly formed a circle around Jesus, and the archers, drawing near, laid hands upon Him. Judas wanted at once to flee, but the Apostles would not allow him. They rushed upon the soldiers, crying out: "Lord, shall we strike with the sword?" Peter, more impetuous than the rest, seized the sword and struck at Malchus, the servant of the High Priest, who was trying to drive them back, and cut off a piece of his ear. Malchus fell to the ground, thereby increasing the confusion.

At the moment of Peter's impetuous movement, the actors in the scene were situated as follows: Jesus was in the hands of the guard, who were about to bind Him, and forming a circle around Him at some little distance were the soldiers, one of whose number, Malchus, had been laid low by Peter. The other soldiers were engaged, some in driving back the disciples that were approaching too near, and some in pursuing those that had taken to flight. Four of the disciples were wandering around, timidly showing themselves only here and there in the distance. The soldiers were still too much alarmed by their late fall, and too much afraid of weakening the circle around Jesus, to make any very active pursuit, Judas, who immediately after his traitorous kiss wanted to make his escape, was met on his way by some of the disciples, who overwhelmed him with reproaches. Six official functionaries hastened to his rescue, while the four guards were busy around

Jesus with cords and bands, being on the point of binding Him.

This was the state of affairs when Peter struck down Malchus, and Jesus said: "Peter, put up thy sword, for whoever takes the sword shall perish by the sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot ask My Father to send Me more than twelve legions of angels? Shall I not drink the chalice that My Father has given Me? How will the Scriptures be fulfilled if it shall not thus be done?" Then He added: "Suffer Me to heal the man!" And going to Malchus, He touched his ear and prayed, and at the same moment it was healed. The guard, the executioners, and the six officers surrounded Jesus. They mocked Him, saying to the crowd: "He has dealings with the devil. It was by witchcraft that the ear appeared to be cut off, and now by witchcraft it appears to be healed."

Then Jesus addressed them: "Ye are come out with spears and clubs, to apprehend Me as if I were a murderer. I have daily taught among you in the Temple, and ye dared not lay hands upon Me; but this is your hour and the hour of darkness." They ordered Him to be bound still more securely, and said to Him deridingly: "Thou couldst not overthrow us by Thy sorcery!" And the archers said: "We shall deprive Thee of Thy skill!" Jesus made some reply that I cannot recall, and the disciples fled on all sides. The four executioners and the six Pharisees did not fall to the ground, nor did they in consequence rise again. The reason of this was revealed to me. They were in the same rank as Judas, that is, entirely in the power of Satan. Judas did not fall at the words of Jesus, although he was standing among the soldiers. All those that fell and rose up again were afterward converted and became Christians. Their falling and rising were symbolical of their conversion. They had not laid hands upon Jesus; they merely stood around Him. Malchus was, after his healing, already converted to such a degree that he only kept up appearances in

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respect to the service he owed the High Priest; and during the following hours, those of Jesus' Passion, he ran backward and forward to Mary and the other friends, giving them news of all that was taking place.

The executioners bound Jesus with the greatest rudeness and barbarous brutality, the Pharisees meanwhile uttering insolent and scornful words. The executioners were pagans of the very lowest class. Their necks, legs, and arms were naked; their loins were girded with a sort of bandage, and they wore a short jerkin without sleeves, fastened at the sides with straps. They were short, stout, very active, with a brownish-red complexion like the Egyptian slaves.

They bound Jesus' hands upon His breast in a cruel manner. With sharp new cords, they pitilessly fastened the wrist of the right hand to the left forearm just below the elbow and that of the left hand to the right forearm. They put around His waist a broad girdle armed with sharp points, and bound His hands again with links of willow, or osier, which were fixed to the girdle. Around His neck they laid a collar in which were points and other instruments to wound, and from it depended two straps, which like a stole were crossed over the breast and bound down to the girdle so tightly that the neck was not free to move. At four points of this girdle were fastened four long ropes, by means of which the executioners could drag Our Lord hither and thither according to their wicked will. All the fetters were perfectly new. They appeared to have been especially prepared, when the plan was formed of apprehending Jesus, for the purpose to which they were now being put.

And now, after several more torches had been lighted, the pitiable procession was set in motion. First went ten of the guard, then followed the executioners dragging Jesus by the ropes; next came the scoffing Pharisees, and the ten other soldiers closed the procession. The disciples were still straying

about wailing and lamenting, as if bereft of their senses. John, however, was following rather closely behind the last of the guards. The Pharisees, seeing him, ordered him to be seized. At this command, some of the guard turned and hurried after him. But he fled from them, and when they laid hold of the linen scarf he wore around his neck, he loosened it quickly and thus effected his escape. He had laid aside his mantle, retaining nothing but a short, sleeveless undergarment, that he might be able to flee more easily. Around his neck, head, and arms, however, he was enveloped in that long, narrow scarf which the Jews were accustomed to wear.

The executioners dragged and ill-used Jesus in the most cruel manner. They exercised upon Him all kinds of malice, and this principally from a base deference and desire to please the six officials, who were full of rage and venom against Him. They led Him along the roughest roads, over ruts and stones and mire, keeping the long ropes stretched while they themselves sought good paths. In this way Jesus had to go wherever the ropes would allow Him. His tormentors carried in their hands knotted cords with which they struck Him, as a butcher might do the animal he was leading to slaughter. All this they accompanied with mockery and insult so low and indecent that the repetition of it would be revolting.

Jesus was barefoot. Besides the usual undergarment, He wore a seamless, woolen shirt, or blouse, and over that an outside robe. The undergarment of the disciples, like that of the Jews in general, consisted of a scapular that fell before and behind over the breast and shoulders. It was made of two pieces fastened together on the shoulder by straps, but open at the sides. The lower part of the body was covered with a girdle from which hung four lappets which, after being wound around the loins, formed a sort of trousers. I must not forget to say that, at the apprehension of the Lord, I saw no written order.



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His enemies went to work as if He were an outlaw, a person beyond the pale of the law.

The procession moved on at a hurried pace. When it left the road between the Garden of Olives and the pleasure garden of Gethsemani, it turned for a short distance to the right on the west side of Gethsemani, until it reached a bridge that there crossed the brook Cedron. When Jesus was coming with the Apostles to the Mount of Olives, He did not cross that bridge. He took a roundabout way through the Valley of Josaphat, and crossed the brook over a bridge farther to the south. That over which He was now led in fetters was very long, since it spanned not only the Cedron, which flowed here close to the mount, but also a part of the uneven heights of the valley, thus forming a paved highway for transportation. Even before the procession reached the bridge, I saw Jesus fall to the earth twice, owing to the pitiless manner in which He was dragged along and the jerking of the executioners at the ropes. But when they reached the middle of the bridge, they exercised their villainy upon Him with still greater malice. The executioners pushed poor, fettered Jesus, whom they held fast with ropes, from the bridge into the brook Cedron, about the height of a man below, accompanying their brutality with abusive words, as for instance: "Now He can drink His fill!" Were it not for divine assistance, Jesus would have been killed by the fall. He fell first on His knees and then on His face, so that He would have been severely wounded on the stony bed of the brook, which was here very shallow, if He had not saved Himself a little by stretching out His previously tightly bound hands. They had been loosened from the girdle, I know not whether by divine help or whether by the executioners before they thrust Him down. The marks of His knees, feet, elbows, and fingers were, by God's will, impressed upon the places that they touched, which later on became objects of veneration.

Such things are no longer believed, but similar impressions in stone, made by the feet, the hands, and the knees of the Patriarchs and Prophets, made by Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, and some of the saints, have often been shown me in historical visions. The rocks were softer and more believing than the hearts of men; they bore witness at this terrible moment to the Divine Truth that had thus impressed them.

I had not seen Jesus take anything to drink in the vehement thirst that consumed Him after His awful agony in the Garden of Olives. But when pushed into the Cedron, I saw Him drinking with difficulty and, at the same time, I heard Him murmuring that thereby was fulfilled a prophetic verse from the Psalms, which bore reference to drinking from the torrent by the way. (*Psalms 109:7*).

Meanwhile the executioners relaxed not their hold on the long ropes that bound Jesus; and since it would have been difficult for them to draw Him up again, and a wall on the opposite shore rendered it impossible for them to allow Him to wade across, they dragged Him by means of the ropes back through the Cedron. Then they went down themselves and hauled Him up backwards over the high bank. And now, amid mocking and cursing, kicking and striking, those miserable wretches dragged poor Jesus forward with the ropes, a second time over the long bridge. His long, woolen garment, heavy with water, clung so closely around His limbs that He could scarcely walk; and when He reached the opposite end of the bridge, He sank once more to the earth. They pulled Him up again, striking Him with the cords and, with shameful and ironical words, tucked up His wet garment into the girdle. They said, for example, something about His girding Himself for the eating of the Paschal lamb, and similar mockery.

It was not yet midnight when I saw the four executioners dragging Jesus over a rugged, narrow road, along which ran only an uneven footpath. They

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dragged Him over sharp stones and fragments of rocks, through thorns and thistles, inhumanly hurrying Him on with curses and blows. The six brutal Pharisees were, wherever the road permitted it, always in His vicinity. Each carried in his hand a different kind of torturing stick, with which he tormented Him, thrusting Him, goading Him on, or beating Him with it.

While the executioners were dragging Jesus, His naked feet bleeding, over sharp stones, thorns, and thistles, the scornful satirical speeches of the six Pharisees were piercing His loving Heart. It was at these moments they made use of such mockery as: "His precursor, the Baptist, did not prepare a good way for Him here!" or: "Why does He not raise John from the dead that he may prepare the way for Him?" Such were the taunts uttered by these ignominious creatures and received with rude shouts of laughter. They were caught up in turn by the executioners, who were incited thus to load poor Jesus with fresh ill-usage.

After the soldiers had driven the Lord forward for some time, they noticed several persons lurking around here and there in the distance. They were disciples who, upon the report of Jesus' arrest, had come from Bethphage and other hiding places, to spy around and see how it was faring with their Master. At sight of them, Jesus' enemies became anxious, lest they should make a sudden attack and rescue Him; therefore they signaled by a call to Ophel, a little place in the environs of Jerusalem, to send a reinforcement, as had been agreed upon.

The procession was still distant some minutes from the entrance which, to the south of the Temple, led through Ophel to Mount Sion, upon which Annas and Caiaphas dwelt, when I saw a band of fifty soldiers issuing from the gate, in order to reinforce their companions. They came forward in three groups: the first was ten strong; the last, fifteen, for I counted

them; and the middle group, five and twenty. They bore several torches. They were bold and wanton in their bearing, and they shouted and hurrahed as they came along, as if to announce themselves to the approaching band and to congratulate them on their success. Their coming was a noisy one. At the moment in which the foremost band joined Jesus' escort, a slight confusion arose, and I saw Malchus and several others drop out of the rear and slip off in the direction of the Mount of Olives.

When this shouting band hurried from Ophel by torchlight to meet the approaching procession, the disciples lurking around dispersed in all directions. I saw that the Blessed Virgin, in her trouble and anguish, with Martha, Magdalen, Mary Cleophas, Mary Salome, Mary Marcus, Susanna, Johanna Chusa, Veronica, and Salome, again directed her steps to the Valley of Josaphat. They were to the south of Gethsemani, opposite that part of Mount Olivet where was another grotto in which Jesus had formerly been accustomed to pray. I saw Lazarus, John Mark, Veronica's son, and Simeon's son with them. The last-named, along with Nathanael, had been in Gethsemani with the eight Apostles, and had fled across when the tumult began. They brought news to the Blessed Virgin. Meanwhile they heard the cries and saw the torches of the two bands as they met. The Blessed Virgin was in uninterrupted contemplation of Jesus' torments and sympathetic suffering with her Divine Son. She allowed the holy women to lead her back part of the way so that, when the tumultuous procession should have passed, she might again return to the house of Mary Marcus.

The fifty soldiers belonged to a company of three hundred men who had been sent at once to guard the gates and streets of Ophel and its surroundings, for Judas the traitor had drawn the High Priest's attention to the fact that the inhabitants of Ophel, who were mostly poor artisans, day laborers, and

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carriers of wood and water to the Temple, were the most attached partisans of Jesus. It might easily be feared therefore that some attempt would be made to free Him as He passed through. The traitor knew very well that Jesus had here bestowed upon many of the poor laborers consolation, instruction, healing, and alms. It was also here in Ophel that Jesus had tarried when, after the murder of John the Baptist in Machaerus, He was journeying back from Bethania to Hebron. He had paused awhile to console John's friends, and He had healed many of the poor day laborers and hod carriers who had been wounded at the overthrow of the great building and the tower of Silo. Most of these people, after the descent of the Holy Ghost, joined the Christian Community, and when the separation of the Christians from the Jews took place and several settlements of the former were erected, they pitched their tents and built their huts across the valley as far as the Mount of Olives. Stephen resided there at that time. Ophel was on a hill south of the Temple. It was surrounded by walls and inhabited principally by day laborers. It appeared to me to be not much smaller than Dülmen.

The good inhabitants of Ophel were roused by the shouts of the garrison as their companions entered. They hurried from their houses and pressed to the streets and gates held by the soldiers, asking the cause of the uproar. But here they met with a rough reception. The military rabble, made up of a mixture of low, insolent slaves, roughly and jeeringly drove them back to their dwellings. But as here and there they heard such remarks as these: "Jesus, the evildoer, your false Prophet, is about to be led in a prisoner. The High Priests will put an end to His proceedings. He will have to pay the penalty of the Cross," the whole place was roused from sleep by the loud cries and lamentations of the people. The poor creatures, men and women, ran about wailing or, with outstretched arms, cast themselves on their

knees, crying to Heaven and lauding Jesus' good deeds. The soldiers, thrusting them and dealing blows on all sides, drove them back to their homes, at the same time insulting Jesus, and saying: "Here is an evident proof that He is an agitator of the people!" They were, however, a little cautious in acting with the populace, through fear of rousing them by greater violence to open insurrection; consequently, they aimed only at clearing the streets by which the procession was to pass through Ophel.

Meanwhile the ill-used Jesus and His barbarous escort came nearer and nearer to the gates of Ophel. Our Lord had repeatedly fallen to the earth, and He now appeared utterly unable to proceed farther. Taking advantage of this, a compassionate soldier said: "You see for yourselves that the poor Man can go no farther. If we are to take Him alive before the High Priests, we must loosen the cords that bind His hands, that He may be able to support Himself when He falls." While the procession halted for the executioners to loosen the cords, another good-hearted soldier brought Him a drink of water from a neighboring well. He scooped it up in a vessel made of bark formed into the shape of a cone, such as soldiers and travelers carried about them in that country as drinking vessels. When Jesus said to this man a few words of acknowledgment, uttering at the same time some prophetic expressions about "drinking from living fountains," and "the streams of living waters," the Pharisees mocked and reviled Him, accusing Him of vain boasting and blasphemy. He ought, they said, to give up His empty talk. He should never again give drink to a beast, much less to a human being. It was shown me that the two compassionate soldiers, through whose intervention His bands had been loosened and He had received a drink, were suddenly illuminated by grace. After Jesus' death they were converted, and later on joined the Community in the capacity of disciples. I once knew their names, also

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those that they afterward bore as disciples, and their whole history, but it would be impossible to remember all that. It is too much.

The procession again started forward, Jesus being ill-treated as before, and crossed a height up to the gates of Ophel. Here it was received by the heartrending cries and lamentations of the inhabitants, who were bound to Jesus by a debt of gratitude. Only with great difficulty could the soldiers keep back the crowds of men and women pressing from all sides. They rushed forward wringing their hands, falling on their knees and, with outstretched arms, crying aloud: "Release unto us this Man! Who will help us? Who will heal us? Who will console us? Release unto us this Man!" It was a heartrending spectacle—Jesus pale, bruised, and disfigured, His hair torn, His robe wet and soiled, tucked up into His girdle, He Himself dragged with ropes, urged on with blows, like a poor, fainting animal driven to sacrifice by insolent, half-naked executioners and overbearing soldiers. The latter were busy keeping off the crowd of lamenting and grateful people who were making their way to see Jesus, who were stretching out to Him hands that He had cured of lameness, who were crying after Him in supplicating tones with tongues that He had loosened from dumbness, who were gazing after Him with eyes to which He had restored vision and which were now streaming with tears.

Already in the Vale of Cedron numbers of filthy, ragged creatures from the lowest classes, excited by the soldiers and urged on by the followers of Annas, Caiaphas, and other enemies of Jesus, joined the procession with cries of mockery and derision. These newcomers now added their share of jeers and insults against the good people of Ophel. Ophel was built on a hill, for I saw in the center of it the highest point. It was an open place, and on it were all kinds of beams and rafters for building, like piles

of wood in a carpenter yard. The procession now reached another gate in the wall through which it wound somewhat downward.

The people were prevented from following it beyond the city limits. The road now led somewhat into a valley. On the right stood a large building, I think the remains of Solomon's works, and to the left lay the Pool of Bethesda. After passing these, they kept on in a westerly direction down a steep street called Millo and then, turning a little to the south, they ascended a flight of high steps to the Mount of Sion upon which was the house of Annas. Along the way Our Lord was abused and reviled, while the rabble that kept pouring from the city incited His vile custodians to multiplied cruelties. From the Mount of Olives to this point, Jesus fell to the ground seven times.

The inhabitants of Ophel were still full of terror and distress when a new scene excited their compassion. The Blessed Mother was, by the holy women and their friends, led through Ophel from the Vale of Cedron to the house of Mary Marcus, which stood at the foot of Mount Sion. When the good people recognized her, their compassion was aroused and they sent up a wail of anguish. So great a crowd pressed around Mary and her companions that the Mother of Jesus was almost carried in their arms.

Mary was speechless with grief. She did not open her lips after she reached the house of Mary Marcus until the arrival of John. Then she began to ask questions and to give vent to her grief. John related to her everything that he had seen happen to Jesus from the moment that they left the Coenaculum up to the present. A little later she was conducted to Martha's house near that of Lazarus at the west side of the city. They led her along unfrequented routes, in order to shun those by which Jesus was being dragged, and thus spare her the anguish of a meeting with Him.

Peter and John, who were following the procession



at some distance, ran hurriedly when it entered the city to some of the good acquaintances whom John had among the servants of the High Priests, to find in some way an opportunity of entering the judgment hall into which their Master would soon be brought. These acquaintances of John were messengers attached to the court. They had now to scour the whole town in order to awaken the ancients of different ranks and many other personages, and call them to the Council. They desired very much to please the two Apostles, but could think of no other means of doing so than by supplying them with mantles such as they themselves wore and letting them assist in calling the members of the Council; then under cover of the mantle they might enter with them into the judgment hall of Caiaphas, from which all were to be excluded but the bribed rabble, the soldiers, and false witnesses. Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, and other well-disposed individuals belonged to the Council, so that the Apostles were able to deliver the summons to their Master's friends, the only ones whom the Pharisees had perhaps designedly omitted from the list of the invited. Judas meanwhile, the devil at his side, like a frantic malefactor was wandering around the steep, wild precipices south of Jerusalem where all the filth of the city was thrown.

## **12. Means Taken by Jesus' Enemies for Carrying Out Their Designs. Glance At Jerusalem at this Hour**

As soon as Jesus was taken into custody, Annas and Caiaphas were informed of the fact and they began actively to arrange their plans. The courts were lighted up and all the entrances provided with guards. Messengers were dispatched to all parts of the city to summon the members of the Council, the Scribes, and all those that had anything to do with the trial. Many of them, however, as soon as the

compact with Judas was completed, had already assembled at the house of Caiaphas and were there awaiting the result. The ancients from the three classes of citizens were also called; and as the Pharisees, the Sadducees and the Herodians from all parts of the country had been for some days gathered in Jerusalem for the Feast, they discussed among themselves and before the High Council the design of seizing Jesus. The High Priests now selected from the lists in their possession those whom they knew to be His most bitter enemies. These they summoned with the command to gather up, each in his own circle, all the evidence and proofs against Jesus they possibly could, and to bring them to the judgment court. Just at this time, all the Pharisees and Sadducees and other wicked people from Nazareth, Capharnaum, Tirezah, Gabara, Jetebatha, Silo, and other places, whom Jesus had so often, by exposing the truth, put to shame before the people, were assembled in Jerusalem. They were filled with rage and vengeance. Each hunted up some scoundrel among the Paschal guests from his own country, and bribed him with money to cry out against and calumniate Jesus. These guests were gathered in bands, according to their respective districts. But with the exception of some evident lies and bitter invectives, nothing could be brought forward but those accusations upon which in their own synagogues Jesus had so often silenced them.

All these now gathered, one after another, in the judgment hall of Caiaphas. There, too, assembled the mass of Jesus' enemies from among the haughty Pharisees and Scribes, along with their suborned witnesses from Jerusalem itself. Many of those exasperated vendors whom He had driven from the Temple; many a puffed-up doctor whom He had there silenced before the people; and perhaps many a one who had not yet forgotten that he had been instructed and put to shame by Him when, as a boy of twelve,

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He had taught for the first time in the Temple, were now here arraigned against Him. Among His enemies were also impenitent sinners whom He had refused to heal; relapsing sinners who had again become sick; conceited youths whom He would not receive as disciples; wicked avaricious persons who were exasperated at His distributing to the poor the money that they were in hopes of getting for themselves; rascals whose companions He had converted; debauchees and adulterers whose victims He had won over to virtue; covetous heirs who had been disappointed in their expectations by the cure of those from whom they expected to inherit; and many venal time-servers ever ready to pander to wickedness. These emissaries of Satan were brimful of rage against everything holy, and consequently against the Holy of Holies. This scum of the Jewish people assembled for the feast, urged on by the chief enemies of Jesus, pressed forward from all sides and rushed in a continuous stream to the palace of Caiaphas in order falsely to accuse the true Paschal Lamb of God, the Spotless One, who had taken upon Himself the sins of the world; and to cast upon Him their foul consequences which, indeed, He had really assumed, which He was then enduring, and for which He was atoning.

While this miserable Jewish rabble was seeking after some way by which to sully the pure Saviour, many devout souls and friends of Jesus were going around in trouble and anguish of heart (for they were ignorant of the mystery about to be accomplished), sighing and listening to all that they could hear. If they uttered a word, they were repulsed by the bystanders; and if they kept silence, they were regarded as disaffected. Many well-meaning, but weak, simple-minded people were scandalized at what they saw and heard. They yielded to temptation and fell away from their faith. The number of those that persevered was not great. Things were

then as they are now. Many a one was willing to bear the semblance of a good Christian so long as no inconvenience resulted from it, but became ashamed of the Cross when they saw it held in contempt. Still, many in the beginning of these unfounded, these unjust proceedings whose fury and base cruelty cried to Heaven for vengeance, seeing the uncomplaining patience of the Saviour, were touched at heart, and they walked away silent and dejected.

The large and densely populated city, now increased in extent by the numerous camps of the Paschal guests stretching out around it, was, after the multiplied private and public prayers, religious exercises, and other preparations for the feast, sunk in sleep, when the news of the arrest roused alike the foes and friends of the Lord. Numbers immediately responded to the summons of the High Priests, and the various points of the city began to present a lively scene. They hurried, some by moonlight, others with torches, through the streets—which in Jerusalem were generally dismal and desolate at night, for the windows and doors of most of the houses opened into their inner courts. All turned their steps in the direction of Sion, from whose height glimmered the light of torches. The report of what had just taken place soon spread around, and here and there might be heard knocking at courtyard gates to rouse the sleepers within. Bustle, talking, and confusion were going on in many sections of the city. Servants and newsmongers were hurrying to and fro in search of news, which they hastened to report to those by whom they had been sent. Heavy bars and bolts were shoved with a clang before many a gate, for the people were full of anxiety and in dread of a revolt. Here and there they stepped to the doors and called out to some acquaintance who was passing for news; or the latter, as he hurried by, shouted the desired information. Then were heard malicious

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speeches, such as are made nowadays on similar occasions. They said: "Now will Lazarus and his sisters see with whom they have been dealing. Johanna Chusa, Susanna, Mary, the Mother of John Mark, and Salome will now regret their conduct, but too late! And how humbled will Sirach's wife Seraphia appear before her husband, who so often forbade her having anything to do with the Galilean! The followers of this seditious leader, this visionary, always looked with pity upon those that entertained views other than their own—and now many a one of them will not know where to hide his head. Who would now be seen strewing palm branches and spreading mantles and veils under the feet of the animal He rides? Those hypocrites, who always wanted to be better than others, will now receive their due. They too will be brought up to trial, for they are all implicated in the affairs of the Galilean. The matter is more deeply rooted than is generally thought. I am anxious to see how Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea will comport themselves. They have long been looked upon with a mistrustful eye, for they make common cause with Lazarus, but they are very cunning. Now all will come to light." Many were heard to speak in this way. They were persons embittered against certain families, and especially against those women who up till now had borne public witness to Jesus and His followers. In other places, the news was received in a very different way. Some were frightened at it, some bewailed it in private, while others timidly hunted up a friend in sympathy with themselves in order to pour out their heart. But only a few ventured to express such sympathy openly and decidedly.

All quarters of the city, however, were not aroused, only those parts to which the messengers had brought the invitation to the trial and those in which the Pharisees sought their false witnesses. The streets in the direction of Sion were of all others the most

alive. It seemed as if one saw in different parts of Jerusalem sparks of hatred and fury bursting forth, flames rushing along the streets, uniting with others, becoming stronger and more powerful until at last, like a whirlwind of lurid fire, they flashed up Mount Sion and into the judgment hall of Caiaphas. In some quarters all was still at peace, but there too, by degrees, things became stirring.

The Roman soldiers took no part in what was going on, but their posts were strengthened and their cohorts drawn up together. They kept a sharp lookout on all sides. This indeed they always did at the Paschal time, on account of the great multitude come together to the feast. They were quiet, and self-possessed, but at the same time very much on their guard. The people who were now hurrying forward shunned the points at which the sentinels were stationed, for it was always vexatious to the Pharisaical Jews to be accosted by them. The High Priests had sent a message to Pilate telling him why they had stationed soldiers around Ophel and one quarter of Sion, but he and they were full of mutual distrust. Pilate slept not. He passed the night listening to reports and issuing orders. His wife, however, lay stretched upon her couch. Her sleep, though heavy, was disturbed. She sighed and wept as if in troubled dreams.

In no part of the city was sympathy with Jesus so touching as in Ophel among the poor Temple slaves and day laborers who dwelt on that hill. Terror came upon them so suddenly in the stillness of the night, and the violence of the proceedings roused them from sleep. There they saw their holy Teacher, their Benefactor, who had healed and nourished them, torn and ill-used, passing like a fearful vision before them. Their sympathy and grief gathered fresh strength upon beholding His afflicted Mother wandering about with her friends. Ah, what a sad sight to see that Mother pierced with anguish hurrying through the

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streets at midnight with the holy women, the friends of Jesus, from one acquaintance's house to another, their hearts beating with fear at being out at so unusual an hour! They were often obliged to hide in corners from some rude band that was passing; frequently were they insulted as women of bad character; more than once they heard bitter, malicious speeches against Jesus, and rarely a compassionate word. Reaching at last their place of refuge, they sank down completely exhausted, shedding tears and wringing their hands. They were all equally distressed; and yet each tried to support her fainting neighbor in her arms, or else sat apart in deep affliction, her head enveloped and resting on her knees. And now came a knock at the door. The women heard it anxiously. The rap was gentle and timid. No enemy raps in that manner. The holy women open the door, though not without some feeling of dread, and welcome a friend or the servant of some friend of their Lord and Master. They gather round him with questions, and hear what fills them with fresh sorrow. They can no longer remain quiet, and so they again hurry out into the streets to seek for news of Jesus, though soon to return with renewed grief.

Most of the Apostles and disciples were now timidly wandering in the valleys near and around Jerusalem, and hiding in the caves on Mount Olivet. They started at one another's approach, asked in low tones for news, and the sound of every footstep interrupted their anxious communications. They often changed their place of concealment, and some of them ventured to approach the city. Others stole away to the camps of the Paschal guests, there to inquire for news from acquaintances belonging to their own part of the country, or to send scouts into the city for a similar purpose. Others again climbed to the top of Mount Sion and gazed anxiously at the torches moving to and fro on Sion, listened to the distant sounds, formed a thousand conjectures as to

the cause, and then hurried down into the valley with the hope of getting some certain intelligence.

The stillness of the night began to be more and more interrupted by the din and bustle around the court of Caiaphas. This quarter was brilliantly lighted up with torches and burning pitch lamps, while from all around the city sounded the bellowing of the numerous beasts of burden and animals for sacrifice belonging to the multitudes of strangers now in the Paschal quarters. Ah, how touching was the sound of the bleating of the gentle, innocent, helpless lambs! It was heard throughout the night from countless little victims which were next morning to be slaughtered in the Temple. One alone was offered because He Himself willed it. Like a sheep led to the slaughter, He opened not His mouth; and like a lamb dumb before the shearers, He opened not His mouth. That pure, spotless Paschal Lamb was Jesus Christ!

Above these scenes on earth was spread a sky whose appearance was strikingly dark and lowering. The moon sailed on with a threatening aspect, her disc covered with spots. She appeared, as it were, sick and in dread, as if shuddering at the prospect of becoming full, for then it was that Jesus was to be put to death. Outside the city to the south, in the steep, wild, and dismal Vale of Hinnom, wandering companionless through accursed, swampy places filled with ordure and refuse, lashed by his guilty conscience, fleeing from his own shadow, hunted by Satan, was Judas Iscariot, the traitor—while thousands of evil spirits were hurrying around on all sides urging men on to wickedness and entangling them in sin. Hell was let loose, and everywhere were its inmates tempting mankind to evil. The burden of the Lamb grew heavier, and the fury of Satan, taking a twofold increase, became blind and insane in its effects. The Lamb took all the burden upon Himself, but Satan wills the sin. And



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although the Righteous One sins not, although this vainly tempted One falls not, yet let His enemies perish in their own sin.

The angels were wavering between grief and joy. They were longing to entreat at the throne of God for help to be sent down to Jesus, but at the same time they were able only to adore in deepest amazement that wonder of divine justice and mercy which the Holy of Holies in the heights of Heaven had contemplated from all eternity, and which was now about to be accomplished in time upon earth—for the angels believe in God the Father, the almighty Creator of Heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, who began that night to suffer under Pontius Pilate, who would the next morning be crucified, who would die, and who would be buried; who would descend into hell, and who would rise from the dead on the third day; who would ascend into Heaven, there to sit at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty, whence He should come to judge the living and the dead. They believe too in the Holy Ghost, the holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting. Amen!

All this is only a small portion of the impression which must fill even to bursting a poor sinful heart with anguish, contrition, consolation, and compassion, if, seeking some relief as it were from these terrible scenes, it turns its gaze for a few minutes from the cruel arrest of Our Saviour and glances over Jerusalem at that solemn midnight of time created, and looks into that hour in which the everlasting justice and infinite mercy of God meeting, embracing, and penetrating each other, began the most holy work of divine and human love, to chastise the sins of men assumed by the God-Man, and to atone for them by that same God-Man. Such was the aspect of Jerusalem when the dear Saviour was led to Annas.

### **13. Jesus Before Annas**

It was toward midnight when Jesus was led through the brilliantly lighted courtyard into the palace of Annas. He was conducted to a hall as large as a small church. At the upper end opposite the entrance on a high gallery, or platform, under which people could come and go, sat Annas surrounded by twenty-eight counselors. A flight of steps broken here and there by landings, or resting places, led up to the front of his tribunal, or judgment seat, which was entered from behind, thus communicating with the inner part of the building.

Jesus, still surrounded by a body of the soldiers by whom He had been arrested, was dragged forward several steps by the executioners that held the cords. The hall was crowded with soldiers, the rabble, the slandering Jews, the servants of Annas, and some of the witnesses whom Annas had gathered together, and who later on made their appearance at the house of Caiaphas.

Annas could scarcely wait for the arrival of the poor Saviour. He was beaming with mischievous joy; cunning and mockery were in his glance. He was at this time the president of a certain tribunal, and he sat here with his committee authorized to examine into false doctrines and to hand over the accused to the High Priest.

Jesus stood before Annas pale, exhausted, silent, His head bowed, His garments wet and spattered with mud, His hands fettered, His waist bound by ropes the ends of which the archers held. Annas, that lean, old villain, with scraggy beard, was full of irony and freezing Jewish pride. He put on a half laughing appearance, as if he knew nothing at all of what had taken place, and as if he were greatly surprised to find Jesus in the person of the prisoner brought before him. His address to Him, which, however, I cannot reproduce in his own words, was in

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sense something like the following: "Ha, look there! Jesus of Nazareth! It is Thou! Where now are Thy disciples, Thy crowds of followers? Where is Thy kingdom? It appears that things have taken another turn with Thee! Thy slanders have come to an end! People have had quite enough of Thy blasphemy, Thy calumny against priests, and Thy Sabbath-breaking. Who are Thy disciples? Where are they? Now, art Thou silent? Speak, seditious Man! Speak, Seducer! Didst Thou not eat the Paschal lamb in an unlawful place? Thou dost wish to introduce a new doctrine. Who has given Thee authority to teach? Where hast Thou studied? Speak! What is Thy doctrine which throws everything into confusion? Speak! Speak! What is Thy doctrine?"

At these words, Jesus raised His weary head, looked at Annas, and replied: "I have spoken openly before all the world where the Jews were gathered together. In secret I have spoken nothing. Why questionest thou Me? Ask those that have heard what I have spoken unto them. Behold! They know what I have said."

The countenance of Annas during this reply of Jesus betrayed rage and scorn. A base menial standing near Jesus remarked this, and the villain struck the Lord with his open, mailed hand. The blow fell full upon the mouth and cheek of the Lord, while the scoundrel uttered the words: "Answerest Thou the High Priest so?" Jesus, trembling under the violence of the blow and jerked at the same time by the executioners, one pulling this way, another that, fell sideways on the steps, the blood flowing from His face. The hall resounded with jeers and laughter, mockery, muttering, and abusive words. With renewed ill-usage, they dragged Jesus up. He said quietly: "If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil; but if well, why strikest thou Me?"

Annas, still more enraged by Jesus' calm demeanor, summoned the witnesses (because Jesus Himself so

willed it) to come forward and declare whatever they had heard Him say. Thereupon the rabble set up a storm of cries and abuse. "He has said," they cried, "that He is a king, that God is His Father, that the Pharisees are adulterers. He stirs up the people, He heals on the Sabbath day and by the power of the devil. The inhabitants of Ophel have gone crazy over Him, calling Him their Deliverer, their Prophet. He allows Himself to be called the Son of God. He speaks of Himself as One sent by God. He cries woe to Jerusalem, and alludes in His instructions to the destruction of the city. He observes not the fasts. He goes about with a crowd of followers. He eats with the unclean, with heathens, publicans, and sinners, and saunters around with adulteresses and women of bad character. Just now, outside the gate of Ophel, He said to a man who gave Him a drink that He would give to him the waters of eternal life and that he should never thirst again. He seduces the people with words of double meaning. He squanders the money and property of others. He tells people all kinds of lies about His kingdom and such like things."

These accusations were brought forward against the Lord without regard to order or propriety. The witnesses stepped up to Him and made their charges, derisively gesticulating in His face, while the executioners jerked Him first to one side, then to the other, saying: "Speak! Answer!" Annas and his counselors, laughing scornfully, insulted Him during the pauses made by the witnesses; for instance, they would exclaim: "Now, there! We hear the fine doctrine! What hast Thou to answer? That, also, would be public teaching. The whole country is full of it! Canst Thou produce nothing here? Why dost Thou not issue some command, O King—Thou Son of God—show now Thy mission!"

These expressions on the part of the judges were followed by pulling, pushing, and mocking on that

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of the executioners and bystanders, who would all have been glad to imitate the insolent fellow that struck Jesus in the face.

Jesus staggered from side to side. With freezing irony, Annas again addressed Him: "Who art Thou? What kind of a king art Thou? What kind of an envoy art Thou? I think that Thou art only an obscure carpenter's Son. Or art Thou Elias who was taken up to Heaven in a fiery chariot? They say that he is still living. Thou too canst render Thyself invisible, for Thou hast often disappeared. Or perhaps Thou art Malachias? Thou hast always vaunted Thyself upon this Prophet, and Thou didst love to apply his words to Thyself. It is also reported of him that he had no father, that he was an angel, and that he is not yet dead. What a fine opportunity for an imposter to give himself out for him! Say, what kind of a king art Thou? Thou art greater than Solomon! That too is one of Thy speeches. Come on! I shall not longer withhold from Thee the title of Thy kingdom!"

Annas now called for writing materials. Taking a strip of parchment about three-quarters of an ell long and three fingers in breadth, he laid it upon a table before him, and with a reed pen wrote a list of words in large letters, each of which contained some accusation against the Lord. Then he rolled the parchment and stuck it into a little hollow gourd, which he closed with a stopper. This he next fastened to a reed and, sending the mock scepter to Jesus, scornfully addressed Him in such words as the following: "Here, take the scepter of Thy kingdom! In it are enclosed all Thy titles, Thy rights, and Thy honors. Carry them hence to the High Priest, that he may recognize Thy mission and Thy Kingdom, and treat Thee accordingly." Then turning to the soldiers, he said: "Bind His hands and conduct this king to the High Priest." Some time previously they had loosened Jesus' hands. They now bound them again crosswise on His breast after they had

fastened in them the accusations of Annas against Him, and thus amid shouts of laughter, mocking cries, and all kinds of ill-usage, Jesus was dragged from the tribunal of Annas to that of Caiaphas.

#### **14. Jesus Led From Annas to Caiaphas**

When Jesus was being led to Annas, He had passed the house of Caiaphas. He was now conducted back to it by a road that ran diagonally between the two. They were scarcely three hundred paces apart. The road, which ran between high walls and rows of small houses belonging to the judgment hall of Caiaphas, was lighted up by torches and lanterns, and filled with clamoring, boisterous Jews. It was with difficulty that the soldiers could keep back the crowd. Those that had outraged Jesus before Annas continued their jibes and jests and ill-treatment before the crowd, abusing and ill-treating Him the whole way. I saw armed men of all kinds belonging to the tribunal driving away little parties of wailing people who were compassionating Jesus, while to some that had distinguished themselves by reviling and accusing Him, they gave money, and admitted them with their companions into the court of Caiaphas.

To reach the judgment hall of Caiaphas, one had to pass through a gateway into a spacious exterior court, then through a second gateway into another which, with its walls, surrounded the whole house. (This we shall call the inner court.) A kind of open vestibule surrounded on three sides by a covered colonnade formed the front of the house, which was more than twice as long as it was broad and before which was a level, open square. This vestibule, or fore court, was called the atrium, into which entrances led from the three sides, the principal one being from the rear, that is, from the house itself. Entering from this side, one proceeded to the left under the open sky to a pit lined with masonry, wherein

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fire was kept burning; then turning to the right, he would come upon a covered space back of a row of columns higher than any yet described. This formed the fourth side of the atrium and was about half its size. Here upon a semicircular platform up to which led several steps, were the seats for the members of the Council. That of the High Priest was elevated and in the center. The prisoner, surrounded by the guard, stood for trial in the middle of the semicircle. Upon either side and behind him down into the atrium were places for the witnesses and accusers. Three doors at the back of the judges' seats led into a large, circular hall, around whose wall seats were ranged. This room was used for secret consultations. On leaving the judges' seats and coming out into this hall, one found doors right and left. They opened upon flights of several steps, leading down into the inner court which here following the shape of the house, ran off into a circular form. On leaving the hall by the door on the right and turning to the left in the court, one found himself at the entrance of a dark, subterranean vault containing prison cells. They lay under the rear halls which, like the open tribunal, were higher than the atrium, and consequently afforded space for underground vaults. There were many prisons in this round part of the court. In one of them after Pentecost, I saw John and Peter sitting a whole night. This was when they were imprisoned after Peter had cured the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple.

In and around the building were numberless lamps and torches. All was as bright as day. In the center of the atrium, besides, shone the great pit of fire. It was like a furnace sunk in the earth, but open on top. The fuel was, I think, peat, and it was thrown in from above. Rising from the sides to above the height of a man were pipes in the shape of horns for carrying off the smoke. In the center, however, one could see the fire. Soldiers, servants, the rabble,

most of whom were bribed witnesses, were crowding around the fire. There were some females among them, girls of doubtful fame, who sold to the soldiers a reddish beverage by the glass and, on receipt of a trifling sum, baked cakes for them. This scene of disorder and merriment reminded me of carnival time.

Most of those that had been summoned were already assembled around the High Priest Caiaphas on the semicircular platform, while here and there others were coming in. The accusers and false witnesses almost filled the atrium; others were trying to force their way in, and it was only with difficulty that they were kept back.

Shortly before the arrival of the procession with Jesus, Peter and John, still enveloped in the messenger mantles, entered the outer court of the house. Through the influence of one of the servants known to him, John was fortunate enough to make his way through the gate of the inner court which, however, on account of the great crowd, was at once closed behind him. When Peter, who had been kept back a little by the crowd, reached the closed gate, the maidservant in charge would not let him pass. John interposed, but Peter would not have got in had not Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, who just then sought admittance, said a good word for him. Once inside they laid off the mantles, which they gave back to the servants, and then took their place to the right among the crowd in the atrium where they could see the judges' seats. Caiaphas was already seated in his elevated tribunal in the center of the raised semi-circular platform, and around him were sitting about seventy members of the Sanhedrim. Public officers, the Scribes, and the Ancients were sitting or standing on either side, and around them ranged many of the witnesses and rabble. Guards were stationed below the platform, under the entrance colonnade, and through the atrium as far



as the door by which the procession was expected. This door was not the one directly opposite the tribunal, but that to the left of the atrium.

Caiaphas was a man of great gravity, his countenance florid and fierce. He wore a long, dull red mantle ornamented with golden flowers and tassels. It was fastened on the shoulders, the breast, and down the front with shining buckles of various form. On his head was a cap, the top of which resembled a low episcopal miter. The pieces front and back were bent so as to meet on top, thus leaving openings at the side, from which hung ribands. From either side of the head lappets fell upon the shoulders. Caiaphas and his counselors were already a long time assembled; many of them had even remained since the departure of Judas and his gang. The rage and impatience of Caiaphas had reached such a pitch that, magnificently attired as he was, he descended from his lofty tribunal and went into the outer court asking angrily whether Jesus would soon come. At last the procession was seen approaching, and Caiaphas returned to his seat.

### **15. Jesus Before Caiaphas**

Amid frantic cries of mockery, with pushing and dragging and casting of mud, Jesus was led into the atrium, where, instead of the unbridled rage of the mob, were heard the dull muttering and whispering of restrained rage. Turning to the right on entering, the procession faced the tribunal. When Jesus passed Peter and John, He glanced at them lovingly, though without turning His head, for fear of betraying them. Scarcely had He passed through the colonnaded entrance and appeared before the Council, when Caiaphas cried out to Him: "Hast Thou come, Thou blasphemer of God, Thou that dost disturb this our sacred night!" The tube containing Annas' accusations against Jesus was now drawn from the

mock scepter. When the writing which it contained was read, Caiaphas poured forth a stream of reproaches and abusive epithets against Jesus, while the soldiers and wretches standing near dragged and pulled Him about. They had in their hands little iron rods, some of them capped with sharp goads, others with pear-shaped knobs, with which they drove Him from side to side, crying: "Answer! Open Thy mouth! Canst Thou not speak!" All this went on while Caiaphas, even more enraged than Annas, vociferated question after question to Jesus who, calm and suffering, kept His eyes lowered, not even glancing at him. The wretches, in their efforts to force Him to speak, struck Him on the neck and sides, hit Him with their fists, and goaded Him with their puncheons. And more than this, a cruel lad, with his thumb, pressed Jesus' under-lip upon His teeth, saying: "Here, now, bite!"

And now came the interrogation of the witnesses. It consisted of nothing but the disorderly cries, the enraged shouts of the bribed populace, or the deposition of some of Jesus' enemies belonging to the exasperated Pharisees and Sadducees. A certain number of them had been selected as representatives of their party on this feast. They brought forward all those points that Jesus had answered a hundred times before: for instance, they said that He wrought cures and drove out devils through the devil himself; that He violated the Sabbath, kept not the prescribed fasts; that His disciples ate with unwashed hands; that He incited the people, called the Pharisees a brood of vipers and an adulterous generation; predicted the destruction of Jerusalem; and associated with heathens, publicans, sinners, and women of ill-repute; that He went around with a great crowd of followers, gave Himself out as a king, a prophet, yes, even as the Son of God; and that He was constantly talking about His Kingdom. They advanced, moreover, that He attacked the liberty

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of divorce, that He had cried woe upon Jerusalem, that He called Himself the Bread of Life and put forward the unheard-of doctrine that whoever did not eat His Flesh and drink His Blood would not have eternal life.

In this way were all His words, His instructions, and His parables misrepresented and perverted, mixed up with words of abuse and outrage, and attributed to Him as crimes. The witnesses, however, contradicted and confused one another. One said: "He gives Himself out for a king"; another cried, "No! He only allows Himself to be so styled, for when they wanted to proclaim Him king, He fled." Then one of them shouted: "He says He is the Son of God," to which someone else retorted: "No, that's not so! He calls Himself a Son only because He fulfills the Father's will." Some declared that those whom He had healed fell sick again, so that His healing power was nothing but the effect of magic. On the charge of sorcery principally, many accusations were lodged against Him, and numbers of witnesses came forward. The cure of the man at the Pool of Bethesda was brought up in a distorted light and falsely represented. The Pharisees of Sephoris, with whom Jesus had once disputed upon the subject of divorce, accused Him now of teaching false doctrine, and that young man of Nazareth whom He had refused to receive as a disciple, was base enough to step forward and witness against Him. They accused Him also of acquitting at the Temple the woman taken in adultery, of taxing the Pharisees with crime, and of many other things.

Notwithstanding all their efforts, they were unable to prove anyone of their charges. The crowd of witnesses seemed to come forward more for the purpose of deriding Jesus to His face than to render testimony. They contended hotly among themselves, while Caiaphas and some of the counselors ceased not their raillery and taunting expressions. They

cried out: "What a king Thou art? Show Thy power! Call the angelic legions of which Thou spokest in the Garden of Olives! Where hast Thou hidden the money Thou didst receive from widows and simpletons? Thou hast squandered whole estates, and what hast Thou to show for it? Answer! Speak! Now that Thou shouldst speak before the judges, Thou art dumb; but where it would have been better to be silent, that is, before the mob and female rabble, Thou didst have words enough," etc.

All these speeches were accompanied by renewed ill-usage from the servants, who tried with cuffs and blows to force Jesus to answer. Through God's help alone was He enabled longer to live, that He might bear the sins of the world. Some of the vile witnesses declared the Lord to be an illegitimate son, which charge others contradicted with the words: "That is false! His Mother was a pious Virgin belonging to the Temple, and we were present at her marriage to a most God-fearing man." And then followed a hot dispute among these last witnesses.

They next accused Jesus and His disciples of not offering sacrifice in the Temple. True it is that I never saw Jesus or the Apostles, after they began to follow Him, bringing any sacrifice to the Temple excepting the Paschal lamb, though Joseph and Anne frequently during their lifetime offered sacrifice for Jesus. But these accusations were of no account, for the Essenians never offered sacrifice, and no one thought of subjecting them to punishment for the omission. The charge of sorcery was frequently repeated, and more than once Caiaphas declared that the confusion of the witnesses in their statements was due to witchcraft.

Some now said that Jesus had, contrary to the law, eaten the Paschal lamb on the previous day, and that the year before He had sanctioned other irregularities at the same feast. This testimony gave rise to new expressions of rage and derision from the

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vile crowd. But the witnesses had so perplexed and contradicted one another that, mortified and exasperated, Caiaphas and the assembled counselors found that not one of the accusations against Jesus could be substantiated. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea were then called up to explain how it happened that they had allowed Jesus to eat the Pasch in a supper room belonging to the last-named. Having taken their places before Caiaphas, they proved from written documents that the Galileans, according to an ancient custom, were permitted to eat the Pasch one day earlier than the other Jews. They added that everything else pertaining to the ceremony had been carefully observed, for that persons belonging to the Temple were present at it. This last assertion greatly puzzled the witnesses, and the enemies of Jesus were particularly exasperated when Nicodemus sent for the writings and pointed out the passages containing this right of the Galileans. Besides several other reasons for this privilege, which I have forgotten, there was this: the immense crowds congregated at the same time and for the same purpose in the Temple rendered it impossible for all to get through the ceremonies at a given hour; and again, if all were to return home at the same time, the roads would be so thronged as to render them impassable. Now, although the Galileans did not always make use of their privilege, yet Nicodemus incontestably proved its existence from written documents. The rage of the Pharisees against Nicodemus became still greater when the latter closed his remarks by saying that the members of the Council must feel greatly aggrieved at being called upon to preside over a trial instituted by prejudice so evident, carried on with haste so violent on the night preceding the most solemn of their festivals; and that the gross contradictions of all the witnesses in their presence and before the assembled multitude were to them a positive insult. The Pharisees glanced

wrathfully at Nicodemus and, with barefaced insolence, hurriedly continued to question the base witnesses. After much shameful, perverse, lying evidence, two witnesses at last came forward and said: "Jesus declared that He would destroy the Temple made by hands, and in three days build up another not made by human hands." But these two also wrangled over their words. One said: "Jesus was going to build up a new Temple; therefore it was that He had celebrated a new Passover in another building, for He was going to destroy the old Temple." The other retorted: "The building in which He ate the Pasch was built by human hands, consequently He did not mean that."

Caiaphas was now thoroughly exasperated, for the ill-treatment bestowed upon Jesus, the contradictory statements of the witnesses, and the incomprehensibly silent patience of the Accused were beginning to make a very deep impression upon many of those present, and some of the witnesses were laughed to scorn. The silence of Jesus roused the conscience of many, and about ten of the soldiers were so touched by it that, under pretext of indisposition, they left the court. As they passed Peter and John, they said to them: "The silence of Jesus the Galilean in the midst of treatment so shameful is heartrending. It is a wonder the earth does not swallow His persecutors alive. But tell us, whither shall we go?" The two Apostles, however, perhaps because they did not trust the soldiers or feared to be recognized by them or the bystanders as Jesus' disciples, answered sadly and in general terms: "If truth calls you, follow it; the rest will take care of itself." Thereupon these men left the outer court of Caiaphas' house, and hurried from the city. They met some persons who directed them to caves on the other side of Mount Sion to the south of Jerusalem. Here they found hidden several of the Apostles, who at first shrank from them in alarm. But their fears were dispelled on

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receiving news of Jesus and upon hearing that the soldiers were themselves in danger. They soon after separated and scattered to different places.

Caiaphas, infuriated by the wrangling of the last two witnesses, rose from his seat, went down a couple of steps to Jesus, and said: "Answerest Thou nothing to this testimony against Thee?" He was vexed that Jesus would not look at him. At this the archers pulled Our Lord's head back by the hair, and with their fist gave Him blows under His chin. But His glance was still downcast. Caiaphas angrily raised his hands and said in a tone full of rage: "I adjure Thee by the living God that Thou tell us whether Thou be Christ, the Messiah, the Son of the Most Blessed God."

A solemn silence fell upon the clamoring crowd. Jesus, strengthened by God, said in a voice inexpressibly majestic, a voice that struck awe into all hearts, the voice of the Eternal Word: "I am! Thou sayest it! And I say to you, soon you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming in the clouds of Heaven!"

While Jesus was pronouncing these words, I saw Him shining with light. The heavens were open above Him and, in an inexpressible manner, I saw God, the Father Almighty. I saw the angels and the prayers of the just crying, as it were, and pleading for Jesus. I saw, besides, the Divinity as if speaking from the Father and from Jesus at the same time: "If it were possible for Me to suffer, I would do so, but because I am merciful, I have taken flesh in the Person of My Son, in order that the Son of Man may suffer. I am just—but behold! He is carrying the sins of these men, the sins of the whole world!"

I saw yawning below Caiaphas the whole abyss of Hell, a lurid, fiery sphere full of horrible shapes. I saw Caiaphas standing above it, separated from it by only a thin crust. I saw him penetrated with diabolical rage. The whole house now appeared to

be one with the open abyss of Hell below. When the Lord solemnly declared that He was Christ, the Son of God, it was as if Hell grew terror-stricken before Him, as if it launched the whole force of its rage against Him by means of those gathered in the tribunal of Caiaphas. As all these things were shown me in forms and pictures, I saw Hell's despair and fury in numberless horrible shapes coming up in many places out of the earth. Among them I remember to have seen crowds of little, dark figures like dogs with short paws and great, long claws, but I do not now recall what species of wickedness was symbolized in them. I remember only the figures. I saw frightful-looking shadows similar to those moving among most of those present, or sitting upon the head or shoulders of many. The assembly was full of them, and they excited the people to fury and wickedness. I saw also at this moment, from the graves on the other side of Sion, hideous figures hurriedly rising. I think they were evil spirits. In the vicinity of the Temple, likewise, I saw many apparitions rising out of the earth. Some of them appeared to be captives, for they moved along slowly in fetters. I do not now know whether these last were demons, or souls banished to certain places on the earth and who were perhaps now going to Purgatory, which the Lord was about to open to them by His condemnation to death. One can never fully express such things for fear of scandalizing the ignorant, but when one sees these things, one feels them, and they make the hair stand on end. This moment was full of horror. I think that John too must have seen something of it, for I heard him afterward speaking about it. The few who were not entirely abandoned to evil felt with deep dismay the horror of this moment, but the wicked experienced only a wild outburst of rage.

Caiaphas, as if inspired by Hell, seized the hem of his magnificent mantle, clipped it with a knife



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and, with a whizzing noise, tore it as he exclaimed in a loud voice: "He has blasphemed! What need have we of further witnesses? Behold now ye have heard the blasphemy, what think ye?" At these words, the whole assembly rose and cried out in a horrid voice: "He is guilty of death! He is guilty of death!"

During these shouts, that sinister rage of Hell was most frightful in the house of Caiaphas. Jesus' enemies appeared to be possessed by Satan, as did also their partisans and fawning servants. It was as if the powers of darkness were proclaiming their triumph over light. Such a sense of horror fell upon all present in whom there was still some little connection with good, that many of them drew their mantles closer around them and slipped away. The witnesses belonging to the better classes, as their presence was no longer necessary, also left the judgment hall, their conscience racked by remorse. The rabble, however, gathered around the fire in the forecourt where, having received the price of their perfidy, they ate and drank to excess.

The High Priest, addressing the executioners, said: "I deliver this King to you. Render to the Blasphemer the honors due Him!" After these words, he retired with his council to the round hall back of the tribunal, into which no one could see from the vestibule.

John, in his deep affection, thought only of the Blessed Virgin. He feared that the dreadful news might be communicated to her suddenly by some enemy; so casting at Jesus, the Holy of Holies, a glance that said: "Master, Thou knowest well why I am going," he hurried from the judgment hall to seek the Blessed Virgin as sent to her by Jesus Himself. Peter, quite consumed by anxiety and pain and, on account of his bodily exhaustion, feeling keenly the sensible chilliness of the coming morning, concealed his deep trouble as well as he could, and

timidly approached the fire in the atrium, around which all kinds of low-lived wretches were warming themselves. He knew not what he was doing, but he could not leave his Master.

## **16. Jesus Mocked and Insulted**

As soon as Caiaphas, having delivered Jesus to the soldiers, left the judgment hall with his Council, the very scum of the miscreants present fell like a swarm of infuriated wasps upon Our Lord, who until then had been held fast by two of the four executioners that guided the ropes with which He was bound. Two of them had retired before the sentence, in order to make their escape with the others. Even during the trial, the executioners and other wretches had cruelly torn whole handfuls of hair from the head and beard of Jesus. Some good persons secretly picked up the locks of hair from the ground and slipped away with them, but after a little while it disappeared from their possession. During the trial also the miscreants had spat upon Jesus, struck Him again and again with their fists, goaded Him with cudgels whose rounded ends were armed with sharp points, and had even run needles into His body. But now they exercised their villainy upon Him in a manner altogether frantic and irrational. They put upon Him, one after the other, several crowns of straw and bark plaited in various ludicrous forms which, with wicked words of mockery, they afterward struck from His head. Sometimes they cried: "Behold the Son of David crowned with the crown of His Father!" Or again: "Behold, here is more than Solomon!" Or: "This is the king who is preparing a marriage feast for His son!" And thus they turned to ridicule all the eternal truths which, for the salvation of mankind, He had in truth and parables taught. They struck Him with their fists and sticks, threw Him from side to side, and spat upon Him.

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At last they plaited a crown of coarse wheat straw, such as grows in that country, put upon Him a high cap, almost similar to the high miters of the present day; and, after stripping Him of His knitted robe, placed over the miter the straw crown. There, now, stood poor Jesus clothed only in His nether bandage and the scapular that fell on His breast and back; but this last they soon tore from Him, and He never recovered it. They threw around Him an old, tattered mantle too short in front to cover the knees, and put around His neck a long iron chain which, like a stole, hung from the shoulders across the breast and down to the knees. The ends of the chain were furnished with two great, heavy rings studded with sharp points which, as He walked, struck against His knees and wounded them severely. They pinioned anew His hands upon His breast, placed in them a reed, and covered His disfigured countenance with the spittle of their impure mouths. His torn hair and beard, His breast, and the whole of the upper part of the mantle of derision were laden with filth in every degree of loathsomeness. They tied a rag across His eyes, struck Him with their fists and sticks, and cried out: "Great Prophet! Prophecy, who has struck Thee?" But Jesus answered not. He prayed interiorly, sighed, and bore their blows. Thus ill-used, blindfolded, and covered with filth, they dragged Him by the chain into the rear council hall. They kicked Him and drove Him forward with their clubs, while uttering such derisive cries as, "Forward, O King of Straw! He must show Himself to the Council in the regal insignia which we have bestowed upon Him!" When they entered the council hall wherein many of the members were still sitting with Caiaphas on the elevated, semicircular platform, a new scene of outrage began; and with an utterly base meaning and purely sacrilegious violation, sacred customs and ceremonies were imitated. As, for instance, when they covered Jesus

with mud and spittle, the vile miscreants exclaimed: "Here now is Thy royal unction, Thy prophetic unction!" It was thus they mockingly alluded to Magdalen's anointing and to Baptism. "What!" they cried jeeringly, "art Thou going to appear before the Sanhedrim in this unclean trim? Thou wast wont to purify others, and yet Thou art not clean Thyself. But we will now purify Thee." Thereupon, they brought a basin full of foul, muddy water in which lay a coarse rag; and amid pushes, jests, and mockery mingled with ironical bows and salutations, with sticking out the tongue at Him or turning up to Him their hinder parts, they passed the wet smeary rag over His face and shoulders as if cleansing Him, though in reality rendering Him more filthy than before. Finally, they poured the whole contents of the basin over His face with the mocking words: "There, now, is precious balm for Thee! There now, Thou hast nard water at a cost of three hundred pence! Now, Thou hast Thy baptism of the Pool of Bethsaida!"

This last outrage showed forth, though without their intending it, the likeness between Jesus and the Paschal lamb, for on this day the lambs slaughtered for sacrifice were first washed in the pond near the sheep gate and then in the Pool of Bethsaida to the south of the Temple. They were then solemnly sprinkled with water before being slaughtered in the Temple for the Passover. The enemies of Jesus were alluding to the paralytic who for thirty-eight years had been sick, and who had been cured by Him at the Pool of Bethsaida, for I afterward saw that same man washed or baptized in its waters. I say "washed or baptized," because at this moment the action with its circumstances does not recur clearly to my mind.

Now they dragged and pulled Jesus around with kicks and blows in the circle formed by the members of the Council, all of whom greeted Him with

raillery and abuse. I saw the whole assembly filled with raging, diabolical figures. It was a scene of horrible gloom and confusion. But around the ill-treated Jesus, since the moment in which He said that He was the Son of God, I frequently saw a glory, a splendor. Many of those present seemed to have an interior perception of the same, some more, others less; they experienced, at least, a feeling of dread upon seeing that, in spite of the scorn and ignominy with which He was laden, the indescribable majesty of His bearing remained unchanged. The halo around Him seemed to incite His enemies to a higher degree of fury. But to me that glory appeared so remarkable that I am of opinion that they veiled Jesus' countenance on that account, because since the words: "I am He," the High Priest could no longer endure His glance.

### **17. Peter's Denial**

When Jesus solemnly uttered the words: "I am He," and Caiaphas rent his garments crying out: "He is guilty of death"—when the hall resounded with the mocking cries and furious shouts of the rabble—when the heavens opened above Jesus—when Hell gave free vent to its rage—when the graves gave up their captive spirits—when all was horror and consternation—then were Peter and John, who had suffered much from having to witness silently and passively the frightful abuse to which Jesus was subjected, no longer able to remain. John went out with many of the crowd and some of the witnesses who were leaving the hall, and hurried off to the Mother of Jesus, who was staying at Martha's, not far from the corner gate, where Lazarus owned a beautiful house in Jerusalem. But Peter could not go—he loved Jesus too much. He could scarcely contain himself. He wept bitterly, though trying to hide his tears as well as he could. He could not remain standing any

longer in the judgment hall, for his deep emotion would have betrayed him, nor could he leave without attracting notice. So, he retired to the atrium and took a place in the corner near the fire, around which soldiers and people of all kinds were standing in groups. They went out occasionally to mock Jesus and then came back to make their low, vulgar remarks upon what they had done. Peter kept silence; but already the interest he manifested in the proceedings, joined to the expression of deep grief depicted on his countenance, drew upon him the attention of Jesus' enemies. Just at this moment, the portress approached the fire; and as all were prating and jesting at Jesus' expense and that of His disciples, she, like a bold woman, saucily put in her word and, fixing her eyes upon Peter, said: "Thou too art one of the Galilean's disciples!" Peter, startled and alarmed, and fearing rough treatment from the rude crowd, answered: "Woman, I know Him not! I know not what thou meanest. I do not understand thee!" With these words, wishing to free himself from further remark, he arose and left the atrium. At that moment, a cock somewhere outside the city crowed. I do not remember having *heard* it, but I *felt* that it was crowing outside the city. As Peter was making his way out, another maidservant caught sight of him, and said to the bystanders: "This man, also, was with Jesus of Nazareth." They at once questioned him: "Art thou not also one of His disciples?" Peter, greatly troubled and perplexed, answered with an oath: "Truly, I am not! I do not even know the man!" And he hurried through the inner to the exterior court, to warn some of his acquaintances whom he saw looking over the wall. He was weeping and so full of grief and anxiety on Jesus' account that he hardly gave his denial a thought. In the other court were many people, among them some of Jesus' friends, who not being able to get nearer to the scene of action, had climbed on the wall to be better able to

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hear. Peter, being allowed to go out, found among them a number of disciples whom anxiety had forced hither from their caves on Mount Hinnom. They went straight up to Peter, and with many tears questioned him about Jesus. But he was so excited and so fearful of betraying himself that he advised them in a few words to go away, as there was danger for them where they were. Then he turned off and wandered gloomily about, while they, acting on his word, hastened to leave the city. I recognized about sixteen of the first disciples among them: Bartholomew, Nathanael, Saturnin, Judas Barsabas, Simeon (later on, Bishop of Jerusalem), Zacheus, and Manahem, the youth endowed with the gift of prophecy but born blind, to whom Jesus had restored sight.

Peter could not rest anywhere. His love for Jesus drove him back into the inner court that surrounded the house. They let him in again, on account of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, who had in the first instance procured his admittance. He did not, however, return to the court of the judgment hall, but turning went along to the right until he reached the entrance of the circular hall back of the tribunal. In that hall was Jesus being dragged about and abused by the vile rabble. Peter drew near trembling, and although he felt himself an object of remark, yet his anxiety for Jesus drove him through the doorway, which was beset by the crowd watching the outrages heaped upon Jesus. Just then they were dragging Him, crowned with straw, around the circle. Jesus cast a glance full of earnest warning upon Peter, a glance that pierced him to the soul. But when, still struggling with fear, he heard from some of the bystanders the words: "What fellow is that?" he re-entered the court. There, sad and distracted with compassion for Jesus and anxiety for his own safety, he wandered about with loitering steps. At last seeing that he was attracting notice upon himself, he went again into the atrium and

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took a seat by the fire. He had sat there a considerable time when some that had seen him outside and noticed his preoccupied and excited manner reentered and again directed their attention to him, while referring in slighting terms to Jesus and His affairs. One of them said: "Truly, thou also dost belong to His adherents! Thou art a Galilean. Thy speech betrays thee." Peter began to evade the remark and to make his way out of the hall, when a brother of Malchus stepped up to him and said: "What! Did I not see thee with Him in the Garden of Olives? Didst thou not wound my brother's ear?"

Peter became like one beside himself with terror. While trying to free himself, he began in his impetuous way to curse and swear that he knew not the man, and ended by running out of the atrium into the court that surrounded the house. The cock again crowed. Just at that moment, Jesus was being led from the circular hall and across this court down into a prison under it. He turned toward Peter and cast upon him a glance of mingled pity and sadness. Forcibly and with a terrifying power, the word of Jesus fell upon his heart: "Before the cock crows twice, thou wilt deny Me thrice!" Worn out with grief and anxiety, Peter had entirely forgotten his presumptuous protestation on the Mount of Olives, rather to die with his Master than to deny Him, as also the warning he had then received from Jesus. But at that glance, the enormity of his fault rose up before him and well-nigh broke his heart. He had sinned. He had sinned against his ill-treated, unjustly condemned Saviour, who was silently enduring the most horrible outrages, who had so truly warned him to be on his guard. Filled with remorse and sorrow, he covered his head with his mantle and hurried into the other court, weeping bitterly. He no longer feared being accosted. To everyone he met he would willingly have proclaimed who he was, and how great was the crime that rested on him. Who would presume



to say that in such danger, affliction, anxiety, and perplexity, in such a struggle between love and fear, worn out with fatigue, consumed by watching, pursued by dread, half-crazed from pain of mind caused by the overwhelming sorrows of this most pitiful night, with a temperament at once so childlike and so ardent, he would have been stronger than Peter? The Lord left Peter to his own strength, therefore did he become so weak, just as they always do that lose sight of the words: "Pray and watch, that ye enter not into temptation."

### **18. Mary in the Judgment Hall Of Caiaphas**

The Blessed Virgin, united in constant, interior compassion with Jesus, knew and experienced in her soul all that happened to Him. She suffered everything with Him in spiritual contemplation, and like Him she was absorbed in continual prayer for His executioners. But at the same time, her mother-heart cried uninterruptedly to God that He might not suffer these crimes to be enacted, that He might ward off these sufferings from her Most Blessed Son, and she irresistibly longed to be near her poor, outraged Jesus. When then John, after the frightful cry: "He is guilty of death!" left the court of Caiaphas and went to her at Lazarus' in Jerusalem, not far from the corner gate; and when, by his account of the terrible sufferings of her Son, he confirmed what she already well knew from interior contemplation, she ardently desired to be conducted together with Magdalen (who was almost crazed from grief), and some others of the holy women, to where she might be near her suffering Jesus. John, who had left the presence of His Divine Master only to console her who was next to Jesus with him, accompanied the Blessed Virgin when led by the holy women from the house. Magdalen, wringing her hands, staggered with the others along the

moonlit streets, which were alive with people returning to their homes. The holy women were veiled. But their little party, closely clinging to one another, their occasional sobs and expressions of grief, which could not be restrained, drew upon them the notice of the passersby, many of whom were Jesus' enemies; and the bitter, abusive words which they heard uttered against the Lord added to their pain. The most afflicted Mother suffered in constant, interior contemplation the torments of Jesus, which, however, like all other things, she quietly kept in her heart; for, like Him, she suffered with Him in silence. The holy women supported her in their arms. When passing under an arched gateway of the inner city, through which their way led, they were met by some well disposed people returning from Caiaphas' judgment hall and lamenting the scenes they had witnessed. They approached the holy women and, recognizing the Mother of Jesus, paused a moment to salute her with heartfelt compassion: "O thou most unhappy Mother! Thou most afflicted Mother! O thou most distressed Mother of the Holy One of Israel!" Mary thanked them earnestly, and the holy women with hurried steps continued their sorrowful way.

As they drew near to Caiaphas', the route led to the side opposite the entrance where there was only one surrounding wall, while on the side of the entrance itself, it ran through two courts. Here a fresh and bitter sorrow was in store for the Mother of Jesus and her companions. They had to pass a high, level place upon which, under a light awning, the Cross of Christ was being constructed by torchlight. The enemies of Jesus had already, as soon as Judas went out to betray Him, commanded the Cross to be prepared for Him just as soon as He should be seized, for then Pilate would have no cause for delay. They thought they would deliver the Lord very early to him for sentence of death; they did not expect it to be so long delayed. The Romans had

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already prepared the crosses for the two robbers. The workmen, full of chagrin at being obliged to labor during the night, uttered horrible curses and abusive epithets which, with every stroke of the hammer, pierced the heart of the most afflicted Mother. Still she prayed for those blind wretches who, cursing and swearing, were putting together the instrument for their own redemption, and the cruel martyrdom of her Son.

When now they reached the outer court of the house, Mary, in the midst of the holy women and accompanied by John, withdrew into a corner under the gateway leading into the inner court. Her soul, filled with inexpressible sufferings, was with Jesus. She sighed for the door to be opened, and hoped, through John's intervention, to be allowed admittance. She felt that this door alone separated her from her Son who, at the second crowing of the cock, was to be led out of the house and into the prison below. At last the door opened and Peter, weeping bitterly, his head covered and his hands outstretched, rushed to meet the crowd issuing forth. The glare of the torches, added to the light shed by the moon, enabled him at once to recognize John and the Blessed Virgin. It seemed to him that conscience, which the glance of the Son had roused and terrified, stood before him in the person of the Mother. Oh, how the soul of poor Peter quivered when Mary accosted him with: "O Simon, what about my Son, what about Jesus?" Unable to speak or to support the glance of Mary's eyes, Peter turned away wringing his hands. But Mary would not desist. She approached him and said in a voice full of emotion: "O Simon, son of Cephas, thou answerest me not?" Thereupon in the deepest woe, Peter exclaimed: "O Mother, speak not to me! Thy Son is suffering cruelly. Speak not to me! They have condemned Him to death, and I have shamefully denied Him thrice!" And when John drew near to speak to him, Peter,

like one crazed by grief, hurried out of the court and fled from the city. He paused not until he reached that cave on Mount Olivet upon whose stones were impressed the marks of Jesus' hands while He prayed. In that same cave our first father Adam did penance, for it was here that he first reached the curse-laden earth.

The Blessed Virgin, in compassion for Jesus in this new pain, that of being denied by the disciple who had been the first to acknowledge Him the Son of the Living God, at these words of Peter sank down upon the stone pavement upon which she was standing by the pillar of the gateway. The marks of her hand or foot remained impressed upon the stone, which is still in existence, though I do not now remember where I have seen it. Most of the crowd had dispersed after Jesus was imprisoned, and the gate of the court was still standing open. Rising from where she had fallen and longing to be nearer her beloved Son, John conducted the Blessed Virgin and the holy women to the front of the Lord's prison. Mary was indeed with Jesus in spirit and knew all that was happening to Him, and He too was with her. But this most faithful Mother wished to hear with her bodily ears the sighs of her Son. She could in her present position hear both the sighs of Jesus and the insults heaped upon Him. The little group could not here remain long unobserved. Magdalen was too greatly agitated to conquer the vehemence of her grief, and though the Blessed Virgin by a special grace appeared wonderfully dignified and venerable in her exterior manifestation of her exceedingly great suffering, yet even while going this short distance she was obliged to listen to words of bitter import, such as: "Is not this the Galilean's Mother? Her Son will certainly be crucified, though not before the festival, unless, indeed He is the greatest of criminals." The Blessed Virgin turned and, guided by the Spirit that enlightened her interiorly, went

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to the fireplace in the atrium where only a few of the rabble were still standing. Her companions followed in speechless grief. In this place of horror, where Jesus had declared that He was the Son of God and where the brood of Satan had cried out: "He is guilty of death," the most afflicted Mother's anguish was so great that she appeared more like a dying than a living person. John and the holy women led her away from the spot. The lookers-on became silent, as if stupefied. The effect produced by Mary's presence was what might be caused by a pure spirit passing through Hell.

The little party proceeded along a way that ran back of the house, and passed that mournful spot upon which the Cross was being prepared. As it was found difficult to pronounce sentence upon Jesus, so was it hard to get ready His Cross. The workmen were obliged frequently to bring fresh wood, because this or that piece proved a misfit or broke under their hands. It was in this way that the various kinds of wood were employed that God willed to be used. I have had many visions on this subject, and I have seen the angels hindering the laborers in their work until they recommenced and finished it as God would have it done. But as I do not clearly remember the several circumstances, I shall pass them over.

### **19. Jesus Imprisoned**

The prison cell into which Jesus was introduced lay under the judgment hall of Caiaphas. It was a small, circular vault. A part of it, I see in existence even now. Only two of the four executioners remained with Jesus. After a short interval they exchanged places with two others, and these again were soon relieved. They had not given the Lord His own garments again. He was clothed with only the filthy mantle of mockery, and His hands were still bound.

When the Lord entered the prison, He prayed His

Heavenly Father to accept all the scorn and ill treatment that He had endured up to that moment and all that He had still to suffer in atonement for the sins of His executioners and for all those that, in future ages, might be in danger of sinning through impatience and anger.

Even in this prison, the executioners allowed Jesus no rest. They bound Him to a low pillar that stood in the center of the prison, though they would not permit Him to lean against it. He was obliged to stagger from side to side on His tired feet, which were wounded and swollen from frequent falls and the strokes of the chain that hung to His knees. They ceased not to mock and outrage Him, and when the two executioners in charge were wearied, two others replaced them, and new scenes of villainy were enacted.

It is not possible for me to repeat all the acts of wickedness performed against the Purest and the Holiest. I am too sick. I am almost dying from compassion. Ah, how ashamed we should be that through effeminacy and fastidiousness we cannot bear to talk of or to listen to the details of all that the innocent Redeemer patiently suffered for us. Horror seizes upon us on such occasions, similar to that of a murderer forced to lay his hands upon the wounds of his victim. Jesus endured all without opening His lips; and it was man, sinful man, who thus raged against His Brother, His Redeemer, and His God. I too am a poor, sinful creature, and it was for my sake that all this suffering fell upon Him. On the Day of Judgment, all things will be laid open. Then shall we see how, in the ill-treatment of the Son of God, when as the Son of Man He appeared in time, we have had a share by the sins we so frequently commit, and which are indeed a kind of continuation of and participation in the outrages offered to Jesus by those diabolical miscreants. Ah! If we rightly reflected upon this, we should more earnestly

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than ever repeat the words found in so many of our prayer books: "Lord, let me rather die than ever outrage Thee again by sin!"

Standing in His prison, Jesus prayed uninterruptedly for His tormentors. When at last they grew tired of their cruel sport and became somewhat quiet, I saw Jesus leaning against the pillar and surrounded by light. Day was dawning, the day of His infinite sufferings and atonement. The day of our Redemption glanced faintly through an opening overhead in the prison wall and shone upon our holy, ill-used Paschal Lamb, who had taken upon Himself all the sins of the world. Jesus raised His manacled hands to greet the dawning light and clearly and audibly pronounced a most touching prayer to His Father in Heaven. In it He thanked Him for sending this day after which the Patriarchs had sighed, after which He too, since His coming upon earth, had longed so ardently as to break forth into the cry: "I have a Baptism wherewith I am to be baptized, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished!" How touchingly the Lord thanked for this day, which was to accomplish the aim of His life, our salvation; which was to unlock Heaven, subdue Hell, open the source of blessings to mankind, and fulfill the will of His Father!

I repeated that prayer after Jesus, but I cannot now recall it. I was so sick from compassion, and I had to weep over His pains. As He continued to thank for all the terrible sufferings which He bore for me, I desisted not from imploring: "Ah, give me, give me Thy pains! They are mine by right, they are all for my crimes!" In streamed the light, and Jesus greeted the day in a prayer of thanksgiving so touching that, quite overcome with love and compassion, I repeated His words after Him like a child. It was a scene indescribably sad, sacred, and solemn, a scene full of love—to see Jesus after the horrible turmoil of the night standing radiant with light by that low pillar in the center of His narrow prison cell, and

hailing with thanksgiving the first ray of dawn on that great day of His propitiatory sacrifice. Ah! That ray of light came to Jesus as a judge might visit a criminal in prison to be reconciled to him before the execution of the sentence. Jesus thanked it so lovingly. The executioners, worn out, appeared to be dozing. Suddenly they looked up in wonder, but did not disturb Jesus. They appeared frightened and amazed. Jesus may have been something over an hour in this prison.

## **20. Judas at the Judgment Hall**

While Jesus was in prison, Judas, who until then—like one in despair and driven by the demon—was wandering around the Vale of Hinnom, on the steep southern side of Jerusalem, where lay naught but refuse, bones, and carrion, approached the precincts of Caiaphas' judgment hall. He stole around with the bundle of silver pieces, the price of his treachery, still hanging to the girdle at his side. The pieces were linked together by a little chain. All was silent. Judas, unrecognized, asked the guard what was going to happen to the Galilean. They replied: "He has been condemned to death, and He will be crucified." He heard some persons telling one another how dreadfully Jesus had been treated and how patient He was, while others said that at daybreak He was to appear again before the High Council to receive solemn condemnation. While the traitor, in order to escape recognition, gathered up this news here and there, day dawned and things began to be astir both in and around the hall. Judas, to escape being seen, slipped off behind the house. Like Cain, he fled the sight of men. Despair was taking possession of his soul. But what did he meet here? This was the place where the Cross had been put together. The several pieces lay in order side by side, and the workmen, wrapped in their mantles, were lying asleep. The



sky glistened with a white light above the Mount of Olives, as if shuddering at sight of the instrument of our Redemption. Judas glanced at it in horror, and fled. He had seen the gibbet to which he had sold the Lord! He fled from the spot and hid, resolved to await the result of the morning trial.

## **21. The Morning Trial**

As soon as it was clear daylight, Caiaphas, Annas, the Ancients and Scribes assembled in the great hall to hold a trial perfectly lawful. Trial by night was not legal. That of the preceding night had been held only because time pressed on account of the feast, and that some of the preparatory attestations might be taken. Most of the members had passed the rest of the night in side chambers in Caiaphas' house, or on couches prepared for them above the judgment hall; but many, such as Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, went away and returned at daybreak. It was a large assembly, and business was conducted in a very hurried manner. When now they held council against Jesus in order to condemn Him to death, Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, and a few others opposed His enemies. They demanded that the case should be postponed till after the festival in order not to give rise to a tumult among the people. They argued also that no just sentence could be rendered upon the charges as yet brought forward, since all the witnesses had contradicted one another. The High Priests and their large party became exasperated by this opposition, and they told their opponents in plain terms that they understood clearly why this trial was so repugnant to them since, perhaps, they themselves were not quite innocent of having taken part in the doctrines of the Galilean. The High Priests even went so far as to exclude from the Council all those that were in any way well-disposed toward Jesus. These members protested against taking any part in its proceedings,

left the judgment hall, and betook themselves to the Temple. From that time forward they never sat in the Council, Caiaphas now ordered poor, abused Jesus, who was consumed from want of rest, to be brought from the prison and presented before the Council, so that after the sentence He might without delay be taken to Pilate. The servants hurried tumultuously into the prison, overwhelmed Jesus with words of abuse, loosened His hands, dragged the old tattered mantle from His shoulders, put on Him His own long, woven robe, which was still covered with all kinds of filth, fastened the ropes again around His waist, and led Him forth from the prison. All this was accompanied with blows, by way of hastening the operation, for now as before all took place with violent hurry and horrible barbarity. Like a poor animal for sacrifice, with blows and mockery, Jesus was dragged by the executioners into the judgment hall through the rows of soldiers assembled in front of the house. And as through ill-treatment and exhaustion He presented so unsightly an appearance, His only covering being His torn and soiled undergarment, the disgust of His enemies filled them with still greater rage. Compassion found no place in any one of those hardened Jewish hearts.

Caiaphas, full of scorn and fury for Jesus standing before him in so miserable a plight, thus addressed Him: "If Thou be the Anointed of the Lord, the Messiah, tell us!" Then Jesus raised His head and with divine forbearance and solemn dignity said: "If I shall tell you, you will not believe Me. And if I shall also ask you, you will not answer Me, nor let Me go. But hereafter the Son of Man shall be sitting on the right hand of the power of God." The members of the Council glanced from one to another and, smiling scornfully, said to Jesus with disdain: "So then, Thou! *Thou* art the Son of God?" With the voice of Eternal Truth, Jesus answered: "Yes, it is as ye say, I am He!" At this word of the Lord all

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looked at one another, saying: "What need we any further testimony? For we ourselves have heard it from His own mouth."

Then all rose up with abusive words against Jesus, "the poor, wandering, miserable, destitute creature of low degree, who was their Messiah, and who would one day sit upon the right hand of God!" They ordered the executioners to bind Him anew, to place the chain around His neck, and to lead Him as a condemned criminal to Pilate. A messenger had already been dispatched to notify Pilate to hold himself in readiness to judge a malefactor at an early hour, because on account of the coming festival, there was no time to be lost. Some words of dissatisfaction passed among them with regard to the Roman Governor; they were vexed at having to send Jesus first to him. But they dared not themselves pronounce sentence of death in cases that concerned other than their religious laws and those of the Temple; and as they wanted to bring Jesus to death with a greater appearance of justice, they desired that He should be judged as an offender against the Emperor, and that the condemnation should come principally from the Roman Governor. Soldiers were ranged in the outer court and in front of the house, and many of Jesus' enemies and others of the rabble were already gathered outside. The High Priest and some other members of the Council walked first, then followed the poor Saviour among the executioners and a crowd of soldiers, and lastly came the mob. In this order they descended Sion into the lower city, and proceeded to Pilate's palace. Many of the priests that had assisted at the late trial now went to the Temple, where there was much to be done today.

## **22. The Despair of Judas**

Judas, the traitor, lurking at no great distance, heard the noise of the advancing procession, and words such as these dropped by stragglers hurrying after it: "They are taking Him to Pilate. The Sanhedrim has condemned the Galilean to death, He has to die on the Cross. He cannot live much longer, for they have already handled Him shockingly. He is patient as one beside himself with horror. He speaks not, excepting to say that He is the Messiah and that He will one day sit at the right hand of God. That is all that He says, therefore He must be crucified. If He had not said that, they could have brought no cause of death against Him, but now He must hang on the cross. The wretch that sold Him was one of His own disciples and he had only a short time previously eaten the Paschal lamb with Him. I should not like to have a share in that deed. Whatever the Galilean may be, He has never delivered a friend to death for money. In truth, the wretch that sold Him deserves to hang!" Then anguish, despair, and remorse began to struggle in the soul of Judas, but all too late. Satan instigated him to flee. The bag of silver pieces hanging from his girdle under his mantle was for him like a hellish spur. He grasped it tightly in his hand, to prevent its rattling and striking him at every step. On he ran at full speed, not after the procession, not to cast himself in Jesus' path to implore mercy and forgiveness, not to die with Jesus. No, not to confess with contrition before God his awful crime, but to disburden himself of his guilt and the price of his treachery before men. Like one bereft of his senses, he rushed into the Temple, whither several of the Council, as superintendents of the priests whose duty it was to serve, also some of the Elders, had gone directly after the condemnation of Jesus. They glanced wonderingly at one another,

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and then fixed their gaze with a proud and scornful smile upon Judas, who stood before them, his countenance distorted by despairing grief. He tore the bag of silver pieces from his girdle and held it toward them with the right hand, while in a voice of agony he cried: "Take back your money! By it ye have led me to betray the Just One. Take back your money! Release Jesus! I recall my contract. I have sinned grievously by betraying innocent blood!" The priests poured out upon him the whole measure of their contempt. Raising their hands, they stepped back before the offered silver, as if to preserve themselves from pollution, and said: "What is it to us that thou hast sinned? Thinkest thou to have sold innocent blood? Look thou to it! It is thine own affair! We know what we have bought from thee, and we find Him deserving of death, Thou hast thy money. We want none of it!" With these and similar words spoken quickly and in the manner of men that have business on hand and that wish to get away from an importunate visitor, they turned from Judas. Their treatment inspired him with such rage and despair that he became like one insane. His hair stood on end, with both hands he rent asunder the chain that held the silver pieces together, scattered them in the Temple, and fled from the city.

I saw him again running like a maniac in the Vale of Himmon with Satan under a horrible form at his side. The evil one, to drive him to despair, was whispering into his ear all the curses the Prophets had ever invoked upon this vale, wherein the Jews had once sacrificed their own children to idols. It seemed to him that all those maledictions were directed against himself; as, for instance, "They shall go forth, and behold the carcasses of those that have sinned against Me, whose worm dieth not, and whose fire shall never be extinguished." Then sounded again in his ears: "Cain, where is

Abel, thy brother? What hast thou done? His blood cries to Me. Cursed be thou upon the earth, a wanderer and a fugitive!" And when, reaching the brook Cedron, he gazed over at the Mount of Olives, he shuddered and turned his eyes away, while in his ears rang the words: "Friend, whereto hast thou come? Judas, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?"

Oh, then horror filled his soul! His mind began to wander, and the fiend again whispered into his ear: "It was here that David crossed the Cedron when fleeing from Absalom. Absalom died hanging on a tree. David also sang of thee when he said: 'And they repaid me evil for good. May he have a hard judge! May Satan stand at his right hand, and may every tribunal of justice condemn him! Let his days be few, and his bishopric let another take! May the iniquity of his father be remembered in the sight of the Lord, and let not the sin of his mother be blotted out, because he persecuted the poor without mercy and put to death the broken in heart! He has loved cursing, and it shall come unto him. And he put on cursing like a garment, and like water it went into his entrails, like oil into his bones. May it be unto him like a garment which covereth him, and like a girdle may it enclose him forever!'" Amid these frightful torments of conscience, Judas reached a desolate spot full of rubbish, refuse, and swampy water southeast of Jerusalem, at the foot of the Mount of Scandals where no one could see him. From the city came repeated sounds of noisy tumult, and Satan whispered again: "Now He is being led to death! Thou hast sold Him! Knowest thou not how the law runs: he who sells a soul among his brethren, and receives the price of it, let him die the death? Put an end to thyself, thou wretched one! Put an end to thyself!" Overcome by despair, Judas took his girdle and hung himself on a tree. The tree was one that

consisted of several trunks,<sup>1</sup> and rose out of a hollow in the ground. As he hung, his body burst asunder, and his bowels poured out upon the earth.

### **23. Jesus is Taken to Pilate**

The inhuman crowd that conducted Jesus from Caiaphas to Pilate passed through the most populous part of the city, which was now swarming with Paschal guests and countless strangers from all parts of the country. The procession proceeded northward from Mount Sion, down through a closely built street that crossed the valley, then through a section of the city called Acre, along the west side of the Temple to the palace and tribunal of Pilate, which stood at the northwest corner of the Temple opposite the great forum, or market.

Caiaphas and Annas, with a large number of the Chief Council in robes of state, stalked on in advance of the procession. After them were carried rolls of writing. They were followed by numerous Scribes and other Jews, among them all the false witnesses and the exasperated Pharisees who had been particularly active at the preceding accusation of the Lord. Then after a short intervening distance, surrounded by a crowd of soldiers and those six functionaries who had been present at the capture, came our dear Lord Jesus bound as before with ropes which were held by the executioners. The mob came streaming from all sides and joined the procession with shouts and cries of mockery. Crowds of people were standing along the way.

Jesus was now clothed in His woven undergarment, which was covered with dirt and mud. From His neck hung the heavy, rough chain, which struck His knees painfully as He walked, His hands were fettered as on the day before, and the four executioners

1. Sister Emmerich described this tree in detail, but she was too sick and weak to make herself understood.

dragged Him again by the cords fastened to His girdle. By the frightful ill-treatment of the preceding night, He was perfectly disfigured. He tottered along, a picture of utter misery—haggard, His hair and beard torn, His face livid and swollen with blows. Amid fresh outrage and mockery, He was driven onward. Many of the mob had been instigated by those in power to scoff in this procession at Jesus' royal entrance into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. They saluted Him in mockery with all kinds of regal titles; cast on the road at His feet stones, clubs, pieces of wood, and filthy rags; and in all kinds of satirical songs and shouts reproached Him with His solemn entrance. The executioners pushed Him and dragged Him by the cords over the objects that impeded His path, so that the whole way was one of uninterrupted maltreatment.

Not very far from the house of Caiaphas, crowded together in the corner of a building, and waiting for the coming procession, were the blessed and afflicted Mother of Jesus, Magdalen, and John. Mary's soul was always with Jesus, but wherever she could approach Him in body also, her love gave her no rest. It drove her out upon His path and into His footsteps. After her midnight visit to Caiaphas' tribunal, she had in speechless grief tarried only a short time in the Coenaculum; for scarcely was Jesus led forth from prison for the morning trial when she too arose. Enveloped in mantle and veil, and taking the lead of John and Magdalen, she said: "Let us follow My Son to Pilate. My eyes must again behold Him." Taking a bypath, they got in advance of the procession, and here the Blessed Virgin stood and waited along with the others. The Mother of Jesus knew how things were going with her Son. Her soul had Him always before her eyes, but that interior view could never have depicted Him so disfigured and maltreated as He really was by the wickedness of human creatures. She did, in truth, see constantly His frightful sufferings, but all aglow with



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the light of His love and His sanctity, with the glory of that patient endurance with which He was accomplishing His sacrifice. But now passed before her gaze the frightful reality in all its ignoble significance. The proud and enraged enemies of Jesus, the High Priests of the true God, in their robes of ceremony, full of malice, fraud, falsehood, and blasphemy, passed before her, revolving deicidal designs. The priests of God had become priests of Satan. Oh, terrible spectacle! And then that uproar, those cries of the populace! And lastly, Jesus, the Son of God, the Son of Man, Mary's own Son, disfigured and maltreated, fettered and covered with blows, driven along by the executioners, tottering rather than walking, jerked forward by the barbarous executioners who held the ropes that bound Him, and overwhelmed by a storm of mockery and malediction! Ah! Had He not been the most wretched, the most miserable in that tempest of Hell unchained, had He not been the only one calm and in loving prayer, Mary would never have known Him, so terribly was He disfigured. He had, besides, only His undergarment on, and that had been covered with dirt by the malicious executioners. As He approached her, she lamented as any Mother might have done: "Alas! Is this my Son? Ah! Is this my Son! O Jesus, my Jesus!" The procession hurried by. Jesus cast upon His Mother a side glance full of emotion. She became unconscious of all around, and John and Magdalen bore her away. But scarcely had she somewhat recovered herself when she requested John to accompany her again to Pilate's palace.

That friends abandon us in our hour of need, Jesus likewise experienced on this journey, for the inhabitants of Ophel were all assembled at a certain point on the way. But when they beheld Jesus so despised and disfigured, led forward in the midst of the executioners, they too wavered in their faith. They could not imagine that the King, the Prophet, the Messiah,

the Son of God could possibly be in such a situation. They heard their attachment to Jesus jeered at by the Pharisees as they passed. "There, look at your fine King!" they cried. "Salute Him! Ah, now you hang your head when He is going to His coronation, when He will so soon mount His throne! It is all over with His prodigies. The High Priest has put an end to His witchcraft." The poor people, who had received so many cures and favors from Jesus, were shaken in their faith by the frightful spectacle exhibited before them by the most venerable personages of the land, the High Priest and the members of the Sanhedrim. The best of them turned away in doubt, while the viciously inclined, with scoffs and jeers, joined the procession wherever they could, for the avenues of approach were here and there occupied by guards appointed by the Pharisees in order to prevent a tumult.

## **24. The Palace of Pilate and Its Surroundings**

At the foot of the northwestern corner of the Temple Mount<sup>1</sup> stood the palace of Pilate, the Roman Governor. It was on somewhat of an elevation, and was reached by a long flight of marble steps. It overlooked a spacious square surrounded by a colonnade under which vendors sat to sell their wares. A guardhouse and four entrances on the north, south, east, and west sides, respectively, broke the uniformity of the colonnade enclosing the square, which was called the forum, and which on the east stretched over the northwest corner of the Temple Mount. From this end of the forum, one could see as far as Mount Sion. Pilate's palace lay to the south. The forum was somewhat higher than the surrounding streets, which sloped down from it. On the outer side of the colonnade, the

1. Probably close to the Fortress of Antonia, which Sister Emmerich often mentions as standing here.

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houses of the neighboring streets adjoined it in some places. Pilate's palace did not adjoin the forum—a spacious court separated the two. On the eastern side of this court was a high arched gateway, which opened into a street that led to the sheep gate on the road to Mount Olivet. On the western side was another gateway like the first, which led to the west of the city through the section Acre and up to Sion. From Pilate's steps one could see across the court and into the forum, which lay to the north and whose entrance at that point was furnished with columns and stone seats, the latter resting against the courtyard wall. As far as these seats and no farther would the Jewish priests approach the judgment hall of Pilate, in order not to incur defilement; a line was even drawn across the pavement of the court to indicate the precise boundary. Near the western gateway of the court was erected in the precincts of the square a large guardhouse, which extending to the forum on the north, and on the south connecting by means of the gateway with the praetorium of Pilate, formed a fore court and an atrium from the forum to the praetorium. That part of Pilate's palace used as a judgment hall was called the praetorium. The guardhouse was surrounded by columns. It had an open court in the center, under which were the prisons in which the two robbers were confined. This court was alive with Roman soldiers. In the forum, not far from this guardhouse and near the colonnade that surrounded it, stood the whipping pillar. Several others were standing in the enclosure of the square. The nearest were used for corporal punishment; to the most distant were fastened the beasts for sale. On the forum in front of the guardhouse was a terrace, level and beautiful, something like a place of execution, furnished with stone seats and reached by a flight of stone steps. From this place, which was called Gabbatha, Pilate was accustomed to pronounce solemn sentence. The marble steps that

*Pilate's Palace*

gave access to Pilate's palace led to an open terrace from which the Governor listened to the plaintiffs, who sat opposite on the stone benches next the entrance to the forum. By speaking in a loud voice from the terrace, one could easily be heard in the forum.

Back of Pilate's palace rose still higher terraces with gardens and summerhouses. By these gardens, the palace was connected with the dwelling of Pilate's wife, whose name was Claudia Procla. A moat separated these buildings from the mountain on which the Temple was built.<sup>2</sup>

Adjoining the eastern side of Pilate's palace was that council house or judgment hall of Herod the Elder, in whose inner court many innocent children were once upon a time murdered. Its appearance was now somewhat changed, owing to the addition of new buildings; the entrance was from the eastern side, although there was still one from Pilate's hall.

Four streets ran hither from the eastern section of the city, three toward Pilate's palace and the forum; the fourth passed the northern side of the latter toward the gate that led to Bethsur. Near this gate and on this street stood the beautiful house owned by Lazarus in Jerusalem, and not far from it a dwelling belonging to Martha.

Of these four streets, the one that was nearest to the Temple extended from the sheep gate. On entering the latter, one found on his right the Probatica, or pool in which the sheep were washed. It was built so close to the wall that the arches above it were constructed in that same wall. It had a drain outside the wall down into the Valley of Josaphat, on which account this place, just before the gate, was marshy. Some buildings surrounded the pool. The Paschal lambs were, before being taken to the Temple, washed here for the first time; but at the Pool

2. Perhaps a moat of the citadel of Antonia.

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of Bethsaida, south of the Temple, they afterward received a more solemn purification. In the second street stood a house and courtyard that once belonged to Mary's mother, St. Anne. She and her family used to put up there with their cattle for sacrifice when they went to Jerusalem for the festival days. In this house also, if I remember rightly, Joseph and Mary's wedding was celebrated.

The forum, as I have said, stood higher than the surrounding streets, through which ran gutters down to the sheep pool. On Mount Sion, opposite the ancient citadel of David, stood a similar forum; to the southeast and in its vicinity lay the Coenaculum; and to the north were the judgment halls of Annas and Caiaphas. The citadel of David was now a deserted, dilapidated fortress full of empty courts, stables, and chambers, which were hired as resting places to caravans and travelers with their beasts of burden. This building had already long lain deserted. Even at the birth of Christ, I saw it in its present condition. The retinue of the Three Holy Kings with its numerous beasts of burden put up at it.

## **25. Jesus Before Pilate**

According to our reckoning of time, it was about six in the morning when the procession of the High Priests and Pharisees, with the frightfully maltreated Saviour, reached the palace of Pilate. Between the large square and the entrance into the praetorium were seats on either side of the road where Annas, Caiaphas, and the members of the Council that had accompanied them placed themselves. Jesus, however, still bound by cords, was dragged forward by the executioners to the foot of the steps that led up to Pilate's judgment seat. At the moment of their arrival, Pilate was reclining on a kind of easy chair upon the projecting terrace. A small, three-legged table was standing by him, upon which lay the insignia of his office

and some other things, which I do not now recall. Officers and soldiers surrounded him, and they too wore badges indicative of Roman dominion. The High Priests and Jews kept far from the tribunal because, according to their Law, to approach it would have defiled them. They would not step over a certain boundary line.

When Pilate saw the mob hurrying forward with great tumult and clamor, and the maltreated Jesus led to the foot of his steps, he arose and addressed them with a scornful air. His manner was something like that of a haughty French marshal treating with the deputies of a poor little city. "What have you come about so early? Why have you handled the poor Man so roughly? You began early to flay Him, to slaughter Him." But they cried out to the executioners: "Onward with Him into the judgment hall!" Then turning to Pilate, they said: "Listen to our accusation against this malefactor. We cannot, for fear of defilement, enter the judgment hall."

Scarcely had this outcry died away when a tall, powerful, venerable-looking man from the crowd, pressing behind in the forum, cried out: "True, indeed, ye dare not enter that judgment hall, for it has been consecrated with innocent blood! Only He dares enter! Only He among all the Jews is pure as the Innocents!" After uttering these words with great emotion, he disappeared in the crowd. His name was Zadoch, He was a wealthy man and a cousin of the husband of Seraphia, who was afterward called Veronica. Two of his little boys had, at Herod's command, been slaughtered among the innocent children in the court of the judgment hall. Since that time he had entirely withdrawn from the world and, like an Essenian, lived with his wife in continency. He had once seen Jesus at Lazarus' and listened to His teaching. At this moment, in which he beheld the innocent Jesus dragged in so pitiable a manner up the steps, the painful recollection of his murdered babes tore

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his heart, and he uttered that cry as a testimony to the Lord's innocence. The enemies of Jesus were, however, too urgent in their demands and too exasperated at Pilate's manner toward them and their own humbled position before him, to pay particular attention to the cry.

Jesus was dragged by the executioners up the lofty flight of marble steps and placed in the rear of the terrace, from which Pilate could speak with His accusers below. When Pilate beheld before him Jesus, of whom he had heard so many reports, so shockingly abused and disfigured, and still with that dignity of bearing which no ill-treatment could change, his loathing contempt for the Jewish priests and Council increased. These latter had sent word to him at an early hour that they were going to hand over to him Jesus of Nazareth, who was guilty of death, that he might pronounce sentence upon Him. Pilate, however, let them see that he was not going to condemn Him without some well-proved accusation. In an imperious and scornful manner, therefore, he addressed the High Priests: "What accusation do you bring against this Man?" To which they answered angrily: "If we did not know Him to be a malefactor, we should not have delivered Him to you." "Take Him," replied Pilate, "and judge Him according to your Law." "Thou knowest," they retorted, "that it is not lawful for us to condemn any man to death."

The enemies of Jesus were full of rage and fury. Their whole desire seemed to be to put an end to Him before the legal festival, that they might then slaughter the Paschal lamb. For this end they wished to proceed in the most violent hurry. They knew not that He was the true Paschal Lamb, He whom they themselves had dragged before the tribunal of an idolatrous judge, over whose threshold they did not dare to pass for fear of defiling themselves and thus being unable to eat the typical Paschal lamb.

As the Governor summoned them to bring forward

their accusations, this they now proceeded to do. They laid three principal charges against Him, for each of which they produced ten witnesses. They worded them in such a way that Jesus might be made to appear as an offender against the Emperor, and Pilate be forced to condemn Him. It was only in cases pertaining to the laws of religion and the Temple that they had a right to take things into their own hands. The first charge they alleged was: "Jesus is a seducer of the people, a disturber of the peace, an agitator," and then they brought forth some witnesses to substantiate the charge. Next they said: "He goes about holding great meetings, breaking the Sabbath, and healing on the Sabbath." Here Pilate interrupted them scornfully: "It is easily seen that none of you were sick, else you would not be scandalized at healing on the Sabbath." They continued: "He seduces the people by horrible teaching, for He says that to have eternal life, they must eat His Flesh and Blood." Pilate was provoked at the furious hate with which they uttered this charge. He glanced at his officers and with a smile said sharply to the Jews: "It would almost appear that you yourselves are following His teaching and are aiming at eternal life, since you, too, seem so desirous of eating His Flesh and His Blood."

Their second accusation was: "Jesus stirs up the people not to pay tribute to the Emperor." Here Pilate interrupted them angrily. As one whose office it was to know about such things, he retorted with emphasis: "That is a great lie! I know better than that!" Then the Jews shouted out their third accusation: "Let it be so! This Man of low, obscure, and doubtful origin, puts Himself at the head of a large party and cries woe to Jerusalem. He scatters also among the people parables of double meaning of a king who is preparing a wedding feast for his son. The people gathered in great crowds around Him on a mountain, and once they wanted to make Him king; but



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it was sooner than He wished, and so He hid Himself. During the last few days He came forward more boldly. He made a tumultuous entrance into Jerusalem, causing regal honors to be shown Him while the people, by His orders, cried: 'Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed be the reign of our Father David which is now come!' Besides this, He teaches that He is the Christ, the Anointed of the Lord, the Messiah, the promised King of the Jews, and allows Himself so to be called." This third charge, like the two preceding, was supported by ten witnesses.

At the word that Jesus caused Himself to be called the Christ, the King of the Jews, Pilate became somewhat thoughtful. He went from the open terrace into the adjoining apartment, casting as he passed Him a scrutinizing glance upon Jesus, and ordered the guard to bring the Lord into the judgment chamber.

Pilate was a fickle, weak-minded, superstitious pagan. He had all kinds of dark forebodings concerning the sons of his gods who had lived upon earth, and he was not ignorant of the fact that the Jewish Prophets had long ago foretold One who was to be the Anointed of God, a Redeemer, a Deliverer, a King, and that many of the Jews were looking for His coming. He knew also that Kings from the East had come to Herod the Elder, inquiring after a newborn King, that they might honor Him; and that after this many children were put to death at Herod's order. He knew indeed the traditions relating to a Messiah, a King of the Jews; but zealous idolater that he was, he put no faith in them, he could not fancy what kind of a king was meant. Most likely he thought with the liberal-minded Jews and Herodians of his day, who dreamed but of a powerful, victorious ruler. So the accusation that Jesus, standing before him so poor, so miserable, so disfigured, should give Himself out for that Anointed of the Lord, for that King, appeared to him truly ridiculous. But because the enemies of Jesus had brought

forward the charge as injurious to the rights of the Emperor, Pilate caused the Saviour to be conducted to his presence for an examination.

Pilate regarded Jesus with astonishment as he addressed Him: "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" And Jesus made answer: "Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or have others told it thee of Me?" Pilate, a little offended that Jesus should esteem him so foolish as, of his own accord, to ask so poor and miserable a creature whether he was a king, answered evasively something to this effect: "Am I a Jew, that I should know about things so nonsensical? Thy people and their priests have delivered Thee to me for condemnation as one deserving of death. Tell me, what hast Thou done?" Jesus answered solemnly: "My Kingdom is not of this world. If My Kingdom were of this world, I should certainly have servants who would combat for Me, that I should not be delivered to the Jews. But My Kingdom is not here below." Pilate heard these earnest words of Jesus with a kind of shudder, and said to Him thoughtfully: "Art Thou then indeed a king?" And Jesus answered: "As thou sayest! Yes, I am the King. I was born, and I came into this world, to bear witness to the truth. Everyone that is of the truth, heareth My voice." Pilate cast a glance on Him and, rising, said: "Truth! What is truth?" Some other words were then exchanged, whose purport I do not now remember.

Pilate went out again to the terrace. He could not comprehend Jesus, but he knew this much about Him, that He was not a king who would prove mischievous to the Emperor, and that He laid no claim to any kingdom of this world. As to a kingdom belonging to another world, the Emperor troubled himself little about that. Pilate therefore called down from the terrace to the High Priests below: "I find no kind of crime in this Man!"

Thereupon the enemies of Jesus were seized with new fury. They launched out into a torrent of

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accusations against Him, while Jesus stood in silence praying for the poor creatures. Pilate turned to Him and asked: "Hast Thou nothing to say to all these charges?" But Jesus answered not a word. Pilate regarded Him in amazement as he said: "I see plainly that they are acting falsely against Thee!" (He used some expression for the word *lie* that I cannot remember). But the accusers, whose rage was on the increase, cried out: "What! Thou findest no guilt in Him? Is it no crime to stir up the people? He has spread His doctrine throughout the whole country, from Galilee up to these parts."

When Pilate caught the word *Galilee*, he reflected a moment and then called down: "Is this Man from Galilee a subject of Herod?" The accusers answered: "Yes. His parents once lived in Nazareth, and now His own dwelling is near Capharnaum." Pilate then said: "Since He is a Galilean and subject to Herod, take Him to Herod. He is here for the feast, and can judge Him at once." He then caused Jesus to be taken from the judgment chamber and led down again to His enemies, while at the same time he sent an officer to inform Herod that one of his subjects, a Galilean, Jesus of Nazareth, was being brought to him to be judged. Pilate was rejoiced to be able in this way to escape passing sentence on Jesus, for the whole affair made him feel uncomfortable. At the same time, he had a motive of policy in showing this act of courtesy to Herod, between whom and himself there was an estrangement, for he knew that Herod was very desirous of seeing Jesus.

Jesus' enemies were in the highest degree exasperated at being thus dismissed before the populace, at being thus obliged to lead Jesus away to another tribunal; consequently, they vented their rage upon Him. With renewed fury they surrounded Him, bound Him anew and, along with the clamoring soldiers, drove Him in furious haste with cuffs and blows across the crowded forum and through the

street that led to the palace of Herod not far off. Some Roman soldiers accompanied them.

Claudia Procla, the lawful wife of Pilate, had while Pilate was treating with the Jews sent a servant to tell her husband that she was very anxious to speak with him. As Jesus was now being led to Herod, she stood concealed upon an elevated balcony, and with deep anxiety and trouble of mind watched Him being led across the forum.

## **26. Origin of the Devotion of the "Holy Way of the Cross"**

The Blessed Virgin, standing with Magdalen and John in a corner of the forum hall, had with unspeakable pain beheld the whole of the dreadful scene just described, had heard the clamorous shouts and cries. And now when Jesus was taken to Herod, she begged to be conducted by John and Magdalen back over the whole way of suffering trodden by her Divine Son since His arrest the preceding evening. They went over the whole route—to the judgment hall of Caiaphas, to the palace of Annas, and thence through Ophel to Gethsemani on Mount Olivet. On many places where Jesus had suffered outrage and injury, they paused in heartfelt grief and compassion, and wherever He had fallen to the ground the Blessed Mother fell on her knees and kissed the earth. Magdalen wrung her hands, while John in tears assisted the afflicted Mother to rise, and led her on further. This was the origin of that devotion of the Church, the Holy Way of the Cross, the origin of that sympathetic meditation upon the bitter Passion of our Divine Redeemer even before it was fully accomplished by Him. Even then, when Jesus was traversing that most painful way of suffering, did His pure and immaculate Mother, in her undying, holy love, seek to share the inward and outward pains of her Son and her God, venerate and weep over His footsteps

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as He went to die for us, and offer all to the Heavenly Father for the salvation of the world.

Thus, at every step of the Blessed Redeemer, did she gather<sup>1</sup> the infinite merits that He acquired for us, and lay them up in her most holy and compassionate heart, that unique and venerable treasury of all the gifts of salvation, out of which and through which, according to the eternal degree of the triune God, every fruit and effect of the mystery of Redemption perfected in the fullness of time should be bestowed upon fallen man. From the most pure blood of this most holy heart was formed by the Holy Ghost that Body which today was, from a thousand wounds, pouring forth Its precious Blood as the price of our Redemption. For nine months had Jesus dwelt under that heart full of grace. As a virgin inviolate had Mary brought Him forth, cared for Him, watched over Him, and nourished Him at her breast, in order to give Him over today for us to the most cruel death on the tree of the Cross. Just as the Eternal Father spared not His Only-Begotten Son, but delivered Him up for us, so the Blessed Mother, the Mother of God, spared not the Blessed Fruit of her womb, but consented that He, as the true Paschal Lamb, should be sacrificed for us upon the Cross. And so Mary is, in her Son and next to Him, the concurrent cause of our salvation, our Redemptrix, our Mediatrix and powerful Advocate with God, the Mother of grace and of mercy.

All the just of olden times from our penitent first parents down to the last soul that had entered into Abraham's bosom, lamented, prayed, and offered sacrifice on this day in the holy heart of the Divine Mother, the Queen of Patriarchs and Prophets. So too, till the end of time, will it belong only to a childlike love for Mary to practice the devotion of the Holy Way of the Cross, a devotion originated by her and by her bequeathed to the Church. By this devotion

1. Words of the editor.

so rich in blessings, so pleasing to God, will the soul advance in faith and in love to the Most Holy Redeemer. It is an extremely significant fact, though unfortunately one too little appreciated, that wherever the love of Mary grows cold and devotion to the mysteries of the Rosary becomes extinct, there too dies out the devotion of the Holy Way of the Cross—yes, even faith in the infinite value of the Precious Blood is lost.)

Magdalen in her grief was like an insane person. Immeasurable as her love was her repentance. When, in her love, she longed to pour out her soul at the feet of Jesus, as once the precious balm upon His head, full of horror she descried between her and the Redeemer the abyss of her crimes; then was the pain of repentance in all its bitterness renewed in her heart. When, in her gratitude, she longed to send up like a cloud of incense her thanksgiving for forgiveness received, she saw Him, full of pains and torments, led to death. With unspeakable grief, she comprehended that Jesus was undergoing all this on account of her sins, which He had taken upon Himself in order to atone for them with His own Blood. This thought plunged her deeper and deeper into an abyss of repentant sorrow. Her soul was, as it were, dissolved in gratitude and love, in sorrow and bitterness, in sadness and lamentation, for she saw and felt the ingratitude, the capital crime of her nation, in delivering its Saviour to the ignominious death of the cross. All this was expressed in her whole appearance, in her words and gestures.

John suffered and loved not less than Magdalen, but the untroubled innocence of his pure heart lent a higher degree of peace to his soul.

## **27. Pilate and His Wife**

While Jesus was being taken to Herod and while He was enduring mockery at his tribunal, I saw

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Pilate going to his wife, Claudia Procla. They met at a summerhouse in a terraced garden behind Pilate's palace. Claudia was trembling and agitated. She was a tall, fine-looking woman, though rather pale. She wore a veil that fell gracefully in the back, but without concealing her hair, which was wound round her head and adorned with ornaments. She wore earrings and necklace, and her long, plaited robe was fastened on her bosom by a clasp. She conversed long with Pilate and conjured him by all that was sacred to him not to injure Jesus, the Prophet, the Holy of Holies, and then she related some things from the dreams, or visions, which she had had of Jesus the night before.

I remember that she saw the Annunciation to Mary, the Birth of Christ, the Adoration of the Shepherds and the Kings, the Prophecies of Simeon and Anna, the Flight into Egypt, the Massacre of the Holy Innocents, the Temptation in the Desert, and other scenes from the holy life of Jesus. She saw Him always environed with light, while the malice and wickedness of His enemies appeared under the most terrible pictures. She saw the sanctity and anguish of His Mother and His own infinite sufferings under symbols of unchanging love and patience. She endured unspeakable anguish and sadness, for these visions, besides being something very unusual for her, were irresistibly impressive and convincing. Some of them, as for instance, the Massacre of the Innocents and Simeon's Prophecy in the Temple, she beheld as taking place even in the neighborhood of her own house.

When next morning, alarmed by the uproar of the tumultuous mob, she looked out upon the forum, she recognized in the Lord the One shown her in vision the night before. She saw Him now the object of all kinds of abuse and ill-treatment, while being led by His enemies across the forum to Herod. In terrible anguish, she sent at once for Pilate to whom, frightened

and anxious, she related the visions she had seen in her dreams as far as she could make herself understood. She entreated and implored, and clung to Pilate in the most touching manner.

Pilate was greatly astonished, and somewhat troubled at what she related. He compared it with all that he had heard of Jesus, with the fury of the Jews, with Jesus' silence, and with His dignified and wonderful answers to all the questions he had put to Him. He wavered uneasily in his own mind, but soon yielded to his wife's representations and said: "I have already declared that I find no guilt in Jesus. I shall not condemn Him, for I know the utter wickedness of the Jews." He spoke at length of Jesus' bearing toward himself, quieted his wife's fears, and even went so far as to give her a pledge of assurance that he would not condemn Him. I do not remember what kind of a jewel, whether a ring or a seal, Pilate gave as a sign of his promise. With this understanding they parted.

I saw Pilate as a crack-brained, covetous, proud, vacillating man, with a great fund of meanness in his character. He was deterred by no high fear of God from working out his own ends, could give himself to the meanest actions, and at the same time practiced the lowest, the most dastardly kind of superstitious idolatry and divination when he found himself in any difficulty. So now, off he hurried to his gods, before whom in a retired apartment of his house he burned incense and demanded of them all kinds of signs. He afterward watched the sacred chickens eating, and Satan whispered to him sometimes one thing, sometimes another. At one time he thought that Jesus ought to be released as innocent; again, he feared that his own gods would take vengeance on him if he saved the life of a man who exercised so singular an influence upon him that he believed him some kind of demigod, for Jesus might do much harm to his divinities. "Perhaps," thought



he, "He is indeed a kind of Jewish god. There are so many Prophecies that point to a King of the Jews who shall conquer all things. Kings from the star worshippers of the East have already been here seeking such a king in this country. He might, perhaps, elevate Himself above my gods and my Emperor, and so I should have much to answer for, if He does not die. Perhaps His death would be a triumph for my gods." Then came before him the remembrance of the wonderful dreams of his wife, who had never seen Jesus, and this remembrance weighed heavily in favor of Jesus' release in the wavering scales held by Pilate. It looked now as if he were resolved to release Him. He wanted to be just, but he attained not his aim for the same reason that he had not waited for an answer from Jesus to his own question, "What is truth?"

## **28. Jesus Before Herod**

On the forum and in the streets through which Jesus was led to Herod, a constantly increasing crowd was gathered, composed of the inhabitants from the neighboring places and the whole country around, come up for the feast. The most hostile Pharisees in the whole land had taken their places with their own people in order to stir up the fickle mob against Jesus. Before the Roman guardhouse near Pilate's palace, the Roman soldiers were drawn up in strong numbers, and many other important points of the city were occupied by them.

Herod's palace was situated in the new city to the north of the forum, not far from that of Pilate. An escort of Roman soldiers from the country between Switzerland and Italy joined the procession. Jesus' enemies were greatly enraged at this going backward and forward, and they ceased not to insult Him and encourage the executioners to drag Him and push Him about. Pilate's messenger had announced

the coming procession, consequently Herod was awaiting it. He was seated in a large hall on a cushioned throne, surrounded by courtiers and soldiers. The High Priests went in through the colonnade and ranged on either side, while Jesus stood in the entrance. Herod was very much flattered that Pilate had openly, before the High Priests, accorded to him the right of judgment upon a Galilean; so he put on a very arrogant air and made a great show of business. He was well-pleased also at seeing Jesus before him in so sorry a plight, since He had always disdained to appear in his presence. John had spoken of Jesus in terms so solemn, and he had heard so much of Him from his spies and tale-bearers, that Herod was exceedingly curious about Him. He was in an extraordinarily good humor at the thought of being able to institute, before his courtiers and the High Priests, a grand judicial inquiry concerning Jesus, in which he might show off his knowledge before both parties. He had also been informed that Pilate could find no guilt in Jesus, and that was to his cringing mind a hint that he was to treat the accusers with some reserve, a proceeding that only increased their fury. As soon as they entered his presence, they began to vociferate their complaints. Herod however looked inquisitively at Jesus, and when he saw Him so miserable, so ill-treated, His garments bespattered with filth, His hair torn and disheveled, His face covered with blood and dirt, a feeling of loathsome compassion stole over the effeminate, voluptuous king. He uttered God's name (it was something like "Jehovah"), turned his face away with an air of disgust and said to the priests: "Take Him away! Clean Him! How could you bring before my eyes so unclean, so maltreated a creature!" At these words the servants led Jesus into the vestibule, brought a basin of water and an old rag with which they removed some of the dirt, ill-treating Him all the while. Their rough manner of acting opened the

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wounds on His disfigured face. Herod meantime reproached the priests with their brutality. He appeared to wish to imitate Pilate's manner of acting toward them, for he said: "It is very evident that He has fallen into the hands of butchers. You are beginning your work today before the time." The High Priests replied only by vehemently alleging their complaints and accusations. When Jesus was again led in, Herod, who wanted to play the agreeable toward Him, ordered a glass of wine to be brought to Him that He might regain a little strength. But Jesus shook His head, and would not accept the drink.

Herod was very affable to Jesus; he even flattered Him and repeated all that he knew of Him. At first he asked Him several questions, and wanted to see a sign from Him. But Jesus answered not a syllable, and quietly kept His eyes cast down. Herod became very much vexed and ashamed before those present. Wishing, however, to conceal his embarrassment, he poured forth a torrent of questions and empty words, "I am very sorry," he said, "to see Thee so gravely accused. I have heard many things of Thee. Dost Thou know that Thou didst offend me in Tirezah when, without my permission, Thou didst release the prisoners whom I had confined there? But perhaps Thy intentions were good. Thou hast now been delivered to me by the Roman Governor that I may judge Thee. What sayest Thou to all these charges? Thou art silent? They have often told me of Thy great wisdom in speaking and teaching—I should like to hear Thee refute Thy accusers. What sayest Thou? Is it true that Thou art the King of the Jews? Art Thou the Son of God? *Who* art Thou? I hear that Thou hast performed great miracles. Prove it to me by giving me some sign. It belongs to me to release Thee. Is it true that Thou hast given sight to men born blind? Didst Thou raise Lazarus from the dead? Didst Thou feed several thousand people with a few loaves?

Why dost Thou not answer! I conjure Thee to perform one of Thy miracles! It will be to Thy own advantage." But Jesus was silent. Herod, with increasing volubility, went on: "Who art Thou? What is the matter with Thee? Who has given Thee power? Why canst Thou no longer exercise it? Art Thou He of whose birth things so extraordinary are told? Once some kings came from the East to my father, to inquire after a newborn King of the Jews, to whom they wanted to do homage. Now, they say that this Child is no other than Thyself. Is this true? Didst Thou escape the death which at that time fell upon so many children? How did that happen? Why didst Thou remain so long in retirement? Or do they relate those events of Thee only in order to make Thee a king? Answer me! What kind of a king art Thou? Truly, I see nothing royal about Thee! They have, as I have heard, celebrated for Thee lately a triumphant procession, to the Temple. What does that mean? Speak! How comes it that such popularity ends in this way?" To all these questions Herod received no answer from Jesus. It was revealed to me that Jesus would not speak with Him because, by his adulterous connection with Herodias and the murder of the Baptist, Herod was under excommunication.

Annas and Caiaphas took advantage of Herod's displeasure at Jesus' silence in order to renew their charges. Among others, they brought forward the following: Jesus had called Herod a fox, and for a long time He had been laboring to overthrow his whole family; He wanted to establish a new religion, and He had already eaten the Passover yesterday. This last accusation had been lodged with Caiaphas at the time of Judas' treason, but some of Jesus' friends had brought forth writings to show that that was allowed under certain circumstances.

Herod, although greatly vexed at Jesus' silence, did not permit himself to lose sight of his political ends. He did not wish to condemn Jesus, partly

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because of his own secret fear of Him and the remorse he felt for John's murder, and partly again because the High Priests were odious to him, because they would never palliate his adultery and on account of it had excluded him from the sacrifices. But the chief reason for Herod's not condemning Jesus was that he would not pass sentence on One whom Pilate had declared to be without guilt. He had political views also in thus acting; he wanted to show Pilate an act of courtesy in presence of the High Priests. He ended by overwhelming Jesus with words of scorn and contempt, and said to his servants and bodyguard (of whom there were about two hundred in his palace): "Take this fool away, and show the honor due to so ridiculous a king. He is more fool than malefactor!"

The Saviour was now led out into a large court and treated with unspeakable outrage and mockery. The court was surrounded by the wings of the palace, and Herod, standing on a flat roof, gazed for a considerable time upon the ill-treatment offered to Jesus. Annas and Caiaphas were at his back, trying by all means in their power to induce him to pass sentence upon Jesus. Herod, however, would not yield. He replied in a tone loud enough to be heard by the Roman soldiers: "It would be for me the greatest sin, did I condemn Him." He meant probably the greatest sin against Pilate's decision, who had been so gracious as to send Jesus to him.

When the High Priests and enemies of Jesus saw that Herod would in no way comply with their wishes, they dispatched some of their number with money to Acre, a section of the city where at present many Pharisees were stopping. The messengers were directed to summon them to be in attendance at once with all their people in the vicinity of Pilate's palace. A large sum of money was put into the hands of these Pharisees for distribution among the people as bribes, that with furious and vehement clamoring they might demand Jesus' death. Other

messengers were sent to spread among the people threats of God's vengeance if they did not insist upon the death of the blasphemer. They gave out the report also that if Jesus were not put to death, He would go over to the Romans, that this was what He meant by the Kingdom of which He had so constantly spoken. Then, indeed, would the Jews be utterly ruined. On other sides, they spread the report that Herod had condemned Jesus, but that the people must express their will on the subject; that His followers were to be feared, for if Jesus were freed in any way, the feast would be altogether upset, and then would the Romans and His followers unite in taking vengeance. Thus were scattered abroad confused and alarming rumors in order to rouse and exasperate the populace. At the same time, Jesus' enemies caused money to be distributed among Herod's soldiers, that they might grossly maltreat Jesus, yes, even hasten His death, for they would rather see Him die in that way than live to be freed by Pilate's sentence.

From this insolent, godless rabble, Our Lord had to suffer the most shameful mockery, the most barbarous ill-treatment. When they led Him out into the court, a soldier brought from the lodge at the gate a large white sack in which cotton had been packed. They cut a hole in the bottom of the sack and, amid shouts of derisive laughter from all present, threw it over Jesus' head. It hung in wide folds over His feet. Another soldier laid a red rag like a collar around His neck. And now they bowed before Him, pushed Him here and there, insulted Him, spat upon Him, struck Him in the face because He had refused to answer their king, and rendered Him a thousand acts of mock homage. They threw filth upon Him, pulled Him about as if He were dancing, forced Him in the wide, trailing mantle of derision to fall to the earth, and dragged Him through a gutter which ran around the court the whole length of the

buildings, so that His sacred head struck against the pillars and stones at the corners. Then they jerked Him to His feet and set up fresh shouting, began new outrages. Among the two hundred soldiers and servants of Herod's court were people from regions most widely separated, and every wicked miscreant in that crowd wanted, by some special, infamous act toward Jesus, to do honor to himself and his province. They carried on their brutality with violent haste and mocking shouts. Those that had received money from the Pharisees took advantage of the confusion to strike the sacred head of Jesus with their clubs. He looked at them with compassion, sighed and groaned from pain. But they, in whining voices, mocked His moaning, and at every fresh outrage broke out into derisive shouts of laughter. There was not one to pity Jesus. I saw the blood running down from His head in the most pitiable manner, and three times did I see Him sink to the earth under the blows from their clubs. At the same time, I saw weeping angels hovering over Him, anointing His head. It was made known to me that these blows would have proved fatal, were it not for the divine assistance. The Philistines who, in the racecourse at Gaza, hunted blind Samson to death, were not so violent and cruel as these wretches.

But time pressed. The High Priests must soon appear in the Temple and, as they had received the assurance that all their instructions would be attended to, they made one more effort to obtain Jesus' condemnation from Herod. But he was deaf to their prayers. He still turned his thoughts toward Pilate alone, to whom he now sent back Jesus in His garment of derision.

## **29. Jesus Taken From Herod to Pilate**

With renewed irritation, the High Priests and the enemies of Jesus made their way back with Him

from Herod to Pilate. They were mortified at being forced to return, without His condemnation, to a tribunal at which He had already been pronounced innocent. They took therefore another and longer route in order to exhibit Him in His ignominy to another portion of the city, also that they might have longer to abuse Him, and give their emissaries more time to stir up the populace against Him.

The way they now took was very rough and uneven. The executioners by whom Jesus was led left Him no moment of peace, and the long garment impeded His steps. It trailed in the mud and sometimes threw Him down, on which occasions He was, with blows on the head and kicks, dragged up again by the cords. He was on this journey subjected to indescribable scorn and outrage both from His conductors and the populace, but He prayed the while that He might not die until He had consummated His Passion for us.

It was a quarter after eight in the morning when the procession with the maltreated Jesus again crossed the forum (though from another side, probably the eastern) to Pilate's palace. The crowd was very great. The people were standing in groups, those from the same places and regions together. The Pharisees were running around among them, stirring them up. Remembering the insurrection of the Galilean zealots at the last Pasch, Pilate had assembled upwards of a thousand men whom he distributed in the praetorium and its surroundings, and at the various entrances of the forum, and his own palace.

The Blessed Virgin, her elder sister Mary Heli with her daughter Mary Cleophas, Magdalen, and several other holy women—in all about twenty—were, while the following events were taking place, standing in a hall from which they could hear everything, and where they could slip in and out. John was with them in the beginning.

Jesus, in His garments of derision, was led through



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the jeering crowd. The most audacious were everywhere pushed forward by the Pharisees, and they surpassed the others in mockery and insults. One of Herod's court officers, who had reached the place before the procession, announced to Pilate how very much he appreciated his attention, but that he found the Galilean, so famed for His wisdom, nothing better than a silent fool, that he had treated Him as such and sent Him back to him. Pilate was very glad that Herod had not acted in opposition to himself and condemned Jesus. He sent his salutations to him in return, and thus they today were made friends who, since the fall of the aqueduct, had been enemies.

Jesus was led again through the street before Pilate's house and up the steps to the elevated platform. The executioners dragged Him in the most brutal manner, the long garment tripped Him, and He fell so often on the white marble steps that they were stained with blood from His sacred head. His enemies, who had retaken their seats on the side of the forum, and the rude mob, broke out into jeers and laughter at His every fall, while the executioners drove Him up with kicks.

Pilate was reclining on a chair something like a small couch, a little table by his side. As on the preceding occasion, he was attended by officers and men holding rolls of written parchment. Stepping out upon the terrace from which he was accustomed to address the multitude, he thus spoke to Jesus' accusers: "You have presented unto me this Man as one that perverteth the people, and behold I, having examined Him before you, find no cause in Him in those things wherein you accuse Him. No, nor Herod neither. For I sent you to him and behold, nothing worthy of death is brought against Him. I will chastise Him therefore and let Him go." At these words, loud murmurs and shouts of disapprobation arose among the Pharisees, who began still more energetically to stir up the people and distribute money among them.

Pilate treated them with the utmost contempt. Among other cutting remarks, he let fall the following sarcastic words: "You will not see enough innocent blood flow at the slaughtering today without this Man's!"

It was customary for the people to go to Pilate just before the Pasch and, according to an ancient custom, demand the release of some one prisoner. It was now time for this. The Pharisees, while at Herod's palace, had dispatched emissaries to Acre—a section of the city west of the Temple—to bribe the assembled multitude to demand, not Jesus' liberation, but His crucifixion. Pilate was hoping that the people would ask that Jesus should be released, and he thought by proposing along with Him a miserable miscreant, who had already been condemned to death, he was leaving to them no choice. That notorious malefactor was called Barabbas, and was hated by the whole nation. He had in an insurrection committed murder; and besides that, I saw all kinds of horrible things connected with him. He was given to sorcery and, in its practice, had even cut open the womb of pregnant women.

And now there arose a stir among the people in the forum. A crowd pressed forward, their speaker at their head. Raising their voice so as to be heard on Pilate's terrace, they cried out: "Pilate, grant us what is customary on this feast!" For this demand Pilate had been waiting, so he at once addressed them. "It is your custom that I should deliver to you one prisoner on your festival day. Whom will you that I release to you, Barabbas or Jesus, the King of the Jews—Jesus, the Anointed of the Lord?"

Pilate was quite perplexed concerning Jesus. He called Him the "King of Jews," partly in character of an arrogant Roman who despised the Jews for having so miserable a king, between whom and a murderer the choice rested; and partly from a kind of conviction that He might really be that wonderful King promised to the Jews, the Anointed of the

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Lord, the Messiah. His presentiment of the truth was also half-feigned. He mentioned these titles of the Lord because he felt that envy was the principal motive that excited the High Priests against Jesus, whom he himself esteemed innocent.

A moment of hesitation and deliberation on the part of the populace followed upon Pilate's question, and then only a few voices shouted loudly: "Barabbas!" At that instant, Pilate was called for by one of his wife's servants, who showed him the pledge he had given her that morning, and said: "Claudia Procla bids thee remember thy promise." The Pharisees and High Priests were greatly excited. They ran among the crowd, threatening and commanding. They had, however, no great trouble in making the mob carry out their wishes.

Mary, Magdalen, John, and the holy women, trembling and weeping, were standing in a corner of the hall. Although the Mother of Jesus knew that there was no help for mankind excepting by His death, yet she was, as the Mother of the most holy Son, full of anxiety, full of longing for the preservation of His life. Jesus had become man voluntarily to undergo crucifixion; still, when led to death, though innocent, He suffered all the pangs and torments of His frightful ill-treatment just as any human being would have suffered. And in the same way did Mary suffer all the affliction and anguish of an ordinary mother whose most innocent child should have to endure such things from the thankless multitude. She trembled, she shuddered with fear, and still she hoped. John went frequently to a little distance in the hope of being able to bring back some good news. Mary prayed that so great a crime might not be perpetrated. She prayed like Jesus on Mount Olivet: "If it be possible, let this chalice pass!" And thus the loving Mother continued to hope, for while the words and efforts of the Pharisees to stir up the people ran from mouth to mouth, the rumor also reached

her that Pilate was trying to release Jesus. Not far from her stood a group of people from Capharnaum, and among them many whom Jesus had healed and taught. They feigned not to recognize John and the veiled women standing so sorrowfully apart, and cast toward them furtive glances. Mary, like all the rest, thought they would surely not choose Barabbas in preference to their Benefactor and Saviour, but in this she was disappointed.

Pilate had returned to his wife, as a sign that his promise still held good, the pledge he had given her early that morning. He again went out on the terrace and seated himself on the chair by the little table. The High Priests also were seated. Pilate called out again: "Which of the two shall I release unto you?" Thereupon arose from the whole forum and from all sides one unanimous shout: "Away with this Man! Give us Barabbas!" Pilate again cried: "But what shall I do with Jesus, the Christ, the King of the Jews?" With tumultuous violence, all yelled: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" Pilate asked for the third time: "Why, what evil hath He done? I find not the least cause of death in Him. I will scourge Him and then let Him go." But the shout: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" burst from the crowd like a roar from Hell, while the High Priests and Pharisees, frantic with rage, were vociferating violently. Then poor, irresolute Pilate freed the wretch Barabbas and condemned Jesus to be scourged!

### **30. The Scourging of Jesus**

Pilate, the base, pusillanimous judge, had several times repeated the cowardly words: "I find no guilt in Him, therefore will I chastise Him and let Him go!" To which the Jews shouted no other response than, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" But Pilate, still hoping to carry out his first resolve not to condemn Jesus to death, commanded Him to be scourged after the

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manner of the Romans. Then the executioners, striking and pushing Jesus with their short staves, led Him through the raging multitude on the forum to the whipping pillar, which stood in front of one of the halls that surrounded the great square to the north of Pilate's palace and not far from the guardhouse.

And now came forward to meet Jesus the executioners' servants with their whips, rods, and cords, which they threw down near the pillar. There were six of them, swarthy men all somewhat shorter than Jesus, with coarse, crisp hair, to whom nature had denied a beard other than a thin, short growth like stubble. Their loins were girded and the rest of their clothing consisted of a jacket of leather, or some other wretched stuff, open at the sides, and covering the upper part of the body like a scapular. Their arms were naked, and their feet encased in tattered sandals. They were vile malefactors from the frontiers of Egypt who, as slaves and culprits, were here employed on buildings and canals. The most wicked, the most abject among them were always chosen for the punishment of criminals in the praetorium.

These barbarous men had often scourged poor offenders to death at this same pillar. There was something beastly, even devilish, in their appearance, and they were half-intoxicated. Although the Lord was offering no resistance whatever, yet they struck Him with their fists and ropes and with frantic rage dragged Him to the pillar, which stood alone and did not serve as a support to any part of the building. It was not very high, for a tall man with outstretched arms could reach the top, which was provided with an iron ring. Toward the middle of it on one side were other rings, or hooks. It is impossible to express the barbarity with which those furious hounds outraged Jesus on that short walk to the pillar. They tore from Him Herod's mantle of derision, and almost threw the poor Saviour to the ground.

Jesus trembled and shuddered before the pillar.

With His own hands, swollen and bloody from the tight cords, and in tremulous haste, He laid aside His garments, while the executioners struck and abused Him. He prayed and implored so touchingly and, for one instant, turned His head toward His most afflicted Mother, who was standing with the holy women in a corner of one of the porches around the square, not far from the scourging place. Turning to the pillar, as if to cover Himself by it, Jesus said: "Turn thine eyes from Me!" I know not whether He said these words vocally or mentally, but I saw how Mary took them, for at the same moment, I beheld her turning away and sinking into the arms of the holy women who surrounded her, closely veiled.

And now Jesus clasped the pillar in His arms. The executioners, with horrible imprecations and barbarous pulling, fastened His sacred, upraised hands, by means of a wooden peg, behind the iron ring on top. In thus doing, they so stretched His whole body, that His feet, tightly bound below at the base, scarcely touched the ground. There stood the Holy of Holies, divested of clothing, laden with untold anguish and ignominy, stretched upon the pillar of criminals, while two of the bloodhounds, with sanguinary rage, began to tear with their whips the sacred back from head to foot. The first rods, or scourges, that they used looked as if made of flexible white wood, or they might have been bunches of ox sinews, or strips of hard, white leather.

Our Lord and Saviour, the Son of God, true God and true Man, quivered and writhed like a poor worm under the strokes of the criminals' rods. He cried in a suppressed voice, and a clear, sweet-sounding wailing, like a loving prayer under excruciating torture, formed a touching accompaniment to the hissing strokes of His tormentors. Now and then the cries of the populace and the Pharisees mingled with those pitiful, holy, blessed, plaintive tones like frightful peals of thunder from an angry

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storm cloud. Many voices cried out together: "Away with Him! Crucify Him!" for Pilate was still negotiating with the people. The uproar was so great that, when he wanted to utter a few words, silence had to be enforced by the flourish of a trumpet. At such moments could be heard the strokes of the rods, the moans of Jesus, the blasphemy of the executioners, and the bleating of the Paschal lambs, which were being washed in the pool near the sheep gate to the east. After this first purification, that they might not again soil themselves, their jaws were muzzled and they were carried by their owners along the clean road to the Temple. They were then driven around toward the western side, where they were subjected to another ceremonial washing. The helpless bleating of the lambs had in it something indescribably touching. They were the only sounds in unison with the Saviour's sighs.

The Jewish mob kept at some distance, about the breadth of a street, from the place of scourging. Roman soldiers were standing here and there, but chiefly around the guardhouse. All kinds of loungers were loitering near the pillar itself, some in silence, others with expressions of contempt. I saw many of them suddenly roused to sympathy, and at such moments it seemed as if a sudden ray of light shot from Jesus to them.

I saw infamous, scantily clad youths at one side of the guardhouse preparing fresh rods, and others going off to seek thorn branches. Some executioners of the High Priests went up to the scourgers and slipped them money, and a large jug of thick, red juice was brought to them, from which they guzzled until they became perfectly furious from intoxication. They had been at work about a quarter of an hour when they ceased to strike, and joined two of the others in drinking. Jesus' body was livid, brown, blue, and red, and entirely covered with swollen cuts. His sacred blood was running down on the ground.

He trembled and shuddered. Derision and mockery assailed Him on all sides.

The night before had been cold. All the morning until now the sky was overcast, and a shower of hail had for a few moments fallen on the wondering multitude. Toward noon, however, the sky cleared and the sun shone out.

The second pair of scourgers now fell upon Jesus with fresh fury. They made use of different rods, rough, as if set with thorns, and here and there provided with knots and splinters. Under their furious blows, the swollen welts on Jesus' sacred body were torn and rent; His blood spurted around so that the arms of His tormentors were sprinkled with it. Jesus moaned and prayed and shuddered in His agony.

Just at this time, a numerous band of strangers on camels were riding past the forum. They gazed with fright and horror while some of the bystanders explained to them what was going on. They were travelers, some of whom had received Baptism, and others had been present at Jesus' Sermon on the Mount. The shouts and uproar of the populace became still greater in the vicinity of Pilate's palace.

The last two scourgers struck Jesus with whips consisting of small chains, or straps, fastened to an iron handle, the ends furnished with iron points, or hooks. They tore off whole pieces of skin and flesh from His ribs. Oh, who can describe the awful barbarity of that spectacle!

But those monsters had not yet satiated their cruelty. They loosened the cords that bound Jesus and turned His back to the pillar and, because He was so exhausted as to be no longer able to stand, they bound Him to it with fine cords passed under His arms across His breast, and below the knees. His hands they fastened to the ring in the middle of the opposite side. Only blood and wounds, only barbarously mangled flesh could be seen on the most sacred, most venerable Body of the Son of God. Like



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furious bloodhounds raged the scourgers with their strokes. One held a slender rod in his left hand, and with it struck the face of Jesus. There was no longer a sound spot on the Lord's Body. He glanced, with eyes swimming in blood, at His torturers, and sued for mercy; but they became only the more enraged. He moaned in fainting tones: "Woe! Woe!"

The terrible scourging had lasted fully three quarters of an hour when an obscure man, a stranger and relative of that blind Ctesiphon whom Jesus had restored to sight, rushed indignantly to the back of the pillar, a sickle-shaped knife in his hand, and cried out: "Hold on! Do not beat the innocent Man to death!" The drunken executioners, startled for a moment, paused, while with one stroke the stranger quickly cut the cords that bound Jesus. They were all knotted together, and fastened to a great iron nail at the back of the pillar. The man then fled back and disappeared in the crowd. Jesus sank, covered with blood and wounds, at the foot of the pillar and lay unconscious in His own blood. The executioners left Him lying there and went to drink and call to their villainous companions, who were weaving the crown of thorns.

Jesus quivered in agony as, with bleeding wounds, He lay at the foot of the pillar. I saw just then some bold girls passing by. They paused in silence before Him, holding one another by the hand, and looked at Him in feminine disgust, which renewed the pain of all His wounds. He raised His bleeding head, and turned His sorrowful face in pity toward them. They passed on, while the executioners and soldiers laughed and shouted some scandalous expressions after them.

Several times during the scourging I saw weeping angels around Jesus and, during the whole of that bitter, ignominious punishment that fell upon Him like a shower of hail, I heard Him offering His prayer to His Father for the sins of mankind. But

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now, as He lay in His own blood at the foot of the pillar, I saw an angel strengthening Him. It seemed as if the angel gave Him a luminous morsel.

The executioners again drew near and, pushing Jesus with their feet, bade Him rise, for they had not yet finished with the King. They struck at Him while He crept after His linen band, which the infamous wretches kicked with shouts of derision from side to side, so that Jesus, in this His dire necessity, had most painfully to crawl around the ground in His own blood like a worm trodden underfoot, in order to reach His girdle and with it cover His lacerated loins. Then with blows and kicks they forced Him to His tottering feet, but allowed Him no time to put on His robe, which they threw about Him with the sleeves over His shoulders. They hurried Him to the guardhouse by a roundabout way, all along which He wiped the blood from His face with His robe. They were able to proceed quickly from the place of scourging because the porches around the building were open toward the forum; one could see through to the covered way under which the robbers and Barabbas lay imprisoned. As Jesus was led past the seats of the High Priests, the latter cried out: "Away with Him! Away with Him!" and in disgust turned from Him into the inner court of the guardhouse. There were no soldiers in it when Jesus entered, but all kinds of slaves, executioners, and vagrants, the very scum of the populace.

As the mob had become so excited, Pilate had sent to the fortress Antonia for a reinforcement of Roman guards, and these he now ordered to surround the guardhouse. They were permitted to talk and laugh and ridicule Jesus, though they had to keep their ranks. Pilate wanted thus to restrain the people and keep them in awe. There were upwards of a thousand men assembled.

### **31. Mary During the Scourging of Jesus**

I saw the Blessed Virgin, during the scourging of our Redeemer, in a state of uninterrupted ecstasy. She saw and suffered in an indescribable manner all that her Son was enduring. Her punishment, her martyrdom, was as inconceivably great as her most holy love. Low moans frequently burst from her lips, and her eyes were inflamed with weeping. Mary Heli, her elder and very aged sister, who bore a great resemblance to St. Anne, supported her in her arms. Mary Cleophas, Mary Heli's daughter, was likewise present, and she too for the most part leaned on her mother's arm. The other holy women were trembling with sorrow and anxiety. They were pressing with low cries of grief around the Blessed Virgin, as if expecting their own sentence of death. Mary wore a long robe, almost sky-blue, and over it a long, white, woolen mantle, and a veil of creamy white. Magdalen was very much disturbed, indeed quite distracted by grief; her hair hung loose under her veil.

When, after the scourging, Jesus fell at the foot of the pillar, I saw that Claudia Procla, Pilate's wife, sent to the Mother of God a bundle of large linen cloths. I do not now know whether she thought that Jesus would be released, and then the Mother of the Lord could bind up His wounds with them, or whether the compassionate pagan sent the linens for the use to which the Blessed Virgin afterward put them.

Mary saw her lacerated Son driven past her by the executioners. With His garment He wiped the blood from His eyes in order to see His Mother. She raised her hands in agony toward Him and gazed upon His bloodstained footprints. Then, as the mob moved over to another side, I saw the Blessed Virgin and Magdalen approaching the place of scourging. Surrounded and hidden by the other holy women

and some well-disposed people standing by, they cast themselves on their knees and soaked up the sacred Blood of Jesus with the linens until not a trace of it could be found.

The holy women were about twenty in number, but I did not see John with them at that time. Simeon's son Obed, Veronica's son, and Aram and Themi, the two nephews of Joseph of Arimathea were, though sad and full of sorrow, busied in the Temple.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when the scourging was over.

### **32. Interruption of the Visions of the Passion by the Apparition of Saint Joseph Under the Form of a Child**

During the whole time of the visions of the Passion just narrated, that is, from the evening of February 18, 1823 (Tuesday after the first Sunday in Lent) until the 8th of March (Saturday before Laetare Sunday), the Venerable Sister Emmerich was in continued ecstasy, sharing in the spiritual and corporal sufferings of the Lord. She lay absorbed in these contemplations, unconscious of external things, weeping and sobbing like a tortured child. She trembled and shuddered and writhed on her couch, moaning in a low feeble voice, her countenance like that of a dying martyr. A bloody sweat broke out several times over her breast and back. As a general thing, her floods of perspiration were frequent and so copious as to saturate the bedclothes and even the bed itself. At the same time, she endured such thirst that she might be compared to a person in an arid desert perishing from want of water. Frequently in the morning her mouth was so parched, her tongue so contracted, that only by signs and inarticulate sounds could she ask for relief. A daily fever either accompanied or followed as a consequence upon all these torments, besides which she endured without

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intermission her usual portion of sympathetic and expiatory pain. Only after tedious periods of rest was she able to relate her various visions of the Passion, and even then she could give them only in fragments.

In this way and in a state of extreme misery, she had on Saturday the 8th of March related the scourging of Jesus as the contemplation of the preceding night, though it seemed to be before her even during the day. Toward evening, however, there was an interruption in her contemplations of the Passion. We shall give it here, since it offers a glimpse into the inner life of this most extraordinary person. It will likewise afford the readers of these pages a little rest, for we know from experience that meditation on the Passion, as well as its recital, may exhaust the weak, though they be fully aware that it was all endured for them.

The spiritual and corporeal life of Sister Emmerich was in intimate harmony with the daily interior and exterior life of the Church according to the season. They harmonized even more perfectly than does the sensitive, corporeal life of human beings with the hours of the day, and the seasons of the year, than the sun with the moon, climate with temperature. It afforded, with perhaps a higher degree of certitude than these, an unchanging, though lowly, evidence of the existence and signification of the mysteries and festivals of the inner and outer life of the Church in her various seasons. It kept pace so exactly with the ecclesiastical spirit that no sooner was the eve (that is, the vigil) of a feast begun in the Church than Sister Emmerich's whole state of soul and body was changed interiorly and exteriorly; and the instant the spiritual sun of that festival set, she turned her thoughts to the one next to rise, in order to expose all her prayers and labors of suffering to the dew, the light, the warmth of the special grace attached to this new festival and to set in order her daily task.

Not exactly at the moment when the Catholic evening bells peal out the announcement of the incoming festival, and summon the Faithful to unite in that soul-stirring prayer, "Angelus Domini," did this change in Sister Emmerich take place. Through ignorance or negligence, those chimes are perhaps often advanced or retarded. But when a clock, not known to us mortals, struck the hour for commemorating in time some great and eternal mystery, her whole being underwent a change. If the Church celebrated a sorrowful mystery, Sister Emmerich was truly and literally crushed by sympathetic participation in it, she languished in sufferings both of mind and of body; but the drooping bride of Jesus Christ, as if suddenly refreshed by the dew of a new grace, gained fresh vigor of body and soul when the Church began the celebration of a joyous festival. She continued in this state until the following evening (her sufferings concealed for the time, as it were) in order that, cheerful and serenely joyous, she might bear testimony to its intrinsic and eternal truth.

All this, however, took place not so much by her own will as independently of it. She acted in this with as little design as does the bee when, from the flower, it prepares the wax and honey for its skillfully constructed comb. The good will of this poor peasant girl from childhood, to be obedient to Jesus and His Church, was well-pleasing in the sight of God, and He recompensed her by enduing her with extraordinary facilities for the practice of obedience. She could no more resist the attraction to turn to the Church than could the plant help turning to the light, even though it were shut away from the direct influence of its life-giving beams. Her countenance was veiled in grief or radiant with joy according as that of her Mother, the Church, was sad or joyous.

On Saturday, March 8, 1823, after sunset, when she had with great difficulty related her visions of the scourging of Our Lord, she became quite silent;

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and the writer of these lines had no other thought than that her soul had already entered upon the contemplation of Jesus' crowning with thorns. But after some moments of silence, her countenance, upon which rested the weariness, the exhaustion of death, suddenly shone with a lovely, joyous light; and with the confiding air of an innocent child, she exclaimed: "Ah! The dear little boy that is coming to me! Who is he? I'll ask him, He is called little Joseph. Oh, how charming he is! He has pushed his way through all the people to come to me. Poor child! He is so friendly, he is laughing. He knows nothing. I am so sorry for him! If he were only not so cold! It is quite cool this early morning. Wait! I will cover thee a little more!" After these words, spoken with so natural an air that one might have been tempted to look around for the child, she took some linen that was lying at hand and with it went through the motions of a compassionate person trying to protect a beloved child from the cold. The writer watched her attentively, supposing her motions the exterior manifestation of some interior action in prayer, for he had often witnessed in her similar wonders. But no explanation of the meaning of her words and actions was vouchsafed him just then, for a sudden change took place in the Sister's state. It was produced by the word "*obedience,*" the name of one of the vows which as a religious she had made to the Lord. It was pronounced by a person at her bedside who wished to render her some necessary assistance. Instantly she recollected herself like an innocent, obedient child roused by its mother from a deep sleep. She caught her rosary up quickly and the little crucifix that she always kept by her, arranged her nightdress, rubbed her eyes, sat up, and, as she was unable to walk or even to stand on her feet, she was carried to a chair. It was the time for her bed to be aired and remade, and so the writer left her. When on the following morning, Laetare Sunday, he

again visited her in order to receive a continuation of the Passion visions, he found her, contrary to expectation, brighter and apparently better than on the preceding day. She said to him: "I have seen nothing more of the scourging." To the question as to why she had spoken so much the evening before about "little Joseph," she answered that she had no remembrance of having spoken about him at all. To another remark upon her being today much calmer, more cheerful and free from pain, she replied: "That is always so at Mid-Lent. Today at the Introit of Holy Mass, the Church sings with Isaias: 'Rejoice, O Jerusalem! and come together all you that love her. Rejoice with joy, you that have been in sorrow, that you may exult and be filled from the breasts of your consolation.' Therefore today is a day of recreation. Today also in the Gospel, the Lord fed five thousand people with five loaves and two fishes, of which so many fragments remained. Ah, we have reason to rejoice! And I too, early this morning, was fed with the Blessed Sacrament. On this day of Lent, I always feel new strength of body and of soul." The writer glanced at the ecclesiastical calendar of the Diocese of Münster and saw that it was not only Laetare Sunday, but also the Feast of St. Joseph, the foster father of Our Lord. He was not aware of its being kept on that day in this diocese, since in other places it is celebrated on the 19th of March. When he mentioned the fact to Sister Emmerich, he added that perhaps she had spoken of Joseph the day before because this was the feast of St. Joseph; and then she remembered that on the day before she had indeed received some consoling visions of the saint. Her former sorrowful communications were now superseded by those of a highly joyous character. Her contemplation of the Passion had been suddenly interrupted on the eve of Laetare Sunday, which was also the vigil of St. Joseph's feast, by a glad vision of the saint, who appeared to her in a somewhat



dramatic character under the form of a child.

We have seen<sup>1</sup> that Sister Emmerich's Heavenly Bridegroom often sent His messengers to her under the appearance of children, and we have remarked that this was always the case in those scenes in which a skillful interpreter would have employed the same form. If, for instance, the accomplishment of some Prophecy, scriptural and historical, were being shown her, there usually appeared near the different scenes and events of the vision a boy who, in his conduct, his dress, and the way in which he carried his roll of prophetic writings—whether quietly in his hand, or bound to the end of a staff which he waved in the air—represented the characteristics of this or that Prophet. Had she more than ordinary suffering to endure, a gentle, lovely child in green used to come to her, sit with extreme discomfort, but with an air resigned and satisfied, on the hard, narrow edge of her bed, or uncomplainingly allow himself to be changed from one arm to the other, or even set down on the floor. He was always gentle and satisfied, looked at her sweetly, and consoled her. He was patience personified. Was she, by sickness or sufferings taken upon herself for others, quite worn out, and did she by a festival or a relic enter into communication with a saint, with a glorified member of the Spouse of Jesus Christ, she immediately had visions from the saint's childhood instead of his or her terrible martyrdom with all its frightful circumstances. In her greatest sufferings when reduced to utter exhaustion, were, by God's goodness, consolation and encouragement, yes, even correction, warning, and reproof conveyed to her, it was always under childlike forms and visions. Sometimes in her greatest trouble and distress, when she no longer knew where to turn for relief, she would fall asleep and be carried back for the moment to the childish sorrows of her early days.

1. See *Life of Anne Catherine Emmerich* by Very Rev. C. E. Schmöger, C.S.S.R. English edition published by TAN Books and Publishers, Inc.

Yes, in sleep, as her exclamations and gestures indicated, she was again a little five-year-old peasant girl, making her way through a hedge and shedding tears at the pricking of the thorns. Such scenes were always real events of her childhood, as the application of the parable proclaimed: "Why art thou crying so? I will not help thee out of the hedge until thou dost patiently stand fast by Me in love, and askest Me to do so." When a child and really caught in a hedge, she had followed this admonition; and now in mature age and in apparently greater need, she observed the same conduct. Awaking, she used to laugh at the hedge and the key to patience and prayer which it afforded her as a child, which she had so carelessly forgotten, but to which she now turned faithfully and with unshaken assurance of relief.

This symbolical coincidence of the events of her childhood with those of her later years proves in an astonishing and touching manner that, in the individual no less than in humanity at large, prophetic types may be found. But to the individual, as well as to mankind in general, a Divine Type has been given in the person of the Redeemer, in order that both the one and the other by walking in His footsteps and with His assistance may rise above human nature, attain perfect liberty of spirit, and grow to the perfect age of Christ. Thus will be accomplished the will of God on earth as in Heaven! Thus will His Kingdom come to us!

Sister Emmerich then related the following fragments of the visions that had, on the preceding evening and in consequence of the vigil of St. Joseph's feast, interrupted her contemplation of the Passion.

"In all these terrible events, I was sometimes here, sometimes there in Jerusalem, full of pain and sick unto death. When they were scourging my Beloved Bridegroom, I was sitting in a corner of the scourging place whither no Jew, for fear of contracting legal impurity, would dare enter. But I was not afraid. I

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was wishing that even one drop of His Blood would fall upon me and cleanse me. I was so full of pain that I thought I should die. I groaned and shuddered at every stroke. Ah! What a spectacle of misery—my Beloved Bridegroom, lying torn and lacerated, at the foot of the pillar in His own sacred Blood! How barbarously the executioners thrust Him, with their feet, to arise! How pitifully, covered with blood and wounds, He crept around after His garments! Scarcely had He, His arms quivering with pain, covered Himself, when they drove Him on again to new sufferings and dragged Him past His most afflicted Mother. Ah, how she gazed after His bloodstained footsteps, wringing her hands the while! From that side of the watch house which faced the square and which was now open, I heard the mocking taunts of the base servants of the executioners who, with gauntleted hands, were plaiting the crown of thorns and jestingly trying its sharpness. I trembled and shuddered, and I wanted to enter, that I might see my poor Bridegroom in His new suffering. Then came a wonderfully beautiful little boy with blond ringlets. He had only a little band around his body. Making his way among the holy women in their long robes, he came toward me in the most friendly manner. Sometimes he would turn my head away, put his hand over my eyes, sometimes over my ears, and would not let me look anymore upon these sorrowful pictures. The boy asked me: Dost thou not know me? My name is Joseph, and I am from Bethlehem! And then he began to tell all about the Crib Cave and the Birth of Christ, the shepherds and the Three Kings. How grand and charming all that was! He was very joyous. I was afraid all the while that he would freeze, because he was so scantily clothed, and there was a hail shower falling. But he put his little hands on my cheeks and said: 'Feel how warm I am. No one freezes where I am.' I was still lamenting over the crown of thorns that I saw them plaiting, but he comforted me and related a beautiful

*A Beautiful Little Boy*

parable in which all the suffering was changed into joy, and then he clapped his hands. He explained to me many things in the parable as symbolical of the Passion of Christ, and he showed me the field in which grew the thorns from which the crown was being woven. He

told me what the thorns signified, also that the field would become a magnificent wheat field around which the thorns, which would then be full of beautiful roses,<sup>2</sup> should form a protecting hedge. Yes, he knew how to explain everything so familiarly, so charmingly that the thorns appeared at once to turn to roses, and we played with them. All that he said was deeply significant. It was an extended and impressive vision, full of simple, lovely illustrations, of the rise and development of the Church. The gracious little boy would not let me cast another glance at the Passion of Christ, but introduced me into a series of visions quite different. I was now myself a child, but I did not take time to be surprised at it. I ran with the little boy to Jerusalem, to all the playgrounds of his childhood. He showed me everything and we played and prayed in the Crib Cave, to which as a child he had so often fled when his brothers teased him on account of his piety. It seemed as if his family were still living in the old homestead in which the father of David had dwelt, but which at the time of Christ's birth had passed into the hands of strangers, namely, into the hands of the Roman officials to whom Joseph had to pay the tax. We were frolicsome as children, and it seemed as if Jesus, yes, even the Mother of God, were not yet born."

In this way did Sister Emmerich pass, on the vigil

2. Probably Sister Emmerich forgot that Laetare Sunday is called also "Rose Sunday," because the Holy Father, to testify to the joy of this day which, like a rose, blooms among the thorns of Lententide, blesses a golden rose and carries it in his hand through the streets of Rome. This may account for her mention of roses, just as wheat field corresponds to the name, "Sunday of Refreshment," or "Bread Sunday"; because on this day is read the Gospel of Jesus' feeding five thousand people with five loaves and two fishes. This day is called *Dominica rosata*, *Dominica de pccsibus*, and *Dominica refectiois*.

of St. Joseph's feast, from the sufferings of the Passion into a consoling, childlike vision of the saint.

### **33. Personal Appearance of Mary And of Magdalen**

I saw the Blessed Virgin with cheeks pale and haggard, her nose pinched and long, her eyes almost bloodshot from weeping. It is astonishing, as well as indescribable, how plain, straightforward, and simple she was in appearance. Although since yesterday evening and even during the whole night, she had in fright, in anguish, and in tears, been wandering through the Valley of Josaphat and the crowded streets of Jerusalem, still was her dress in perfect order, her whole appearance marked by extreme propriety. There was not even a fold of her garments that did not bespeak sanctity. Everything about her was so upright and simple, so dignified, so pure, and so innocent. Her look as she gazed around was so noble, and as she turned her head a little, her veil fell in soft and graceful folds. Her movements were not eager and, though under the influence of the most grievous anguish, all her actions were performed simply and gently. Her garments were damp with the dew of the night and her own innumerable tears, but they were spotless and in perfect order. Her beauty was indescribable and altogether superhuman, for beauty in her was made up of immaculate purity, truth, simplicity, dignity, and holiness.

Magdalen, on the contrary, was just the reverse. She was taller and, both in figure and carriage, exhibited much more style. Her beauty, however, was now destroyed, owing to her violent repentance and intense grief. She was, if not decidedly ugly, at least painful to look upon, on account of the unrestrained fury of her passions. Her garments, wet and stained with mud, hung torn and disordered around her; her long hair floated loose and disheveled under her wet,

tossed veil. She was perfectly changed in appearance. She thought of nothing but her grief, and looked almost like one bereft of sense. There were many people here from Magdalum and the surrounding country who had known her in her early splendor, who had seen her in her wasting life of sin, and who had lost sight of her in her long retirement. Now they pointed her out with the finger and mocked at her forlorn appearance. Yes, there were some from Magdalum base enough even to throw mud at her as she passed along. But she did not notice it, so absorbed was she in her own sorrow.

### **34. Jesus Crowned With Thorns and Mocked**

While Jesus was being scourged, Pilate had several times addressed the multitude, and again had the shout gone up: "He shall be executed, even if we die for it!" And when Jesus was led to the crowning, they cried again: "Away with Him! Away!" New bands of Jews were constantly arriving, and as they came, they were instigated by the runners of the High Priests to raise that cry.

Now followed a short interval of rest. Pilate gave some orders to his soldiers. The High Priests and Council meanwhile, seated on elevated benches on either side of the street in front of Pilate's terrace, shaded by trees and awnings, ordered food and drink to be brought them by their servants. I saw Pilate again perplexed and doubting. Yielding to his superstition, he retired alone to burn incense before his gods and to busy himself in all kinds of divination.

I saw the Blessed Virgin and her companions, when they had dried up Jesus' blood after the scourging, leaving the forum. I saw them with the bloody linens in a small house built in a wall in the neighborhood. I do not now recall to whom it belonged, nor do I remember having seen John at the scourging.

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The crowning and mocking of Jesus took place in the inner court of the guardhouse, which stood in the forum over the prisons. It was surrounded with pillars, and the entrance was open. There were about fifty low-lived wretches belonging to the army, jailer's servants, executioners, lads, slaves, and whipping servants, who took an active part in this maltreatment of Jesus. The mob at first crowded in eagerly, but was soon displaced by the thousand Roman soldiers who surrounded the building. They stood in rank and order, jeering and laughing, thereby giving to Jesus' tormentors new inducement to multiply His sufferings. Their jokes and laughter encouraged them as applause does the actor.

There was a hole in the middle of the court, and to this they had rolled the base of an old column, which may once have stood there. On that base they placed a low, round stool with an upright at the back by which to raise it, and maliciously covered it with sharp stones and potsherds.

Once more they tore Jesus' clothing from His wounded body, and threw over Him instead an old red military cloak tattered and so short that it did not reach to the knees. Shreds of yellow tassels hung on it here and there. It was kept in a corner of the executioners' room and used to throw around criminals after their scourging, either to dry the blood or to turn them into derision. Now they dragged Jesus to the stool covered with stones and potsherds, and violently forced His wounded, naked body down upon them. Then they put upon Him the crown of thorns. It was two hands high, thick, and skillfully plaited, with a projecting edge on top. They laid it like a binder round His brow and fastened it tightly in the back, thus forming it into a crown. It was skillfully woven from thorn branches three fingers thick, the thorns of which grew straight out. In plaiting the crown, as many of them as possible had been designedly pressed inward. There were three kinds of thorns, such as with us are

called buckthorn, blackthorn, and hawthorn. The projecting edge on top was formed of one kind, which we call blackberry, and it was by this the torturer fastened it on and moved it in order to produce new sufferings. I have seen the spot whence the miscreants brought the thorns. Next they placed in Jesus' hand a thick reed with a tufted top. All this was done with mock solemnity, as if they were really crowning Him king. Then they snatched the reed from His hand and with it struck the crown violently, until His eyes filled with blood. They bent the knee before Him, stuck out their tongue at Him, struck and spat in His face, and cried out: "Hail, King of the Jews!" With shouts of mocking laughter, they upset Him along with the stool, in order to force Him violently down upon it again.

I am not able to repeat all the base inventions employed by those wretches to insult the poor Saviour. Ah! His thirst was horrible, for He was consumed with the fever of His wounds, the laceration caused by the inhuman scourging. He quivered.<sup>1</sup> The flesh on His sides was in many places torn even to the ribs. His tongue contracted convulsively. Only the sacred Blood trickling down from His head laved, as it were in pity, His parched lips which hung languishingly open. Those horrible monsters, seeing this, turned His mouth into a receptacle for their own disgusting filth. Jesus underwent this maltreatment for about half an hour, during which time the cohort surrounding the praetorium in rank and order kept up an uninterrupted jeering and laughing.

1. This contemplation moved Sister Emmerich to such compassion that she begged to share her Saviour's thirst. She fell at once into a violent fever and endured so burning a thirst that next morning she was unable to speak. Her tongue-blue, stiff, and parched-was drawn back in the throat; her lips were withered and stretched apart. The writer found her in this state the next morning, like one famishing for water, pale, unconscious, and apparently nigh unto death. After her attendants had with difficulty given her a little water, and after a long rest, she was able, though not without an effort, to relate the foregoing. The person watching by her reported that during the night Sister Emmerich frequently cried and moaned and writhed on her bed.



### 35. "Ecce Homo!"

And now they again led Jesus, the crown of thorns upon His head, the mock scepter in His fettered hands, the purple mantle thrown around Him, into Pilate's palace. He was unrecognizable on account of the blood that filled His eyes and ran down into His mouth and beard. His body, covered with swollen welts and wounds, resembled a cloth dipped in blood, and His gait was bowed down and tottering. The mantle was so short that He had to stoop in order to cover Himself with it, for at the crowning they had again torn off all His clothing. When He reached the lowest step of the flight that led up to Pilate, even that hardhearted being was seized with a shudder of compassion and disgust. He leaned on one of his officers, and as the priests and the people kept up their shouts and mockery, he exclaimed: "If the devil were as cruel as the Jews, one could not live with him in Hell!" Jesus was wearily dragged up the steps, and while He stood a little back, Pilate stepped to the front of the balcony. The trumpet sounded to command attention, for Pilate was going to speak. Addressing the High Priests and the people, he said: "Behold! I bring Him forth to you, that you may know that I find no cause in Him!"

Then Jesus was led forward by the executioners to the front of the balcony where Pilate was standing, so that He could be seen by all the people in the forum. Oh, what a terrible, heart-rending spectacle! Silence, awful and gloomy, fell upon the multitude as the inhumanly treated Jesus, the sacred, martyred figure of the Son of God, covered with blood and wounds, wearing the frightful crown of thorns, appeared and, from His eyes swimming in blood, cast a glance upon the surging crowd! Nearby stood Pilate, pointing to Him with his finger and crying to the Jews: "Behold the Man!"

While Jesus, the scarlet cloak of derision thrown

around His lacerated body, His pierced head sinking under the weight of the thorny crown, His fettered hands holding the mock scepter, was standing thus before Pilate's palace, in infinite sadness and benignity, pain and love, like a bloody phantom, exposed to the raging cries of both priests and people, a band of strangers, men and women, their garments girded, crossed the forum and went down to the sheep pool. They were going to help in the washing of the Paschal lambs, whose gentle bleating was still mingling with the sanguinary shouts of the multitude, as if wishing to bear witness to the Silent Truth. Now it was that the true Paschal Lamb of God, the revealed though unrecognized Mystery of this holy day, fulfilled the Prophecies and stretched Himself in silence on the slaughtering bench.

The High Priests and judges were perfectly infuriated at the sight of Jesus, the dread Mirror of their own conscience, and they vociferated: "Away with Him! Crucify Him!" Pilate called out: "Are you not yet satisfied? He has been handled so roughly that He will never more want to be a king." But they and all the people, as if beside themselves with fury, cried out violently: "Away with Him! To the Cross with Him!" Again did Pilate order the trumpet to be sounded, and again did he cry out: "Take Him you and crucify Him, for I find no cause in Him!" To this the High Priests shouted: "We have a law, and according to it He must die, for He has made Himself the Son of God!" Pilate responded: "If you have such a law, that a man like this One must die, then may I never be a Jew!" The words, however, "He has made Himself the Son of God," renewed Pilate's anxiety, aroused again his superstitious fears. He caused Jesus therefore to be brought before him into the judgment hall, where he spoke to Him alone. He began by asking: "Whence art Thou?" But Jesus gave him no answer. "Dost Thou not answer me?" said Pilate. "Knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee

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and power to release Thee?" "Thou shouldst not have any power," answered Jesus, "unless it were given thee from above; therefore he that hath delivered Me to thee hath the greater sin."

Just at this moment, Claudia Procla, Pilate's wife, anxious at seeing his irresolution, sent again to him, directing the messenger to show him once more the pledge he had given her of his promise. But he returned a vague, superstitious reply in which he appealed to his gods.

Undecided and perplexed as before, Pilate again went forth and addressed the people, telling them that he could find no guilt in Jesus. They meanwhile had been stirred up by the report spread by the High Priests and Pharisees, namely, that "Jesus' followers had bribed Pilate's wife; that if Jesus were set free, He would unite with the Romans and then they would all be put to death." This so roused the multitude that they clamored more vehemently than ever for His death. Pilate, desirous of obtaining in some way an answer to his questions, went back again to Jesus in the judgment hall. When alone with Him, he glanced at Him almost in fear, and thought in a confused sort of a way: "What if this Man should indeed be a god!" And then with an oath he at once began adjuring Jesus to say whether He was a god and not a human being, whether He was that king promised to the Jews. How far did His Kingdom extend? To what rank did His divinity belong? and ended by declaring that, if Jesus would answer his questions, he would set Him free. What Jesus said to Pilate in answer, I can repeat only in substance, not in words. The Lord spoke words of terrible import. He gave Pilate to understand what kind of a king He was, over what kind of a kingdom He reigned, and what was the truth, for He told him the truth. He laid before him the abominable state of his own conscience, foretold the fate in store for him—exile in misery and a horrible end. He told him, moreover, that He

would one day come to pass sentence upon him in just judgment.

Frightened and vexed at Jesus' words, Pilate again went out upon the balcony and proclaimed his intention of freeing Jesus. Then arose the cry: "If thou release this man, thou art not Caesar's friend, for whosoever maketh himself a king, speaketh against Caesar!" Others shouted: "We will denounce thee to Caesar as a disturber of our feast. Make up thy mind at once, for under pain of punishment we must be in the Temple by ten tonight." And the cry: "To the cross with Him! Away with Him!" resounded furiously on all sides, even from the flat roofs of the houses near the forum, upon which some of the mob had clambered.

Pilate now saw that he could do nothing with the raging multitude. There was something truly frightful in the confusion and uproar. The whole mass of people collected before the palace was in such a state of rage and excitement that a violent insurrection was to be feared. Then Pilate called for water. The servant that brought it poured it from a vase over his hands before the people, while Pilate called down from the balcony: "I am innocent of the blood of this just Man! Look ye to it!" Then went up from the assembled multitude, among whom were people from all parts of Palestine, the horrible, the unanimous cry: "His blood be upon us and upon our children!"

Whenever in my meditations upon the sorrowful Passion, I hear this cry of the Jews: "His blood be upon us and upon our children!" the effect of that solemn self-malediction is made sensible to me in visions wonderful and terrible. I see over that vociferating multitude a gloomy sky covered with blood red clouds, fiery scourges and swords. It seems as if I see radiations from that curse piercing to the marrow of their bones, yes, touching even their children in the mother's womb. I see the whole nation enveloped in darkness. I see that frightful cry bursting from

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their lips like so many lurid, angry flames, which rise and unite over their head, and then recoil upon them, penetrating deeply into some, but only floating around others. By these last were symbolized those that were converted after Jesus' death. Their number was not inconsiderable, for I saw Jesus and Mary, during all their frightful sufferings, praying continually for the salvation of the tormentors. For not one moment were the Saviour and His Mother angered by all their horrible maltreatment. I see the entire Passion of the Lord under symbols of the most malicious, the most barbarous torments, the basest and most insolent mockery; under symbols of rage and fury, and of the most horrible and sanguinary dispositions on the part of His enemies and their dependents; under symbols of ingratitude and denial on the part of many of His own followers; under symbols of the bitterest sufferings of soul and body. But I see Jesus enduring all, till His last gasp, in constant prayer, in constant love for His enemies, and constant supplication for their conversion. But by that very patience and love, I see the rage and madness of His enemies still more inflamed. They become furious, because all their ill-treatment cannot draw from His uncomplaining lips one word that could justify their malice. Today at the Passover, when they are killing the Paschal lamb, they know not that at the same time they are killing the real Lamb.

When in such contemplations, I turn my thoughts upon the dispositions of the people and the judges, and then direct them to the most holy souls of Jesus and of Mary, all that takes place within them is shown me under various forms. It is true that the people themselves did not see it, but they felt all that those forms typify. I see then an innumerable throng of diabolical figures, each perfectly conformable to the vice that he symbolizes, and all in frightful activity among the people. I see them running hither and thither, inciting and confusing the multitude,

whispering into their ears, slipping into their mouths. I see them driving numbers from the surging mass, uniting them into one band, and inciting them against Jesus, before whose love and patience they retire tremblingly and again disappear in the crowd. But in all their actions I see something desperate, perplexing, even self-destructive, a confused and irrational incentive, first here, then there. Above and around Jesus, however, and near Mary and each one of the small number of holy persons present at this terrible scene, I behold innumerable saints in continual motion. I see them according to their various missions under manifold forms and raiment. Their actions appear sometimes to typify consolation afforded, as prayer or anointing, as feeding, clothing, and giving drink to the needy, or as other works of mercy.

In the same way, I often see words of comfort or of warning issuing in various colored rays of light from the mouth of such apparitions, or they carry in their hands messages in the form of scrolls of writing. I often see also (that is, if it is necessary for me to know it) the movements of souls and their interior passions, their suffering, their loving, all that the soul perceives. I see them penetrating, flashing through the breast and, indeed, through the whole body of human beings, sometimes in light of different colors, again in shadows. They appear under manifold forms, under colors and figures that undergo many changes, some sudden, others more deliberate, and then I understand it all. But it is impossible to repeat it, for it is unending and, besides, I am so full of pain, suffering, and anxiety in consequence of my own sins and those of the whole world, so torn by the bitter Passion of Jesus, that I know not how I am able to put together the little that I do relate. Many things, especially the apparitions and facts connected with the agency of angels and demons that have been contemplated by other souls when gazing

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in vision upon the Passion of Christ, become intermixed when being related. They are fragments of similar interior, invisible, spiritual, visionary operations. They are retained in the memory according to the seer's own caliber of soul, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, and are often erroneously joined together in the process of communication. Hence follow contradictory statements, since sundry things are entirely forgotten, others carelessly passed over, while some only are recorded. Since every species of wickedness expended itself in tormenting Jesus, since all love has suffered in Him, since He, as the Lamb of God, took upon Himself the sins of the world—who could know, who could relate those endless details of cruelty on the one side, of holiness on the other? If, therefore, the visions and meditations of many devout souls do not perfectly harmonize with one another, it is because those souls were not favored with similar graces of seeing, or facility of understanding and communicating.

### **36. Jesus Condemned to the Death of the Cross**

Pilate, who was not seeking the truth but a way out of difficulty, now became more undecided than ever. His conscience reproached him: "Jesus is innocent." His wife said: "Jesus is holy." His superstition whispered: "He is an enemy of thy gods." His cowardice cried out: "He is Himself a god, and He will avenge Himself." Then did he again anxiously and solemnly question Jesus, and then did Jesus make known to him his secret transgressions, his future career and miserable end, and warned him that He would come one day sitting on the clouds to pronounce a just sentence upon him. And now came a new weight to be cast into the false scales of his justice against Jesus' release. He was offended at having to stand before Jesus, whom he could not fathom,

with his ignominious conscience unveiled under His gaze; and that the Man whom he had caused to be scourged and whom he had power to crucify, should predict for him a miserable end; yes, that the lips to which no lie had ever been imputed, which had uttered no word of self-justification, should, even in this moment of dire distress, summon him on that day to a just judgment. All this roused his pride. But as no one sentiment ruled supreme in this miserable, irresolute creature, he was seized with anxiety at the remembrance of the Lord's warning, and so he determined to make a last effort to free Him. At the threats of the Jews, however, to denounce him to the Emperor, another cowardly fear took possession of Pilate. The fear of an earthly sovereign overruled the fear of the King whose Kingdom was not of this world. The cowardly, irresolute wretch thought: "If He dies, so die with Him also what He knows of me and what He has predicted to me." At the threat of the Emperor, Pilate yielded to the will of the multitude, although against the promise he had pledged to his wife, against right and justice and his own conscience. Through fear of the Emperor, he delivered to the Jews the blood of Jesus; for his own conscience he had naught but the water which he ordered to be poured over his hands while he cried out: "I am innocent of the blood of this just Man. Look ye to it!" No, Pilate! But do thou thyself look to it! Thou knowest Him to be just, and yet thou dost shed His blood! Thou art an unjust, an unprincipled judge! And that same blood, which Pilate sought to wash from his hands and which he could not wash from his soul, the bloodthirsty Jews invoked as a malediction upon themselves and upon their children. The blood of Jesus, which cries for pardon for us, they invoke as vengeance upon themselves: They cry: "His blood be upon us and our children!"

While this terrible cry was resounding on all sides, Pilate ordered preparations to be made for pronouncing



the sentence. His robes of ceremony were brought to him. A crown, in which sparkled a precious stone, was placed on his head, another mantle was thrown around him, and a staff was borne before him. A number of soldiers surrounded him, officers of the tribunal went before him carrying something, and Scribes with parchment rolls and little tablets followed him. The whole party was preceded by a man sounding a trumpet. Thus did Pilate leave his palace and proceed to the forum where, opposite the scourging place, there was a high, beautifully constructed judgment seat. Only when delivered from that seat had the sentence full weight. It was called Gabbatha. It consisted of a circular balcony, and up to it there were several flights of steps. It contained a seat for Pilate, and behind it a bench for others connected with the tribunal. The balcony was surrounded and the steps occupied by soldiers. Many of the Pharisees had already left the palace and gone to the Temple. Only Annas, Caiaphas, and about twenty-eight others went at once to the judgment seat in the forum, while Pilate was putting on his robes of ceremony. The two thieves had been taken thither when Pilate presented the Lord to the people with the words, "*Ecce Homo.*" Pilate's seat was covered with red, and on it lay a blue cushion bordered with yellow.

And now Jesus in the scarlet cloak, the crown of thorns upon His head, His hands bound, was led by the soldiers and executioners through the mocking crowd and placed between the two murderers in front of the judgment seat. From this seat of state Pilate once more said aloud to the enemies of Jesus: "Behold there your King!" But they yelled: "Away, away with this Man! Crucify Him!" "Shall I crucify your King?" said Pilate. "We have no king but Caesar!" responded the High Priests. From that moment Pilate spoke no word for nor with Jesus. He began the sentence of condemnation. The two thieves had been already sentenced

to the cross, but their execution, at the request of the High Priests, had been postponed till today. They thought to outrage Jesus the more by having Him crucified with two infamous murderers. The crosses of the thieves were already lying near them, brought by the executioners' assistants. Our Lord's was not yet there, probably because His death sentence had not yet been pronounced.

The Blessed Virgin, who had withdrawn to some distance when Pilate presented Jesus to the Jews and when He was greeted by them with that bloodthirsty cry, now, surrounded by several women, again pressed through the crowd to be present at the death sentence of her Son and her God. Jesus, encircled by the executioners and greeted with rage and derisive laughter by His enemies, was standing at the foot of the steps before Pilate. The trumpet commanded silence, and with dastardly rage Pilate pronounced the sentence of death.

The sight of that base double-tongued wretch; the triumph of the bloodthirsty but now satisfied Pharisees who had so cruelly hunted down their Prey; the innumerable sufferings of the Most Blessed Saviour; the inexpressible affliction and anguish of His Blessed Mother and the holy women; the eager listening of the furious Jews; the cold, proud demeanor of the soldiers; and the apparitions of all those horrible, diabolical forms among the crowd, quite overpowered me. Ah! I felt that I should have been standing there instead of my Beloved Bridegroom. Then truly would the sentence have been just!

Pilate first spoke some words in which, with high sounding titles, he named the Emperor Claudius Tiberius. Then he set forth the accusation against Jesus; that, as a seditious character, a disturber and violator of the Jewish laws, who had allowed Himself to be called the Son of God and the King of the Jews, He had been sentenced to death by the High Priests, and by the unanimous voice of the people

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given over to be crucified. Furthermore Pilate, that iniquitous judge, who had in these last hours so frequently and publicly asserted the innocence of Jesus, now proclaimed that he found the sentence of the High Priests just, and ended with the words: "I also condemn Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews, to be nailed to the cross." Then he ordered the executioners to bring the cross. I have also some indistinct recollection of his taking a long stick, the center of which was full of pith, breaking it and throwing the pieces at Jesus' feet.

The most afflicted Mother of Jesus, the Son of God, on hearing Pilate's words became like one in a dying state, for now was the cruel, frightful, ignominious death of her holy and beloved Son and Saviour certain. John and the holy women took her away from the scene, that the blinded multitude might not render themselves still more guilty by jeering at the sorrow of the Mother of their Saviour. But Mary could not rest. She longed to visit every spot marked by Jesus' sufferings. Her companions had once more to accompany her from place to place, for the mystical sacrifice that she was offering to God by her most holy compassion urged her to pour out the sacrifice of her tears wherever the Redeemer born of her had suffered for the sins of mankind, His brethren. And so the Mother of the Lord, by the consecration of her tears, took possession of all the sacred places upon earth for the future veneration of the Church, the Mother of us all, just as Jacob set up the memorial stone and consecrated it with oil that it should witness to the promise made him.

Pilate next seated himself on the judgment seat and wrote out the sentence, which was copied by several officials standing behind him. Messengers were dispatched with the copies, for some of them had to be signed by others. I do not know whether this formality was requisite for the sentence, or whether it included other commissions, but some of the writings

were certainly sent to certain distant places. Pilate's written condemnation against Jesus clearly showed his deceit, for its purport was altogether different from that which he had pronounced orally. I saw that he was writing against his will, in painful perplexity of mind, and as if an angel of wrath were guiding his hand. The written sentence was about as follows:

"Urged by the High Priests, and the Sanhedrim, and fearing an insurrection of the people who accuse Jesus of Nazareth of sedition, blasphemy, and infraction of the laws, and who demand that He should be put to death, I have (though indeed without being able to substantiate their accusations) delivered Him to be crucified along with two other condemned criminals whose execution was postponed through the influence of the High Priests because they wanted Jesus to suffer with them. I have condemned Jesus because I do not wish to be accused to the Emperor as an unjust judge of the Jews and as an abettor of insurrections; and I have condemned Him as a criminal who has acted against the laws, and whose death has been violently demanded by the Jews."

Pilate caused many copies of this sentence to be made and sent to different places. The High Priests, however, were not at all satisfied with the written sentence, especially because Pilate wrote that they had requested the crucifixion of the thieves to be postponed in order that Jesus might be executed with them. They quarreled with Pilate about it at the judgment seat. And when with varnish he wrote on a little dark brown board the three lines of the inscription for the cross, they disputed again with him concerning the title, and demanded that it should not be "King of the Jews," but "He called Himself the King of the Jews." Pilate, however, had become quite impatient and insulting, and he replied roughly: "What I have written, I have written!"

They wanted likewise the cross of Jesus not to rise

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higher above His head than those of the two thieves. But it had to be so, for it was at first too short to allow the title written by Pilate to be placed over Jesus' head. They consequently opposed its being made higher by an addition, thus hoping to prevent the title so ignominious to themselves from being put up. But Pilate would not yield. They had to raise the height by fastening on the trunk a piece upon which the title could be placed. And it was thus the Cross received that form so full of significance, in which I have always seen it.

Claudia Procla sent back to Pilate his pledge and declared herself released from him. I saw her that same evening secretly leaving his palace and fleeing to the holy women, by whom she was concealed in Lazarus' house. Later on, she followed Paul and became his special friend. On a greenish stone in the rear side of Gabbatha, I afterward saw a man engraving two lines with a sharp iron instrument. In them were the words, *Judex injustus*, "Unjust judge," and also the name of Claudia Procla. I see this stone still in existence, though unknown, in the foundation of a building that occupies the site upon which Gabbatha once stood.

After the proclamation of the sentence, the Most Holy Redeemer again fell a prey to the savage executioners. They brought Him His own clothes, which had been taken from Him at the mocking before Caiaphas. They had been safely kept and, I think, some compassionate people must have washed them, for they were clean. It was also, I think, customary among the Romans thus to lead the condemned to execution. Now was Jesus again stripped by the infamous ruffians, who loosened His hands that they might be able to clothe Him anew. They dragged the red woolen mantle of derision from His lacerated body, and in so doing tore open many of His wounds. Tremblingly, He Himself put on the undergarment about His loins, after which they threw His woolen

scapular over His neck. But as they could not put on over the broad crown of thorns the brown, seamless tunic which His Blessed Mother had woven, they snatched the crown from His head, causing the blood to gush anew from all the wounds with unspeakable pain. When they had put the woven tunic upon His wounded body, they threw over it His loose white, woolen robe, His broad girdle, and lastly His mantle. Then they bound around His waist the fetter girdle, by whose long cords they led Him. All this took place with horrible barbarity, amid kicks and blows.

The two thieves were standing on the right and left of Jesus, their hands bound. When before the tribunal, they had, like Jesus, a chain hanging around their neck. They had a covering around their loins, and a kind of sleeveless scapular jacket made of some old stuff and open at the sides. On their head was a cap of twisted straw around which was a roll, or pad, shaped almost like the hats worn by children. The thieves were of a dirty brown complexion, and were covered with the welts left by their scourging. The one that was afterward converted was now quiet and recollected in himself, but the other was furious and insolent. He joined the executioners in cursing and deriding Jesus who, sighing for their salvation, cast upon them looks of love and bore all His sufferings for them. The executioners meanwhile were busy gathering together their tools. All things were made ready for this, the saddest, the most cruel journey, upon which the loving, the most sorely afflicted Redeemer was to carry for us ingrates the burden of our sins, and at the end of which He was to pour out from the chalice of His body, pierced by the outcasts of the human race, the atoning torrent of His precious blood.

At last Annas and Caiaphas, angry and wrangling, finished with Pilate. Taking with them the couple of long, narrow scrolls, or parchment rolls, that they had received, copies of the sentence, they hurried off

to the Temple. They had need of haste to arrive in time.

Here the High Priests parted from the true Paschal Lamb. They hurried to the Temple of stone, to slaughter and eat the type, while allowing its Realization, the true Lamb of God, to be led to the altar of the Cross by infamous executioners. Here did the way divide—one road leading to the veiled, the other to the accomplished Sacrifice. They delivered the pure, expiating Paschal Lamb of God, whom they had outwardly aspersed with their atrocious barbarity, whom they had striven to defile, to impure and inhuman executioners, while they themselves hastened to the stone Temple, there to sacrifice the lambs that had been washed, purified, and blessed. They had, with timid care, provided against contracting outward legal impurity themselves, while sullying their soul with inward wickedness, which was boiling over in rage, envy, and scorn. "His blood be upon us and upon our children!" With these words they had fulfilled the ceremony, had laid the hand of the sacrificer upon the head of the victim. Here again, the road branched into two: the one to the Altar of the Law, the other to the Altar of Grace. But Pilate, that proud, irresolute pagan, who trembled in the presence of the true God and who nevertheless paid worship to his idols and courted the favor of the world—Pilate, a slave of death, ruling for a short time and on his way to the ignominious term of eternal death—goes with his assistants, and surrounded by his guard, along a path running between those two roads of his own palace, preceded by his trumpeters. The unjust sentence was pronounced at about ten o'clock in the morning according to our time.