

Sacred Heart



Holy Hour

XI Holy Hour For the First Friday of October

XI Holy Hour For the First Friday of October, by Father Mateo Crawley-Boevey

Oh! the blissful nearness of the Lord Jesus to our poor and wretched souls . . . bringing about a wonderful condescension which makes this hour thrice holy! . . . The ever-open wound in His side speaks to Him of this earth and gently constrains Him to hear at the same time as the heavenly choirs the prayers and sighs that arise from our land of exile.

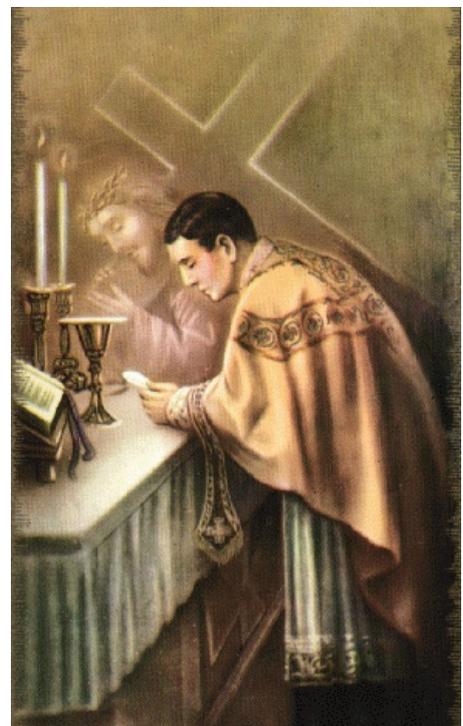
Behold Him, the King of Love, as He abases Himself and advances this evening with the step of a giant toward the abyss of our nothingness, His Heart parched by the burning thirst for our souls. Oh, let us also rush toward the abyss of His Heart and let Him forever keep us there. Lord Jesus, make us understand and taste the ineffable gift of Thy Divine Heart. . . .

(Pause)

Ask Him for the great light of faith to know and an ardent charity to love in order to make others know and love the Sacred Heart.

Gethsemane, the garden of the mortal agony of the Master, has not yet disappeared . . . It is mystically perpetuated in each tabernacle on the earth . . . Yes, Jesus, the Adorable Master, is there . . . in that Divine Host. His Eucharistic Heart feels the exhaustion of a supreme agony and of a Love burning to such an extent that He is no longer able to contain it. His Soul, says He, is sorrowful unto death. O ineffable mercy! He longingly desires to find a loving reparation while resting in our hearts and while confiding to us in that moment of intimacy the double treasure of sorrow and of love which overflows from His adorable Heart.

This earth where we adore Him this evening is truly a holy ground. And, if we doubt it, look there . . . in the tabernacle. Indeed . . . it is certainly He, it is truly Jesus, the obedient Youth of Nazareth Who awaits us . . . Yes, it is Jesus, the same compassionate Master of Tiberias Who looks upon us . . . Behold Him very near us, it is Jesus, the sweet Friend of Bethany Who smiles at us . . . Look, within a step of us, is the same Crucified Saviour! . . . Oh yes! that same Jesus of Gethsemane . . . and the same Adorable Victim of Calvary . . . extends to us His Arms and His Heart.



O night more radiant and more beautiful than the most beautiful of dawns . . . night of ineffable peace . . . St. John and St. Margaret Mary seem to approach in order to share and enjoy with us the secret which the King confides to His friends, when, to repay and return their confidence, He deigns to repose His Heart on theirs.

(Pause)

(Tell Jesus at this moment that you love Him with all the ardour of your souls, with that penitent love that He Himself wishes.)

Alone, heart to heart, with Jesus! . . . What a moment of Paradise! . . . Alone with Him, sharing the solitude of His agony! . . . But listen, it would seem that a furious storm roars not far away . . . Yes, it is the hurricane let loose against the Victim Jesus always persecuted! The echo of the centuries breaks through the grating of His prison, the horrible blasphemy of His country's deicide: "Away with Him! . . . He ought to die! . . . Crucify Him!" Ah! what is the evil which has been done us by this God, bathed in His own blood? . . .

Pious souls, who desire to console Jesus, see Him, during this Holy Hour, coming in quest of love. Behold Him bent under the weight of His cross . . . and He bears His soul torn and tattered . . . Look, He comes to repose here! Behold how He walks through the centuries, the dolorous way which appears to have no end . . .

See, He comes to us pressing always the infamous gibbet against His Heart! . . . What immense love! . . . What infinite love! . . . What boundless agony oppresses Him! . . . Oh, observe how the beauty of His eyes, formerly resplendent, is now surpassed, absorbed by the beauty of His bloody tears! . . .

Behold He finally arrives! . . . He is very near to us . . . See Him . . . It seems that His veins have exhausted their treasure on the way. Oh! but His Heart is always full of life and of love overflowing . . .

O, if we could only comprehend the gift of the nearness of God, the incomparable grace of having for the companion of our exile Jesus, Prisoner of the Tabernacle! He is so near that when, presently, He blesses us, the shadow of His divine Hand will hover over us! . . .

(Pause)

And what does He seek? . . . A truce to His sorrows . . . and for that He begs the love of His well-beloved, our hearts . . . Let Him then rest Himself—a thousand times, yes! . . . Let Him pour all His soul into ours who love Him with a burning love of reparation . . . The Angels of the Sanctuary bend low in their adoration, listening to a sad and mysterious harmony. It is like an echo of the agony and the prayer of Gethsemane. It is the moaning of Golgotha in the salutary renewal of the unbloody Sacrifice of the altar . . . From the depths of the Tabernacle His lips, wet with the gall of our ingratitude, call by

name, while blessing them, all those who during this Holy Hour have come to weep over those who disregard His Mercies. How great, oh, how immense is the sorrow that torments Him! . . .

But greater still, infinitely stronger, is the love which tortures Him! . . .

What condescension on the part of our Saviour coming to confide to us His sorrows! He desires ardently, while disclosing to us the sentiments of His Soul, to be appeased by us for the cruel deceptions which are caused by those who are said to be His disciples, upon whom He has showered favours, and who afterwards abandon Him. More faithful than were Peter, James, and John to the privilege of that hour at Gethsemane, let us follow Him into the garden of the agony; let us listen to Him since He desires to speak to us through the Divine Wound of His most loving Heart.

(Longer pause)

Ask with fervour and humility for the grace of hearing the Voice of the Saviour who pleads and complains.

(Slowly)



The Voice of the Master: For a long time I have waited for you here in the Host, well-beloved soul, to tell you of the love which consumes Me . . . I bless you because you have at last taken pity on your imprisoned God plunged in bitter loneliness . . . I have thirsted to possess you . . . My love has now triumphed. Acknowledge it yourself . . . Tell me that My Heart has conquered yours . . . Assure Me now that you really love Me . . . that you also are athirst for Me with devouring thirst . . . Far from My Side, you who are but dust and nothingness, have often sought pleasure and enjoyment . . . while I, your God, to save you, left the Angels, left Heaven, and

after thirty-three years of suffering I died as a criminal on a scaffold . . . Despite that, you broke one day the bonds that united you to Me . . . and freed yourself from My arms which upheld you, and you preferred to Me the deadly attraction of sin . . . Do you remember?

Alas! How could you love such a sad liberty! See how I, on the contrary, have forged chains on earth in order to bind Me to your ungrateful heart . . . Behold Me, your Prisoner of Love! . . . Where is your gratitude? . . . And yet I forgive you, but from now

on and forever be Mine . . . entirely Mine in a spirit of gratitude and reparation . . .

Child so dearly loved, look at Me, betrayed and alone . . . alone and blasphemed . . . alone and mocked in derision . . . alone and always abandoned . . . How cruel to Me is this neglect and especially the forgetfulness of My own; how the cowardice and indifference of those who call themselves My friends grieve Me! . . .

Behold this Heart which has loved men so much and which is loved so little in return!
Is there a sorrow like unto My sorrow? . . .

My soul is sorrowful even unto death . . .

Draw near, privileged child, place yourself near the Wound of My Side, and in loving reparation tell Me that you love Me with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your strength . . . I have thirsted for your love, for your sacrifices, for your consolations . . . I have ardently longed for your happiness . . . Yes, allow Me to make you happy! . . .

(Brokenly and very slowly)

How often by My grace I have appealed to' your conscience, and you have disregarded My voice? . . . Do you remember? . . . That silence was disdain but I forgive it . . .

I knocked at the door of your soul for weeks, months, long years; . . . I begged you to open it to Me . . . and you repulsed Me . . . Do you remember? . . . I forgive that cruel disloyalty against your God . . .

Rejected everywhere, I begged consolation and a shelter in your heart . . . Out of human respect, or lack of abnegation, or lukewarmness, you have refused Me . . . Do you remember? I forget that insult . . .

When you were lavishly pouring out all your affection, I asked a morsel of it . . . Creatures always arrive in time for a share . . . They are never wanting in the attraction to make themselves beloved . . . I, your Saviour, I alone arrive too late and remain forgotten and My tenderness ignored . . . Why have you wounded Me so? . . . In what have I offended you? . . . Answer me!

(Brief pause) (To be read brokenly)

Eagerly desiring to console the sick and the afflicted, I sought refuge in these places, which are the homes and official abodes of the suffering and of all human miseries. I boldly entered into these asylums because I am God, the Consoler of all miseries, and only I have the secret power to console . . . And here I am, driven away ignominiously from hundreds of hospitals, from the bedsides of the old and from the cradles of orphans . . . What evil has been done by My compassion and tenderness? . . . Oh you, My privileged children, love Me in order to repair an affront so cruel! . . . Love Me with a

great love . . . I am your Jesus! . . .

I thirsted for pure hearts and the innocence of childhood . . . I sought their sincere and simple affection in order to soothe the Calvary of My disappointments, recalling the days of My unforgotten Nazareth, when I also was a Child at the side of Mary . . . Oh, sorrow! I have been driven from this abode of innocence I have been exiled from the school!

O consoling soul, listen how those called learned by the world deny and curse Me . . . What evil have I done your children? . . . O you, at least you, love Me . . . love Me very much for I am your Jesus! . . .

I ardently desired to make you happy in giving you true peace, the peace that is unknown to the world. That is why I begged you to accept Me as one of the intimates of your home . . . I wished to take the first place in your home and to be called its well-beloved Father, its adored King, its inseparable Brother, . . . and the home has repulsed Me . . . But I will not go away. Ah, no! I will wait for sorrow to open its door to Me; that of My Heart never closes . . . I am Jesus, the Peace and Sunshine of families. Do not remove from My brow the crown of thorns; I do- not ask you that. Leave it bloodstained and cruel; but in My Mother's name I ask the hospitality of love in your homes. Allow Me your King to reign over your hearth. Love Me as the intimate Friend of the family; I am its life . . . Love Me much, because I am your Jesus!

(Long pause or hymn)

And now, speak to Me, most happy soul; speak with intimate confidence, to your God, Who is nothing but love . . . I am here, benign and meek, Jesus of Nazareth . . . What could I refuse you in this Holy Hour, when you have come to share My abandonment and My agony! . . .

Here is this Heart which has loved you so tenderly. I confide It to you, . . . because I can no longer restrain the ardours of My love for you . . . Speak to Me, for I am your Brother. Adore Me, for I am your God . . . Console Me with all the love of your soul . . . I am your Jesus!

(Pause)

While many of His friends are asleep, and while many unfortunates sin, let us draw near and speak in sweet intimacy to His Heart which awaits us.

(Slowly)



Soul: What have I, Lord Jesus, that Thou hast not given me?
What do I know, that Thou hast not taught me ?
What can I do, if Thou dost not help me?
And what am I, if not united to Thee?
Pardon . . . Oh! pardon my faults that have so wounded Thee.
Thou hast created me without any merit of mine,
Thou hast redeemed me without my co-operation.
Thou hast done much in creating me, And still more in redeeming me.
Wilt Thou be less powerful or less generous in forgiving me?
For all the blood Thou hast shed And the cruel death Thou hast suffered Were not for the
profit of the Angels who praise Thee,
But to my benefit and that of the sinners who implore Thee . . .
If I have then denied Thee, let me praise Thee;
If I have outraged Thee, let me love Thee;
If I have offended Thee, let me serve Thee;
For to live without loving Thee,
And to love without suffering for Thee,
O Jesus, that would be death without Thee.

(Brief pause)

"How good it is to be here!" as my head calmly rests against Thy Breast, where I may discern without difficulty a heaven—Thy Heart scarcely veiled. It is there, ah yes, it is there the place of my eternal rest. It is that Blessed Tabernacle in which I listen to Thy life-giving words and to Thy requests demanding love and immolation. Cease suffering, O Master, and listen to my soul's canticle, anxious to unite itself to Thee in an endless embrace. Listen to me, Jesus, my Brother!

(Slowly)

Heart of Jesus, infinitely kind to unhappy sinners, a sinner is speaking to Thee.

Heart of Jesus, most loving to the poor, behold a beggar who waits for Thee; open to him the door.

Heart of Jesus, health of the infirm, a sick man visits Thee.

Heart of Jesus, the Way for those who have gone astray, a prodigal is looking for Thee.

Heart of Jesus, ineffably gentle to those who weep, a wretched- soul knocks on Thy Tabernacle door.

Heart of Jesus, man's truest Friend, an ungrateful friend is here, weeping at Thy Feet.

Heart of Jesus, tranquillity in earth's uncertainties, a weak and struggling soul in combat

calls on Thee for help.

Heart of Jesus, inextinguishable blaze of love, a soul poor but of good will asks to warm itself at the fires of Thy charity.



Agonizing Heart of Jesus, hope of the dying, "memento," remember those who are struggling with death in this very hour . . . promise them, Jesus, that dying on Thy Heart, like the good thief they will be with Thee forever in Paradise. Have pity on the dying . . . send them the angel of Gethsemane, and wet their lips, which can no longer call on Thee, with the chalice of Thy compassionate Heart . . . Jesus, O be a Jesus to the dying who are most forsaken!

(Pause)

Thy tender Mother heard that consoling word fall from Thy Divine Lips: "I have come for the weak, for those who have gone astray, . . . for the lost sheep of Israel."

Thy Virgin Mother has kept for the benefit of sinners, with zealous care the treasure of Thy Tears and Thy Adorable Blood. In union then with Her, good and merciful, Refuge of sinners and of the fallen, I pray for those who have offended Thee, and I repeat with Thee "Pardon them, they know not what they do . . ." The world condemns them inexorably; but Thou, O Jesus, Who knowest human weakness, and Thou Who readest the innermost thoughts of these unhappy souls, have pity, be patient, and let fall on them the words of pardon! . . . I implore Thee, for the glory of Thy Most Holy Eucharist, forgiveness for poor sinners . . . Pardon them, Jesus, and write their names now in the Book of Life, in Thy Adorable Heart . . .

Divine Saviour of souls, covered with confusion I prostrate myself before Thy Presence, and looking at the lonely Tabernacle, I feel my heart weighed down at the sight of the neglect to which Thou hast been relegated by those Thou hast redeemed.

But since, with such great goodness, Thou allowest me, during this Holy Hour, to unite my tears with those Thou hast shed, I pray to Thee, Jesus, for those who do not pray, . . . I bless Thee for those who curse Thee, . . . and with all my soul I praise and adore Thee in union with the universal prayer that rises from all the altars of the world.

Accept, Lord, the cry of expiation that sincere sorrow wrests from our repentant souls. We ask Thy pardon.

For our sins, for those of our relatives and friends,

(Aloud)

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For infidelity and profanation of holy days, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For impurity and public scandals, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For those who corrupt childhood and mislead youth, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For deliberate disobedience to Holy Church, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For the crimes in homes and for the faults of parents and children, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For attacks on the Roman Pontiff, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For those who work to overthrow Christian social order, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For abuses of the Sacraments and outrages against the Holy Eucharist, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For cowardly attacks of the press and for the machinations of secret societies, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

And, finally, Jesus, for the just who waver and for obstinate sinners who resist grace, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

(Pause)

Thy Mercy is not enough for us, Lord . . . Thy Interests are ours, we desire Thy Reign. We pray Thee then, good Jesus, to fulfil for us the promises Thou hast made Thy confidante, Margaret Mary, in favour of souls who adore Thee in the unspeakable beauty, in the ineffable tenderness, and in the incomprehensible love of Thy Sacred Heart.

Also, we ask with Holy Church, we supplicate Thee by Thy Virgin Mother, we urge Thee for the inviolable honour of Thy Name, to hasten and to establish the reign of Thy loving Heart. (Aloud)

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Yes, Jesus, hasten to reign before Satan and the world wrest consciences from Thee and profane in Thy absence all states of life . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Come, victorious Jesus, come and triumph in homes, reigning in them by the unchanging peace promised to those who have received Thee with hosannas . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Do not delay, beloved Master, because many households suffer from afflictions and bitterness that Thou hast promised to cure . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Come, . . . because Thou art omnipotent, God of the battles of life; come, showing us Thy wounded side, as celestial hope in the death agony . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Be Thyself the promised reward of our labours; Thou alone, the inspiration and the recompense of all our undertakings.

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

And Thy favoured ones, I mean sinners, do not forget that for them above all Thou hast revealed the unwearied tenderness of Thy love . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Alas! There are so many lukewarm, Master, so many indifferent who should become ardent by this admirable devotion! . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

"Here is life," Thou hast told us, showing us Thy transpierced Breast; permit us, then, to draw from It the fervour, the sanctity to which we aspire . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

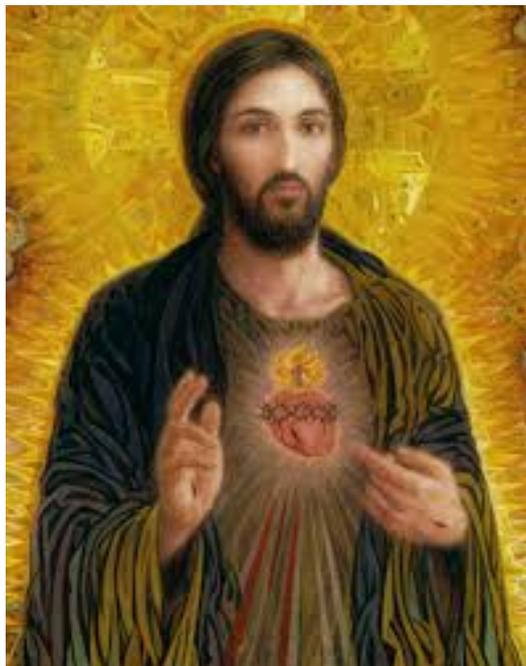
At Thy request, Thine image has been enthroned in many families . . . In their name we implore Thee to continue to be forever their beloved Sovereign . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Give words of fire and persuasion, irresistible and victorious, to those priests who love Thee and preach Thee like John, the Beloved Apostle.

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

And for those who teach this sublime devotion for those who proclaim its ineffable wonders, keep a place in Thy Heart near that on which Thy Mother's name is written.



All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

And finally, Lord Jesus, give the Heaven of Thy Heart to us who have shared Thine agony in the Holy Hour; and by this hour of consolation, by First Fridays, Communions, accomplish in us Thine infallible promise . . . We pray Thee that in the decisive hour of death:

All: Thou wilt triumph by the Reign of Thy loving Heart.

Ask Jesus to fulfil His promises of victory, that He may reign in souls and in society. There are in my family, O good Jesus, many deep and many secret troubles . . . If Thou really reigned over my dear ones, if Thou wert served and adored with all the fervour which Thou dost merit, ah, they would not experience so many and such bitter sorrows! . . .

Oh come, please come, faithful Friend of Bethany, because he whom Thou lovest is sick. When Thou art present, pain grows sweet, and at Thy side thorns themselves distill a balm which appeases and sanctifies sorrow. Come, then, Friend of Bethany, come without delay . . . Hasten, because we are saddened by the absence of some of our dear ones—father, mother, and brothers, . . . we have lived together at the foot of the same Cross . . . And one day Thy adorable and divine Will severed one after another of these bonds in dispersing from the hearth its members so much loved.

Shelter under the sanctifying shadow of the Cross our absent beloved ones . . . Oh, sweet Jesus, show Thyself the tender Friend of Bethany, and come home without delay . . . because one whom Thou lovest is sick, is sad, is absent, come!

Tell Him of the dear ones of your home, of the prodigals in whom, you are interested, Master, Brother, adorable Friend, beloved Jesus, have mercy also on my dear ones who are dead, who have followed Thee to eternity . . . They sleep in peace because they loved Thee and because Thou art infinite Goodness . . . But, in parting, they have felt sadness and mourning in our souls . . . However, under these tombs and among the thorns of sorrow germinates a divine life. We know there is no separation nor real death for those who live in Thy Heart, the Source of true life . . .

I ask Thee then, O Jesus, by Thy merciful Heart, to give peace to our dear departed ones. And to us, who are left weeping in this valley of tears, grant entire resignation to Thy Holy Will, detachment from the things of earth, and love of suffering which will unite us eternally to Thee.

Here name for Jesus your dearly loved, never-to-be-forgotten dead.

(Pause)

Lord Jesus, do not yet close Thy Heart, because I wish to plead particularly for those who suffer, for those who seek Thee with eyes half-blind from weeping . . . for those who have been mortally wounded by misfortune, grief, disappointments, poverty, illness, or

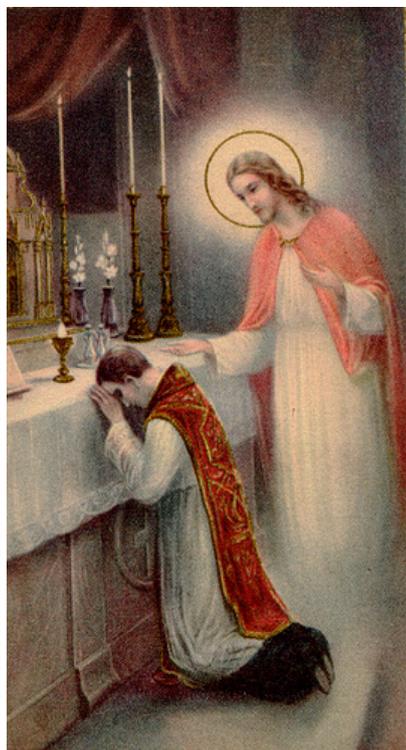
their own weaknesses . . . Thou knowest by bitter experience, O most amiable Nazarene, how sharp the thorns are along the way . . . Then console those in tribulation; have pity on those who suffer . . . and dare not approach Thee in their trials.

Ask Him for the balm that strengthens in suffering.

Jesus, I have not spoken of myself because I have entrusted myself blindly and without reserve to Thy Divine Heart . . . Thou Who dost love me so much and Who alone dost understand me, wilt surely not wish to forget me. Oh, no, Thou wilt also requite my loving abandon!

O Jesus, listen to my last prayer in this Holy Hour. I unite it to that of Thy Eucharistic Heart . . . Graciously bend down toward me and deign to hear me favourably.

(Slowly and with pauses)



When the Angels of the Sanctuary are blessing Thee in the Most Holy Host and I am in my agony . . . may their praises be mine . . . Lord, remember then this poor servant of Thy Divine Heart.

When fervent souls on earth, on fire with love, acclaim Thee, . . . and I am in my agony, . . . may their compassion and their tears be mine. Remember then this prodigal conquered by Thy divine Heart!

When priests, virgins of the temple, and Thy apostles, proclaim Thee their Sovereign, preach Thee to souls and enthrone Thee in the world and I am in my agony, . . . let their zeal and their ardour be mine . . . Remember then the apostle of Thy Divine Heart! . . .

When Thy Church, praying and lamenting before the altar, works with Thee in redeeming the world, . . . and I am in my agony, . . . Her sacrifice and prayer will be mine . . . Remember then the faithful friend of Thy Divine Heart! . . .

When, during the Holy Hour Thine elect souls by loving, suffering, and atoning make Thee forget perfidy and betrayals . . . and I am in my agony . . . their intimacy with Thee and their consolations will be mine . . . Remember then this altar and this victim of Thy Divine Heart! . . .

When Thy heavenly Mother adores Thee in the Holy Eucharist, thus making reparation for the innumerable crimes of earth . . . and I am in my agony . . . her adoration will be mine. Remember then the child of Thy Divine Heart! . . .

Or rather, Lord, forget me if Thou wishest, provided that at the hour of my death, Thou wilt forget me forever in the wound of Thy most lovable Heart! . . .

(Pause)

What have I, Lord Jesus, that Thou hast not given me? . . . Strip me of all, even of Thine own gifts, but set me "afire with the ardent love of Thy Divine Heart! . . .

What do I know that Thou hast not taught me? . . . May I forget all human and earthly science if I but know Thee better, O Divine Heart! . . .

What can I do without Thy help? . . . and what am I unless united to Thee? . . . Unite me to Thee, then, by an everlasting bond . . . I renounce even the delights of Thy love, that I may completely possess that other Paradise, Thy sweetest Heart!

And bury there the faults I have committed against 'Thee . . . and avenge Thyself, wounding with a dart of burning charity that one who has so offended Thee! . . .

And if I have denied Thee, let me acknowledge Thee in the Eucharist where Thou art hidden . . .

If I have offended Thee, let me serve Thee in an everlasting slavery of eternal love, . . . for it is rather death than life not to spend oneself in loving and making loved Thy sweet, compassionate Heart, so forsaken! . . . Thy Kingdom come!

Act of Consecration of the Human Race to the Sacred Heart of Jesus (Leo XIII)

Most sweet Jesus, Redeemer of the human race, look down upon us, humbly prostrate before Thy altar. We are Thine and Thine we wish to be; but to be more surely united with Thee, behold each one of us freely consecrates himself to-day to Thy most Sacred Heart. Many indeed have never known Thee; many, too, despising Thy precepts, have rejected Thee. Have mercy on them all, most merciful Jesus, and draw them to Thy Sacred Heart. Be Thou King, O Lord, not only of the faithful who have never forsaken Thee, but also of the prodigal children who have abandoned Thee: grant that they may quickly return to their Father's house, lest they die of wretchedness and hunger. Be Thou King of those who are deceived by erroneous opinions, or whom discord keeps aloof, and call them back to the harbour of truth and unity of faith, so that soon there may be but one flock and one Shepherd. Be Thou King also of all those who sit in the ancient superstition of the Gentiles, and refuse not to deliver them out of darkness into the light and kingdom of God. Grant, O Lord, to Thy Church, assurance of freedom and immunity from harm; give peace and order to all nations, and make "the earth resound from pole to pole with one cry: Praise to the Divine Heart that wrought our salvation; to It be glory and honour for ever. Amen.

A Pater and an Ave for the agonizing and for sinners.

A Pater and an Ave for the universal triumph of the Sacred Heart, especially by daily Communion, the Holy Hour, and the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families.

A Pater and an Ave for the particular intentions of all present.

A Pater and an Ave for our country.

A Pater and an Ave and a Gloria for the Pope.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come! (5 times)

Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us! (3 times)

Saint Joseph, pray for us!

Saint Margaret Mary, pray for us!

