

ATONEMENT PRAYER WITH THE CROWN OF THORNS

"Son of the Beloved, Jesus loves this prayer very much. He wants to hear you praying it always with love and a sincere heart of repentance."
(St. Cecilia ~ 14 July 2000)

Chorus
I am all alone
I am all abandoned
Leaving Me with a crown of thorns.
So pierced My Heart, which pierced My Head
All My people have deserted Me.

My lovers, My lovers
Where are you, where are you?
This crown of thorns has pierced My Soul
Withdraw the thorns, have mercy on Me.
(Chorus)

For love of You, for love of You
I died on the cross with a crown of thorns.
I am living with the thorns again
I am the Agonizing Jesus Christ.
(Chorus)

My dearest Agonizing Jesus Christ, Son of the Most High, I fall prostrate at Your feet with all my nothingness. I recall all my grievous offences against You. I pray You Lord, have mercy on me. My sins kept You in agony over these thousands of years. Looking at You hanging alive on the Cross with a horrible crown of thorns, blood badly bathing Your face, and the spikes of the thorns piercing Your delicate Sacred Head, I feel sorry for my ungrateful gift of thorns to You. I wish to withdraw the crown of thorns and offer You a loving golden crown. (Kissing the crown and pressing it to her heart, she continued.)

My Jesus, Whose Sacred Head I lacerated with a crown of thorns - have mercy on me and forgive Your world.

My Jesus, Who is suffering mystically the pain and agony of my wicked crown of thorns in Your Sacred Heart - have mercy on me and forgive Your world.

My Jesus, Who suffers the ignominy of my wicked crown of thorns - have mercy on me and forgive Your world. (Pressing the thorns on her head, she kissed the feet of the Agonizing Jesus Christ on the Cross and prayed.)

My Agonizing Jesus, I remember how I beat Your Sacred Head with an iron rod to drive the spikes of the thorns into Your delicate brain. I feel its sound and pain like a thunderbolt disfiguring Your virginal being. Oh how callously my wickedness has suffered You, my gentle Savior. When I consider Your terrible journey to Calvary, I weep bitterly for my wicked crown of thorns on Your Sacred Head, the seat of Divine Wisdom. I feel Your falling under the Cross, with the weight of the Cross helping the spikes penetrate deeper and deeper inside Your delicate brain. I see my very self dragging You up and beating You on Your Sacred Head with a spear. Oh would that I was not the one who did all these things to my loving Savior. I will fight for You.

My Jesus, I have treated You cruelly, forgive me, forgive me, forgive Your world. I will do all things possible to withdraw the thorns through my own way of life henceforth.

My wickedness kept the crown of thorns on Your Sacred Head until your death to see that You did not draw any comfort from any part of Yourself. Lord have mercy on me, Christ have mercy on my wickedness.

I feel Your Sacred Head resting dead on the lap of Your Sorrowful Mother. There I see the united hands of John the Beloved, Mary Magdalene, and Your Sorrowful Mother removing my wicked crown of thorns from Your Sacred Head with loving tears. I wish I were one of them - withdrawing my wicked crown and offering a golden crown of my love for You. (Holding the crown of thorns and looking meditatively in silence, she finally prayed)

I offer You my very self and promise to carry my Cross after You all the days of my life with joy and love. Take the merits of my sufferings and persecutions, which I promise to accept with love in atonement for my sins and those of the whole world. Dearest Agonizing Jesus Christ, with this poor offering, I wish to withdraw my wicked crown of thorns and offer You a golden crown. Receive from me a sincere love. This is my golden crown I am offering to You. Amen.

Eternal Father, I have offended You greatly for having lacerated the Sacred Head of Your only-begotten Son, the one Whom You love most. Have mercy on me. Forgive me and forgive Your world. Amen. (3 times)