



The Healing Wounds of Jesus



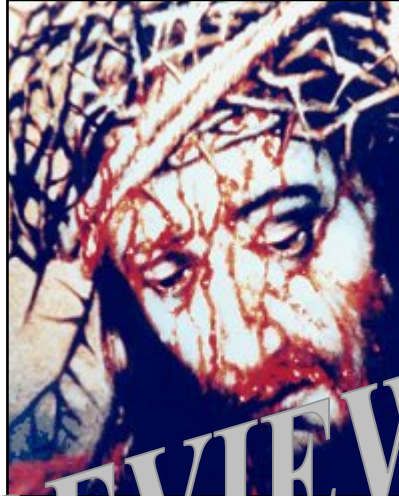
**Mystical and Scientific Insights into
Christ's Actual Passion,
Which He Suffered for *You*.**

compiled by Terry A. Modica

Jesus revealed to Sts. Gertrude, Bridget, Mechtilde and Catharine of Sienna that those who meditate on His Passion are very dear to Him.

St. Augustine wrote that "there is no more profitable occupation for the soul than to meditate daily on the Passion of Our Lord." Why is this?

Blessed Denis the Carthusian said: "If we love Him not because He is good, because He is God, let us at least **love Him because He has suffered so many things for our salvation.**"



Many were amazed at Him, so marred was His look beyond that of man, and His appearance beyond that of mortals. (Isaiah 52: 14)

We should not be amazed simply because we are not used to seeing Jesus this way. After all, doesn't it make sense that Jesus suffered to the Nth degree, since the sins of humankind are so innumerable? And doesn't it make sense that Satan would have inspired Jesus' tormentors to inflict all of his own rage and revenge against the Son of God, since he mistakenly thought that at last he was defeating the Man who held the biggest threat to his evil kingdom?

Let us be amazed, instead, at how much Jesus loves us, how much suffering Jesus chose to put Himself through in order to rescue us from sin and death. Let us be amazed at how very much He wants to heal us, for:

By His wounds you have been healed. (1 Peter 2:24)

The following is a series of descriptions of how Jesus suffered for you, as revealed by saints and mystics through the centuries and by scientists today. The Church teaches that private revelations such as those included here, may be used to deepen our faith, but they are not essential to believe, because only Holy Scripture and Church doctrine are incontrovertibly true. The material in this booklet has been compiled to help you find healing through Jesus, to give you a deeper experience of His love, and to inspire you to return that love more fully.

The crucifixes we see today are cleaned-up versions of the horrible torture Our Lord suffered out of love for us. Keep in mind, as you meditate on the graphic images in this article, that Jesus gladly and willingly subjected Himself to these intense pains because **HE LOVES YOU!**

It was our infirmities that He bore, our sufferings that He endured... He was pierced for our offenses, crushed for our sins, upon Him was the chastisement that makes us whole, by His stripes we were healed. (Isaiah 53:4,5)

St. Bridget of Sweden believed that Jesus said this to her:

"Be it known that the number of armed soldiers were 150; those who trailed Me while I was bound were 23. The executioners of justice were 83; the blows received on My head were 150; those on My stomach, 108; kicks on My shoulders, 80. I was led, bound with cords and by the hair, 24 times; spits in the face were 180; I was beaten on the body 6666 times; beaten on the head, 110 times. I was roughly pushed, and at 12 o'clock was lifted up by the hair; pricked with thorns and pulled by the beard 23 times; received 20 wounds on the head; thorns of marine junks, 72; pricks of thorns in the head, 110; mortal thorns in the forehead, 3. I was afterwards flogged and dressed as a mocked king; wounds in the Body, 1000. The soldiers who led Me to Calvary were 608; those who watched Me were 3, and those who mocked Me were 1008; the drops of Blood which I lost were 28,430."

The saints, mystics and scientists quoted in these pages are:

- St. Bridget of Sweden (1303-1373), visionary.
- Venerable Maria d'Agreda (1602-1665), visionary.
- St. Alphonsus de Liguori (1696-1787), Bishop and Doctor of the Church.
- Sr. Anne Catherine Emmerich (1774-1824), visionary and stigmatist.
- Sr. Josefa Menendez (1890-1923), visionary.
- Sr. Teresa Neumann (1898-mid 1900s), visionary and stigmatist.
- Msgr. Julio Ricci (present, Rome), expert on the Holy Shroud of Turin who has spent 30 years investigating every tiny mark on the Shroud.
- Dr. Robert Buckley (present, Los Angeles), forensic pathologist.



The Garden of Pain

Josefa: The hour had come for the Son of God made man, Redeemer of the human race, to shed His Blood and give His life for the world... I withdrew into the Garden of Gethsemane, that is to say into solitude... It was thus I offered Myself to carry out the redemption of the world...

At the same moment I felt all the torments of My Passion burst overwhelmingly upon Me: ... the insults... the scourging and the Crown of Thorns, the thirst... the Cross... thronged before My eyes and pressed upon My Heart, while at one and the same time I saw all the offenses, sins and crimes that were to be committed throughout the ages... I not only witnessed them all, but was involved in them....

And there burst upon Me the wrath of an angry God, and in order to appease His Majesty I offered Myself as security for sinful man....

After having been comforted by an angel sent by My Father, suddenly I saw Judas coming, one of the Twelve, and with him those who were come to take Me prisoner.... After he had given Me the traitor's kiss, Judas left the garden, and realizing the gravity of his crime, gave way to despair. Who can measure My sorrow at the sight of My apostle casting himself into hell!

St. Alphonsus: He saw Himself affronted by his own disciples. One of them betrays and sells Him for thirty pieces. Another denies Him many times, protesting publicly that he knows Him not; and thus attesting that he was ashamed to have known Him in the past. The other disciples, then, at seeing Him taken and bound, all fly and abandon Him.

*O my Jesus, thus abandoned,
who will ever take up Thy defense?*

Jesus in Prison

St. Alphonsus: After having proclaimed Him guilty of death... the rabble set themselves to ill-treat Him all the night through with blows, and buffets, and kicks, with plucking out His beard, and even spitting in His face, by mocking Him as a false prophet.

*Ah, my Jesus, how is it that Thou art
so humble and I so proud?
O Lord, give me light, make me know
Who Thou art, and who I am.*

"To be spit upon is to suffer the extreme of insult," says Origen. Where are we wont to spit except in the most filthy place?

Josefa: Contemplate Me in the prison where I spent the greater part of the night. The soldiers came and, adding words to injuries, insulted Me, mocked Me, outraged Me, and gave Me blows on My face and on My whole Body. Tired of their sport, at length they left Me bound and alone in the dark and noisome place where, seated on a stone, My aching Body was cramped with cold....



In the prison I endured cold, sleeplessness, hunger and thirst, pain, shame, solitude, and desertion. And there passed before My mind's eye all the tabernacles where in the course of the ages I should lack the shelter of love.... And how often should I wait for this or that other soul to visit Me in the Blessed Sacrament and receive Me into his heart....

And in the prison when they pushed Me and let Me fall to the ground bound and helpless, so many were present to My mind who would prefer a moment's satisfaction to Me.

The Scourging

St. Alphonsus: As a most unjust judge, (Pilate) condemned Him to be scourged.... Scourging was the chastisement inflicted on slaves only. Therefore, says St. Bernard.... "Taking not only the form of a slave, that He might submit, but even of a bad slave, that He might be beaten and suffer the punishment of the slave of sin."

*Ah, my Jesus, pardon me the offenses
that I have committed against Thee,
and then chastise me as shall please Thee.*



Remnant of the
actual pillar

St. Bridget, as she understood the Blessed Mother to say:

Then led to the pillar, My Son stripped Himself, and He Himself stretched His hands to the pillar, which His enemies pitilessly bound. They scourged His Body pure from all spot or stain... His whole Body lacerated with scourges tipped with sharp points turned back, not pulling out, but ploughing up... His Body bruised and beaten to the very ribs so that the ribs could be seen... His very flesh was covered with the thongs. My Son took thus all bloody, and I saw that no soundness could be found on him nor any spot to scourge.

Teresa's vision: The pillar to which Our Savior is bound is rather tall. He is suspended by His hands but only so that the Body is stretched tight. Our Savior stands on the ground. He is mercilessly scourged by two men at the same time.... The executioners are changed twice so that actually six men scourge Him. Our dear Savior is scourged all over His Body; first on His back, and then He is turned and scourged in front.

Venerable Maria's vision: The third pair of executioners found no spot in which to open further veins. Nevertheless, these commenced to scourge Him with inhuman cruelty.... Even pieces of His flesh fell to the ground and in many parts of His shoulders the bones were laid bare and became plainly visible, all covered with Blood. In some places the surfaces of the bones thus laid bare was greater than the palm of the hand.... The Precious Blood flowed down in streams to the earth and collected in pools on the ground.

Josefa: Blow after blow is discharged by the executioners on My Body, already covered with bruises and broken with fatigue.... With whips and knotted cords they strike Me with such violence that My very bones are shaken and I

am torn with innumerable wounds... bits of My divine flesh are rent off by the scourges.... Blood flows from every limb, and I am reduced to such a state of pitiable disfigurement as no longer to resemble a human being.

Dr. Buckley, after examining the Shroud of Turin: The body is that of an adult male, 5'10" in length. Estimated body weight is 175 pounds. The body appears to be about 30 to 35 years of age.

On the body is a variety of injuries, ranging from simple contusions to large areas of puncture where there has been an outflow of blood.... [Injuries on the back] range from the top of the shoulders down to the areas of the calf. They consist of double puncture-type wounds which... have obviously been made by some implement with sharp edges. The implement was applied to the skin in a flicking fashion in such a way as to pull out bits of skin.

Msg. Mari: [The scourgers used] whips weighed with heavy balls made of metal or bone. On the Shroud, (we see) trickles of blood caused by the metal balls which were sharpened. They had spikes at the ends. Complete examination of the Shroud gives us two scourgers, because the directions [of the wounds] converge, one from the right, one from the left, and the number of strokes is excessive, more than 120.

Teresa: When the soldiers have fully satisfied their cruelty, they untie Our Savior and He falls down; it is a heartrending sight.

St. Alphonsus: Cornelius Lapide says that in this torment Jesus Christ ought, naturally speaking, to have died; but He willed, by His divine power, to keep Himself in life, in order to suffer yet greater pains for love of us.

*Ah, my most loving Lord...
Thou has suffered so much
in order that I might love Thee.
Oh, never permit me,
instead of loving Thee,
to offend or displease Thee more!*

Josefa's vision: What struck me most was the expression of His tortured eyes...closed, swollen and filled with Blood, especially the right eye. His hair damp with Blood fell over

His face, eyes and mouth. He was standing, but bent and bound.... His Body was furrowed with wounds and dark bruises, the veins of His arms all swollen and blackened. From His left shoulder hung a fragment of torn flesh about to detach itself, and the same was the case in several other parts of His Body. His garments lay at His feet, crimsoned with His Blood.

Mocked as King



Venerable Maria: The executioners brought Our Savior to the guardhouse, where they again stripped Him of His clothes in a most cruel and insulting manner.

St. Alphonsus: Behold how the soldiers strip Him again; and treating Him as a mock king, place upon Him a purple garment, which was nothing else but a ragged cloak...and upon His head a bundle of thorns.... This torture of the crown of thorns was one most full of pain; inasmuch as they everywhere pierced into the Sacred Head of the Lord, the most sensitive part... it was also that torture of His Passion which lasted the longest, as Jesus suffered from the

thorns up to His death...

And the common opinion of authors agrees with that of St. Vincent Ferrer, that the crown was made of several branches of thorns, and fashioned like a helmet or hat, so that it fitted upon the whole of the head, down to the middle of the forehead.

Dr. Buckley: In the forehead and in the scalp is a series of blood stains.... These appear not only on the front part of the forehead, but also on the back part of the scalp and high at the vertex of the head.... The configuration is such that the implement was like a cap which rested on the head.

Venerable Maria: On His sacred head they placed a network woven with thorns to represent a crown. This network was composed of big strong thorns with very sharp points and was pressed down with such force that many of the thorns pierced His skull. The pain from the crowning of thorns was one of the greatest that the Son of God suffered in His Passion.

(Note: Experts say the thorns were probably two or three inches long, as this kind abounds in Palestine.)

Teresa: The Blood flows down His whole face which shows signs of intense pain during this terrible treatment.

St. Alphonsus: And, as St. Laurence Justinian says, with St. Peter Damian, the thorns were so long that they penetrated even to the brain... According to the revelation of St. Bridget: "So many streams of Blood rushing down over His face, and filling His hair, and eyes, and beard, He seemed to be nothing but one mass of Blood."

*Thou wast willing to be crowned
with thorns to obtain for us
a crown of glory in heaven.*

Josefa: As they filed before Me... some insulted Me, others savagely struck Me on the head, and each and all added new agonies to those which already racked My Body.

Teresa: They spit in His face and give themselves up to uncontrollable laughter over the defenselessness of the prisoner. Our Savior often opens His mouth as if to get more air and as if He is thirsty. At this, one of them spits directly into His mouth; this form of insult deeply grieves our Divine Savior.



The Road to Calvary

Josefa: Meditate for a moment on the martyrdom of My supremely tender and loving Heart at finding Barabbas preferred to Me, and how, at seeing Myself so scorned, I felt cut to the quick by the cries of the crowd urging My death.

St. Alphonsus: Pilate delivers over the innocent Lamb into the hands of those wolves.... These ministers of Satan seize hold of Him fiercely.... Says St. Ambrose: "They put on Him His own raiment, that He might the better be recognized by all; since, as His face was all bloody and disfigured, it would not have been an easy matter for all to have recognized Him."

So drained of Blood is He and wearied out with His torments...He can scarcely stand. Behold Him, all torn with wounds... Look at Him as He goes along, with Body bent double, with knees all of a tremble, dripping with Blood; and so painful is it to Him to walk, that at every step He seems ready to die.

*If God, then, O my Jesus,
burdened Thee with all the sins of men
— "The Lord laid upon Him the iniquities of us all"
(Isaiah 53:60) —
my own sins added to the weight of the Cross
that Thou didst bear to Calvary.*

Dr. Buckley: Present on the back...are two areas of abrasion located over the shoulder blades. These are caused by a heavy object resting across the back.

Msgr. Ricci: Imagine a beam that at the time of Pontius Pilate was put across the shoulders and tied on with a rope. Marks of this beam can be seen in the area of the left and upper right shoulder blades. The scaturations from the scourging spread under the weight of the beam.

Josefa: Wearily I dragged Myself forward... so great was My exhaustion and so heavy the Cross that I fell on the way.... See how roughly the inhuman soldiery raised Me to My feet once more... one seized an arm, another My garments which clung to My open wounds...a third grasped hold of Me by the neck...and another by the hair. Some showered blows on Me with their clenched fists and others brutally kicked My prostrate Body.... The Cross which fell upon Me crushed Me with its weight. My face bruised and torn, mingled the blood which covered It with the dust of the highway, blinding My eyes and adhering to My sacred face. I became the vilest and most contemptible of all creatures!

Dr. Buckley: On the right cheek is a swelling which has resulted in the partial closing of the right eye. There is also an area on the nose where there is a separation and possible fracture of the nasal cartilage. On the tip of the nose is a small abrasion, possibly resulting from a fall where the nose came in contact with a hard object.

Msgr. Ricci: His fall was unavoidable.... The consequences are very clear on the Shroud.... The knee cap on the left leg has a very bad laceration and contusion. It is evident that the left leg bent and hit against the stones.

St. Alphonsus: Why was it that in the journey... the Jews took the Cross from off His shoulders, and gave it to the Cyrenian to carry?... As the blessed Denis, the Carthusian, says, "They feared lest He should die upon the way," seeing that our Lord, after the scourging, was so drained of Blood and so exhausted in strength as to be scarcely able any longer to stand.

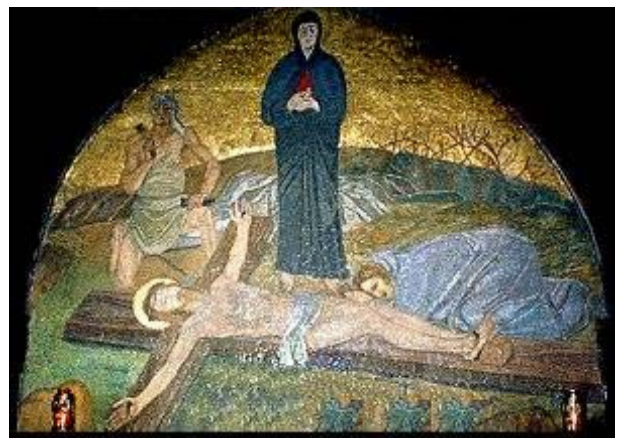
*Ah, my Lord, great is my happiness
in understanding
how much Thou has loved me...
But how great is my sorrow
at the thought
of having offended so good a God!*

Josefa: Watch Simon carrying [the Cross] behind Me and consider two things; though he was a man of good will, yet he was mercenary, and if he carried My Cross, it was for pay. So when he began to tire, he allowed the weight to bear more and more on Me, and that is how I fell twice....

We had nearly reached Calvary. The crowd is growing excited while I drag Myself along with the utmost difficulty, and soon, worn out with fatigue, I fall for the third time.

By My first fall I obtained for sinners rooted in evil, the grace of conversion... by My second fall, encouragement for those weak souls blinded by sadness and anxiety, so that rising up they might make a fresh start in the way of virtue. My third fall will help souls to repent in the supreme hour of death.

The Crucifixion



Anne Catherine: When the executioners found it impossible to drag the woolen garment... over His head, on account of the crown of thorns, they tore off this most painful crown, thus reopening every wound.... He shook.... As He was unable to stand, they led Him to a large stone and placed Him roughly down upon it, but no sooner was He seated than they aggravated His sufferings by putting the crown of thorns on His head.

Josefa: The hour has come! The executioners stretch Me upon the Cross. They violently seize and extend My arms that My hands may reach the holes they have prepared in the wood. Every shock causes My thorn-crowned head to come into violent contact with the Cross... the thorns are driven deeper and deeper into it.

St. Alphonsus: After the nailing of one of His hands, the nerves shrink so that they had need of main force and ropes, as was revealed by St. Bridget, to draw the other hand and the feet up to the places where they were to be nailed; and this occasioned so great a tension on the nerves and veins, that they broke assunder with a violent convulsion.

*Ah, my Jesus, by what power was it that
Thy hands and Thy feet were nailed to this wood,
but by the love Thou didst bear for me?*

Venerable Maria, as she understood the Blessed Mother to say: Then the executioners ordered the Savior to stretch Himself on the Cross in order that they might mark the places where the holes were to be bored for the nails. The Savior obeyed without a murmur, but the wicked men did not make the marks for the holes in the places corresponding with the dimensions of His Body, but wider assunder in order to inflict upon Him a new and unheard-of martyrdom...

The executioners ordered Him a second time to stretch Himself on the Cross in order that they might nail Him to it. The Savior obeyed.... Immediately, one of the executioners seized His hand and pressed it down on the hole in the arm of the Cross while another executioner took a big nail with rough edges and with a hammer drove it through the (hard bone of the) Savior's hand.

Anne Catherine: When the executioners perceived that His left hand did not reach the hole... they... pulled the left hand violently until it reached the place prepared for it. They again knelt on Him, tied down His arms and drove a second nail into His left hand.

Teresa: When His hands have been nailed, Our Savior raises His two feet trembling, for He writhes under the pain.



Anne Catherine: They fastened a rope to His right leg and dragged it violently... and then tied it down as tightly as possible. The agony which Jesus suffered was indescribable.... They then fastened His left foot to His right and, having first bored a hole through them with a sort of piercer, they took a very long nail and drove it completely through both feet (which they pressed down to lay flat against the beam).

Josefa: Having nailed My hands, they pull pitilessly at My feet; My wounds burst open afresh... the nerves are severed... the bones dislocated... the torture is unspeakable!

St. Alphonsus: "Among all the different kinds of death, there was none worse".... But the pains of Jesus were far beyond all other pains; for... the Body of Jesus Christ, being perfectly constituted, was more quick and sensitive to pain — that Body which was fashioned for Him by the Holy Spirit, expressly with a view to His suffering. Tiepoli tells us that, in the Crucifixion, there were dealt 28 strokes of the hammer upon His hands, and 36 upon His feet.

Josefa: See thy Jesus extended on the Cross, without honor or liberty. He cannot stir hand or foot.... Nothing remains to Him.

St. Alphonsus: Behold how, on that gibbet of pain, fastened by those cruel nails, He finds no place of rest. Now He leans His weight upon His hands, now upon His feet; but on what-part-soever He leans, the anguish increases. He turns His afflicted head, now on one side, now on the other: if He lets it fall towards His breast, the hands, by the additional weight, are rent the more; if He lowers it towards His shoulders, the shoulders are pierced with the thorns; if He leans it back upon the Cross, the thorns enter the more deeply into the head....

*O my crucified Redeemer, I adore Thee
on this throne of ignominy and pain...
With humility, then, and tenderness, I draw near
to kiss Thy sacred feet, that I may receive the love of me...*

While Jesus was dying upon the Cross, the men who were around Him never ceased to torment Him with reproaches and insults.... And Jesus, while these are outraging Him, what is He doing upon the Cross?... Says St. Thomas: to show forth the immense love which He had for men, the Redeemer asked pardon of God for His very crucifiers....

*Ah, my dear Savior, behold me at Thy feet: I have been
one of the most ungrateful of Thy persecutors;
do Thou for me likewise pray Thy Father to pardon me...*

Jesus, seeing that He found no one to console Him upon this earth, raised His eyes and His Heart to His Father, craving relief from Him. But the Eternal Father, beholding the Son clad in the garment of a sinner, replied, No, my Son, I cannot give Thee consolation now that Thou art making satisfaction to my justice for all the sins of men.

And it was the will of the loving Redeemer, adds St. Cyprian, to die bereft of every consolation, to give proof to us of His love, and to draw to Himself all our love.

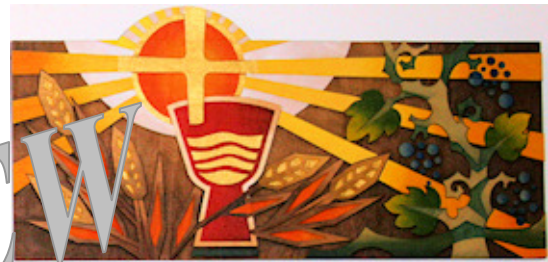
*Ah, my Lord, who wert so left in desolation,
be Thou my comfort in my desolations!...*

Behold Jesus, at length, actually dying. Behold Him, my soul, how He is in His agony amid the last respirations of His life. Behold those dying eyes, that face so pale, that feebly palpitating heart, that Body already wrapped in the arms of death.

Teresa: His whole Body begins to look bluish, His eyes sink deeper into their sockets, His face and nose pointed and drawn, and the color of His face almost yellowish-grey.

Josefa: Look at My Heart: It cannot contain the ardor with which It longs to impart Itself, and deliver Itself over, and remain always with sinners. How I long for them to open their hearts to Me, to enclose Me in them, and that the fire that consumes Mine should fortify and enkindle theirs....

With enthusiasm, with vehemence It is sacrificed, It is immolated, It is given for those It loves.... **The Holy Eucharist is love to the extreme of folly.**



What is your response to this love?

Jesus is speaking to you. He is asking you to receive more love from Him than you ever have before. He died for you. He *suffered* for you. Even if you were the only person on this Earth, He would have done it — for you.

What can you do to receive this love? You can say "yes!" to Him. You can say, "Yes, Jesus, I want You to be my Savior, the Lord of my life. Reveal Your Love to me more than I've ever experienced it before. Penetrate Your Love into every part of my life, every part of my being. I am sorry for all the times I have offended You. Please transform me into someone who can fully live in Your Love. Thank You, Jesus!"

The next time you're in church, look at the Tabernacle. Jesus is physically and powerfully present there. Sit with Him. He longs for you to spend time in His Presence. He misses you when you forget about Him. He has much that He wants to say to you, much love that He wants to give you.

When you receive the Sacrament of the Eucharist, pause for a moment to thank Jesus for what He did for you during His Passion and Crucifixion. Reflect on the fact that you hold Jesus — not a piece of bread — in your hand and in your mouth! It is His way of continuing to pour out His love!

As Blessed Teresa of Calcutta said, "When you look at the crucifix, you know that He loved you — past tense. But when you look at the Holy Eucharist, you know that He still loves you."

With such powerful love available, how can you stay away from Mass? Jesus is saying, "Come, my special friend, come! There is so much more love that I want to give you. Come to Me!"