

Monthly Day of Recollection

As Practiced by St. John Bosco

Prayer of Pope Benedict XIII, for the grace not to die unprovided

O most merciful Lord Jesus, by Thy agony and sweat of Blood, and by Thy death, deliver us, we beseech Thee, from a sudden and unprovided death. O most kind Lord Jesus, by Thy most cruel and ignominious scourging and crowning with thorns, by Thy Cross and most bitter Passion, and by Thy goodness, we humbly pray that Thou wouldst not suffer us to die suddenly without the holy Sacraments. O most loving Jesus, by all Thy labors and sorrows, by Thy Precious Blood and most sacred Wounds, by those last words on the Cross, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" and by those others, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit," we most earnestly beseech Thee to deliver us from a sudden death. Grant us, we pray Thee, time for repentance; grant us a happy passing in Thy grace, so that we may praise Thee and bless Thee forever. Amen.

Pray one Pater, one Ave, and one Gloria

Prayer to St. Joseph for a happy death

Most glorious St. Joseph, blessed Spouse of Mary, thou hast merited to be chosen as Guardian for the Savior of the world, Jesus Christ, and who, whilst embracing Him affectionately, didst have a foretaste of the bliss of Heaven, I beseech thee, obtain for me the full pardon of my sins and the grace of imitating thy virtues, so that I may walk in the path that leads to eternal happiness. As thou hadst the privilege of having Jesus and Mary at thy deathbed, and in their arms didst breathe forth thy soul, I earnestly pray thee to protect me from my enemies in that last moment, so that, consoled by the sweet hope of coming to possess everlasting glory in heaven with thee, I may expire pronouncing the most holy names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Amen.

Bona Mors Litany

O Lord Jesus, God of goodness, and Father of mercies, I draw nigh to Thee with a contrite and humble heart; to Thee I recommend the last hour of my life, and that judgment which awaits me thereafter.

When my feet, benumbed with death, shall admonish me, that my course in this life is drawing to an end, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my hands, cold and trembling, shall no longer be able to clasp the crucifix, and shall let it fall against my will on my bed of suffering, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my eyes, dim with trouble at the approach of death, shall fix themselves on Thee, my last and only support, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my lips, cold and trembling, pronounce for the last time Thy adorable Name, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my face, pale and livid, shall inspire the beholders with pity and dismay; when my hair, bathed in the sweat of death, and stiffening on my head, shall forebode my approaching end, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my ears, soon to be for ever shut to the discourse of men, shall be opened to hear that irrevocable decree which is to fix my sentence for all eternity, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my imagination, agitated by dreadful spectres, shall be steeped in the abyss of anguish; when my soul, affrighted with the sight of my iniquities and the terrors of Thy judgments, shall wrestle with the angel of darkness, who will endeavour to conceal Thy mercies from my eyes, and plunge me into despair, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my poor heart, oppressed with suffering and exhausted by its continual struggles with the enemies of its salvation, shall feel the pangs of death, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When the last tear, the forerunner of my dissolution, shall drop from my eyes, receive it as a sacrifice of expiation for my sins; grant that I may expire the victim of penance; and then, in that dreadful moment, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When those present, encircling my bed, shall be moved with compassion for me, and invoke Thy clemency in my behalf, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When I shall have lost the use of my senses, when the world shall have vanished from my sight, when I shall groan with anguish in my last agony and the pangs of death, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my last sighs shall force my soul to issue from my body, accept them as born of a loving impatience to come to Thee; *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my soul, trembling on my lips, shall bid adieu to the world, and leave my body lifeless, pale and cold, receive this separation as a homage which I willingly pay to Thy Divine Majesty, and in that last moment of my mortal life, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When at length my soul, admitted to Thy presence, shall first behold the immortal splendour of Thy Majesty, reject it not, but receive me into the loving embrace of Thy mercy, where I may for ever sing Thy praises; *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

Let us pray. O God, who hast doomed all men to die, but hast concealed from all the hour of their death, grant that I may pass my days in the practice of holiness and justice, and that I may be made worthy to quit this world in the embrace of Thy love, through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God, for ever and ever. Amen.